

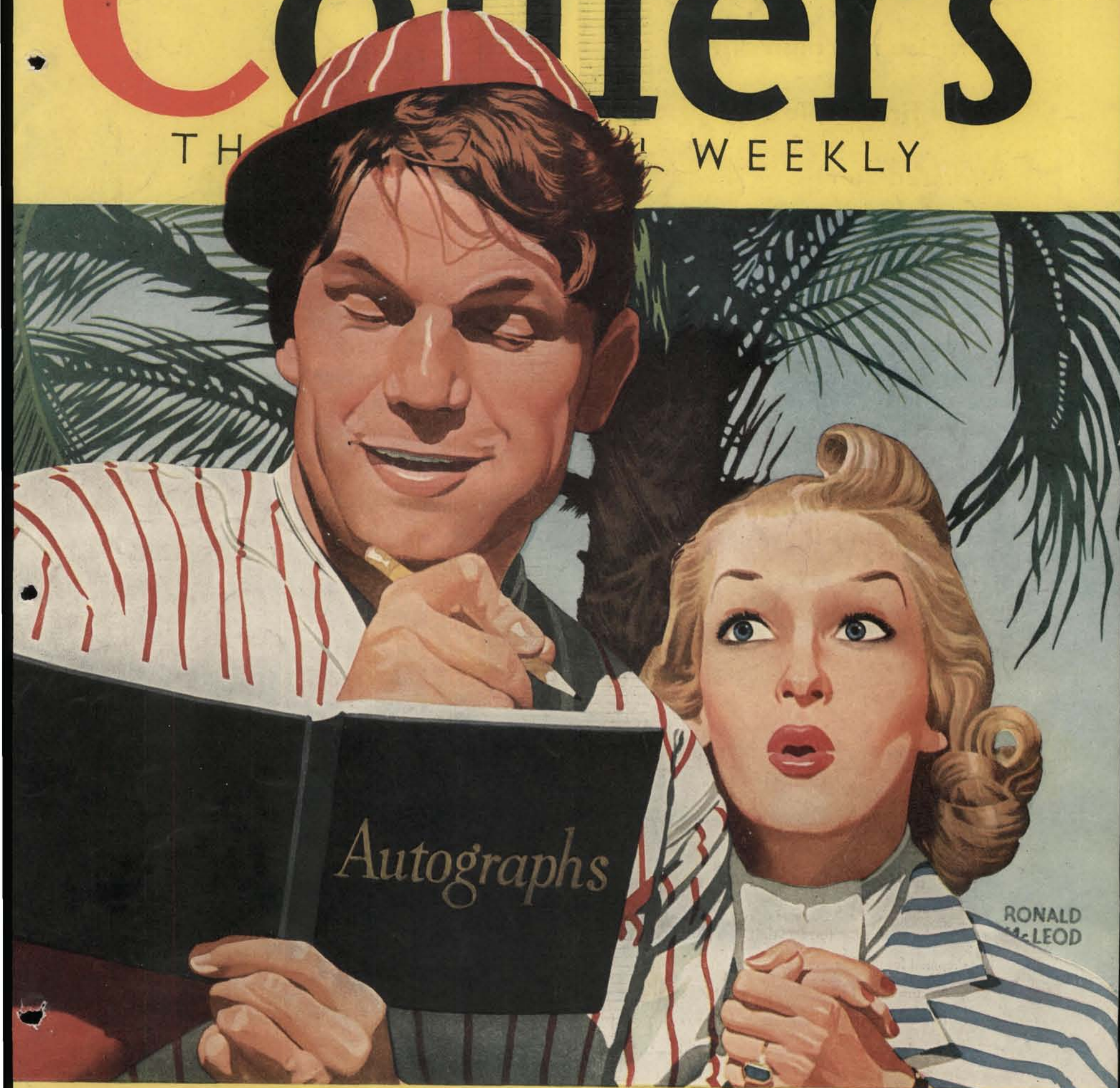
March 16, 1940

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Collier's

THE WEEKLY



Appointment in **INDIA**

A NEW NOVEL BY LAWRENCE G. BLOOM

JUNE E THOMPSON
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MARCH 16, 1940

...and another big
surprise in a man's life
is his first Triple Test
Worsted Suit!



The chap above has just had the shock of his life. He was partially prepared for it, of course—but only partially!

The three great virtues of Triple Test Worsted are like triplets—you expect one, you're surprised when you get two, you're overwhelmed when you get all three. For this amazing suit is an unparalleled combination of (1) Style, (2) Quality and (3) Value.

There are other suits as good-looking as Triple Test. Presumably, there are other suits that will give you just about the same day-after-day, month-in-month-out service. But no other suit with *both* these attributes ever comes into the world at anything like Triple Test's price.

This season Triple Test is again styled with the smartest, wear-tested with the toughest, priced to knock the spots off the High Cost of Living. If you're looking for the buy of the year—for Style, for Quality, for Value—only Triple Test will do.

THE TRUMPETER LABEL



A small thing to look for... a big thing to find

**HART SCHAFFNER
& MARX**

When you're raising a family
you appreciate the Big Tube that

*Lasts you
3 months!*



"Between rent, food and clothes for the four of us, Bill's entire salary is practically spent before we get it, and believe me, a tooth paste that lasts me so long is a real blessing."

"You know how it is . . . some sort of extra expense crops up month after month. Last month, for example, little Janie had the measles. That means a doctor's bill to pay . . . on top of all the odds and ends and extras which the children always seem to be needing. I simply don't know what we'd do if I didn't find ways of cutting corners somehow.

Less than 14¢ a Month

"That's why I'm so excited about the New Listerine Tooth Paste. It's a Lambert product to begin with. And that big 40¢ tube lasts me three months, on the basis of using $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch twice-a-day or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch once-a-day. That's less than 14¢ a month. And my teeth never looked so bright."



**TEACHER SAYS
LUSTER-FOAM MAKES MY
TEETH CLEANEST EVER.**

Listerine Tooth Paste gives you this wonderful economy because it contains Luster-Foam detergent, an amazing new ingredient which enables a small amount of paste to do a real cleansing job.

Surges Over Tooth Surfaces

At the touch of saliva and brush Luster-Foam detergent goes into action . . . sweeps away food particles and loose debris on tooth surfaces . . . gets after many of those tiny crevices where, according to some authorities, so much decay starts. Yet all of this is

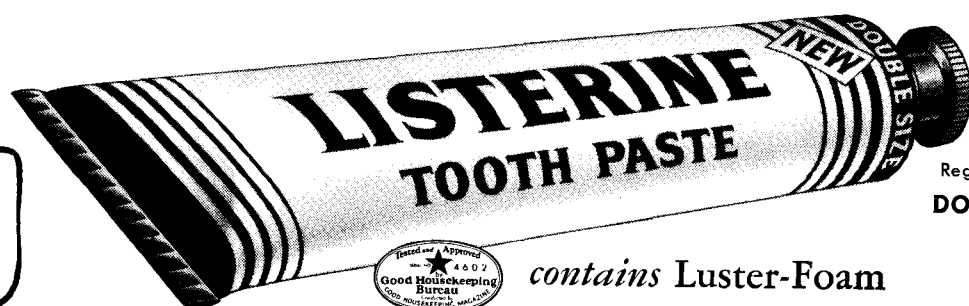
accomplished so gently and delicately that your mouth feels only a delightfully cool sensation of freshness and stimulation.

Why not start today to economize . . . without compromising on quality? By actual test the big, double-size tube lasts three full months when you use $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch of paste twice-a-day or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch once-a-day—longer if you use less!

It's a Lambert Product

And don't forget, this money-saving dentifrice is a Lambert product. You can depend on it, absolutely, to do a thoroughgoing job.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



Regular Size 25¢
**DOUBLE SIZE
40¢**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

March 16, 1940

Next Week

IN GERMANY, leaders and people are superbly confident that there is no chance of an Allied victory. For, they say, the Allies can't maintain an effective blockade—the only way they can possibly win. Not only that, but Germany, using hitherto unconventional weapons, will soon turn the tables on Great Britain and starve it into submission. The break is to come probably this spring. But, now, diplomats on both sides are scurrying about frantically looking for a face-saving peace formula while there is still time to avoid a "total" war. W. B. Courtney reports the inside story of how Germany hopes—and expects—to weld her air, land and sea forces into a crushing steam roller.

ORRIN ABBOTT got along fine with Grant Foster, his fishing partner, until Grant turned up at the camp one day, bringing a wife with him. A wife who was beautiful and understanding and everything that Orrin desired. It was a recipe for dissension—two men and a girl alone in a remote camp—and only at the last minute was tragedy averted. "Best Man's Gift," by Henry Meade Williams, is an intensely human story of a man smart enough to open a woman's eyes to what she had.

CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER thrilled with excitement as he paced the decks of His Majesty's yacht Augusta. For aboard with him was his king, the mad George III, and the ship was sailing a channel aswarm with French and American privateers seeking to sweep British vessels from the seas. Then the Augusta met a powerful Yankee privateer and the captain had to make a dramatic choice—to fight in the tradition of the royal navy and risk his king's capture, or to let the Yankee chase him ignominiously from conflict. C. S. Forester takes you back to the War of 1812 for a thrilling adventure of his fighting sea dog, in "Hornblower and His Majesty."

ROBERT McCORMICK introduces you to Beltsville, Maryland, where scientists are breeding better dogs as pets for you. Daniel Fuchs contributes a short story of a fighter who wanted to be a gentleman and ended as just a very game "Pug in an Opera Hat." J. D. Ratcliff tells about a new type of bank, in which you deposit not money but food, to be drawn on as you need it. And you'll want to read, too, the articles and stories by John Hawkins, Kyle Crichton, Alan LeMay and others. Your weekly treat.

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WM. HILLMAN European Manager
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Any Week

SOMEBODY, alas, has been talking to Miss Erna Bobbink of Terre Haute, Indiana, about the high desirability of looking forward. Miss Bobbink is young—thirteen. One gathers from Miss Bobbink's admission that she is a constant reader of this magazine, that she will enter the struggle for survival soundly equipped. She has just written to us about a recent editorial wherein we defended the right of lady school-teachers to be wives. "I would certainly like to know," says Miss Bobbink, "what in the world's the matter with being a married school-teacher. I am going to be a school-teacher when I grow up and will get married to a lawyer. This is final."



AND we hope, when she gets around to it, that she'll do something drastic about propaganda—teach her pupils what is and what isn't propaganda. Personally we're getting a trifle tired of it all. We're finding it impossible to write a line wherein somebody doesn't detect propaganda. We're caught, for example, squandering a few light sentiments on major-league baseball players applying for relief and are all but assassinated by Mr. Dolph Trumpitt of Birmingham, Alabama. Mr. Trumpitt describes himself as "a sensational, unemployed second baseman." He goes on: "Although I am a second baseman and a switch hitter in the same class as Eddie Collins, Nap Lajoie, Flash Gordon and Charlie Gehringer, who maybe were not switch hitters but good, I am a good American and can prove that what they say about ballplayers seeking relief is British propaganda to kill the morale of the United States of America by killing the faith of our young men in our national pastime. No ballplayer is on relief in any shape or manner and I can prove that writers, from sports writers down to heels like you, are paid big money to spread this British propaganda. I refer you to Connie Mack about myself. He has his eye on me."

WE THINK without relish of what Mr. Trumpitt will say when he learns that Mr. P. H. Moore of Chester, Nova Scotia, another far-seeing reader of this frankly indispen- sible magazine, predicts and urges a Canadian-United States

anschluss: "Canada, which is rapidly becoming the most important country under British rule, will shortly have the mightiest fighting force and equipment in the world. Will the Americans consent to live under the British flag? Would it not be better to maneuver the business promptly—being most careful, of course, not in the least to embarrass the Allies in their great work?"

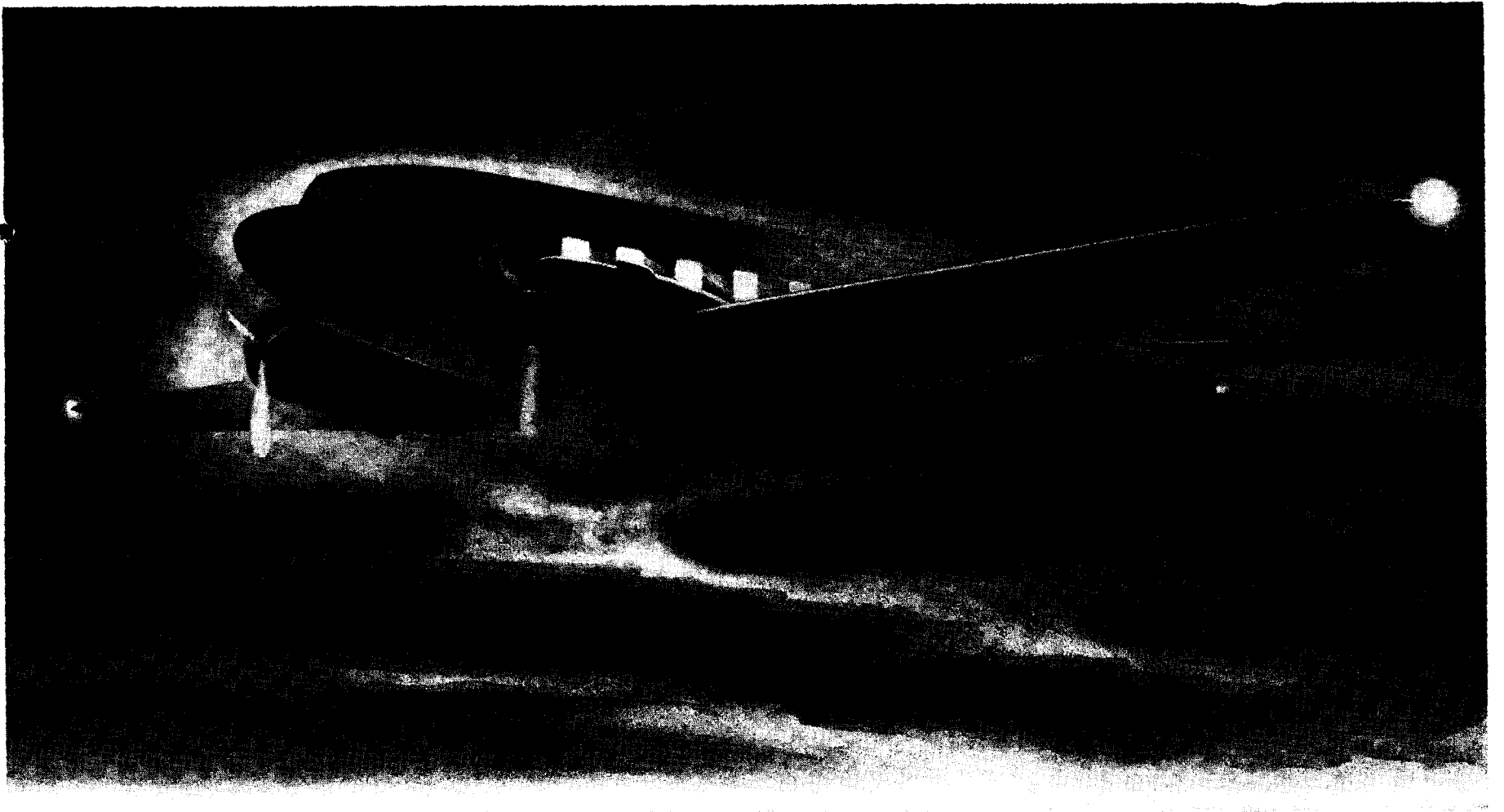
WHILE that's being negotiated we shall have a look around for a colleague of ours who went out to consult a physician about his appendix. Considering what happened, we're not quite sure whose appendix it is. Assembling the few known facts we find that the examination lasted several hours, many pictures and soundings having been taken. The physician decided that medical consultation was desirable. Whereupon, our colleague and physician made a painstaking tour of the night clubs. While thus occupied with seeking a desirable medical consultant they became separated. We have just learned that our colleague is still hunting for his physician. We have heard, too, that our friend has enlisted the assistance of the police. He is anxious, he told headquarters, to find out what is wrong with him. "And nobody knows but my lost physician," lamented our friend.



MUCH against our better judgment we fell to discussing international affairs with an Englishman who is in America trying his best to soften the hearts of those of us who are not eager to leap into Europe's war. After a great deal of unnecessary talk by both parties he sighed deeply and said: "Well, whatever you people do, don't forget that we're one war debt up on you."

AND from somewhere in Ontario, Canada, we receive word from Mrs. K. Leupp of Toronto that while touring her province she saw a historical marker celebrating the somewhat violent death in 1826 of one Jonathan Burns. "On this site," read the marker, "Jonathan Burns ceased to be afraid. He died surrounded by the bodies of twenty of his enemies."

NAME should have been Finn. . . . W. D.



Safe... *ON THE BEAM*

TODAY, when a big airliner comes speeding across the sky, her pilot guides her with assurance through daylight or darkness—in good weather or bad. Confidently he radios the airport ahead: "Air-speed 200 . . . coming in on the beam."

Safe on the beam!

We realize it's been pretty foggy weather for tire-buyers. If you're one of the millions of car owners who've been trying to *feel* their way through a murk of tire "claims"—if you know what "flying blind" without instruments is like because you've been "*buying blind*"—you can straighten out on your course right now and give her the gun.

Here's *your* radio beam for a safe course and a happy landing in the purchase of tires. Look for the *name* of the tire maker and the *proof* behind his claims. Millions of people, driving billions of miles, on every kind of road the world over, have *proved* the quality of Goodyear Tires. Proved their extra mileage and non-skid safety; proved

their riding comfort and driving ease; proved their economy and real value.

The experience gained in making more than 300 million tires now brings you a complete line of Goodyear Tires—for every driving requirement—at new low prices. For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

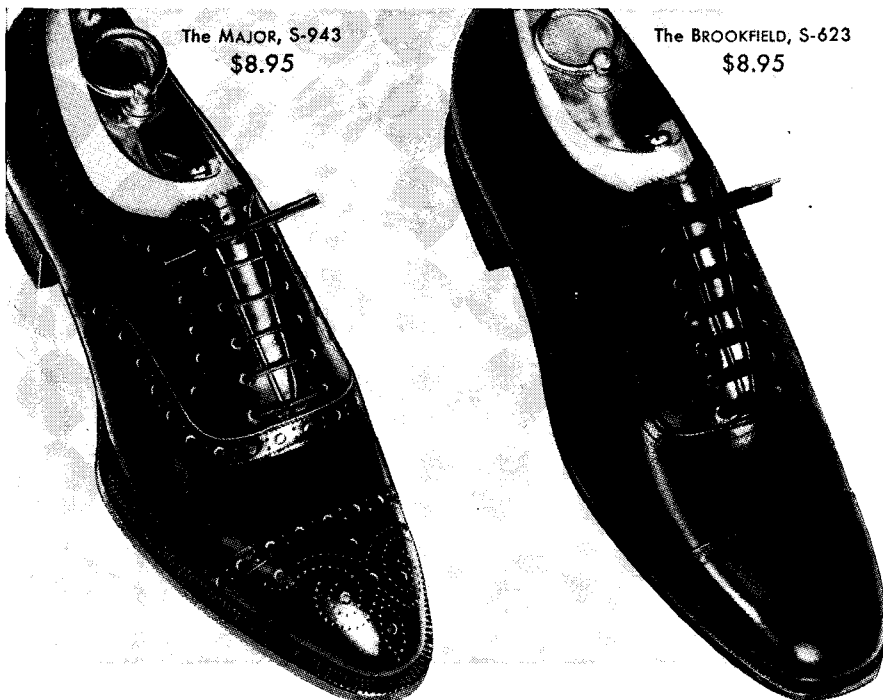
GOODYEAR

Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread —
Proved for Safety by More People
over More Miles Than Any Other

GOODYEAR TIRES

Always as good as you think.
Now cost less than you imagine.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ESTABLISHED 1892

We're old enough to know...

ONLY FINE LEATHERS MAKE FINE SHOES

Nothing short of magic can turn cowhide into fine calfskin. That's why Florsheim uses only the choice portions of the world's finest leathers—"the heart of the hide" that looks better longer and costs less in the long run.

Most Styles \$8⁹⁵ and \$10

THE *Florsheim* SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Indians in Jujuy Province of Argentina have an unusual method of "branding" their donkeys, which, when not engaged in transport work, are allowed to graze together in large herds on the plains. Each owner identifies his animals by large ribbons of his own color, which are run through holes in the tips of the donkeys' ears and tied in bow-knots.—By Luis Gonzale, Tuxpam, Mexico.

Unlike such animals as dogs, monkeys and horses, hogs do not overeat when having access to large quantities of food.—By William E. Grundy, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Women are permitted to serve on juries in twenty-four states and the District of Columbia, whose total inhabitants constitute sixty-three per cent of the population of this country.—By Jane Smith Cramer, Brooklyn, New York.

A quilt whose design contains 63,460 pieces, each hexagonal and smaller than a dime, was completed recently by a man in Ottawa, Illinois, in 2,500 hours of his spare time. Its nearest rival, so far as is known, is a coverlet that contains 38,000 pieces.

About 125 legal-aid societies and committees in more than 100 cities now handle approximately 250,000 civil and criminal cases a year for persons who cannot secure proper counsel in any other way, the majority being so impoverished that they are unable to pay the one fee of fifty cents.

When in polar regions, explorers require about three times as many calories as when in temperate climates. As they cannot consume this quantity of solid food, an appreciable part of their diet is in concentrated and precooked form. One of the newest of these foods contains 22 ingredients: Pemmican, beef liver, vegetable oil, seven vegetables, four cereals, four condiments, milk powder, malt, yeast and calcium salts.

In Switzerland, the bedrooms of many houses still contain a "soul window," or a miniature window near the ceiling, which is supposed to serve as a special exit for the soul at the time of death.

The largest number of persons ever carried on a ship were the 14,426 American Army officers, men, nurses and crew members who arrived in New York from Brest on April 2, 1919, aboard the Leviathan. On the trip 320 cooks working in three eight-hour shifts managed to prepare only two meals a day.—By Betty Hart, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

In order to establish a business in Norway, a person must first pass a government examination and receive a diploma certifying that he knows at least the fundamentals of business administration.—By Francis G. McGee, Natick, Massachusetts.

The five most popular operas in America, ranked according to the number of times they have been presented by the Metropolitan Opera Association in New York and on tour during the past twenty-five seasons, are: Aida, La Bohème, Pagliacci, Madame Butterfly and La Tosca.

A "deflation indicator," now being installed on motorcars and trucks, notifies the driver when a tire begins to lose air, by lighting the tire's corresponding lamp in the series on the instrument board.—By E. P. Zell, Harlingen, Texas.

When oysters are shucked, or removed from their shells, on a large scale, the opening operation is made easier by first dipping them in a harmless, anesthetizing solution, which relaxes their shell-closing muscles.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

A New Way of Looking at "All 3" Value!

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART

A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality



Now you can be sure of getting the most for your money in a low-priced car by taking these two easy steps: **①** See the 1940 Quality Chart to learn what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in comfort, size, safety, long life... in fine engineering. **②** Take the 1940 Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride and discover how extra quality contributes to your driving pleasure!

THE "ONE-TWO" WAY TO PICK THE BIGGEST VALUE

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS...
2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND
IN HIGH-PRICED CARS—

A THRILLING combination of big-car comfort, brilliant beauty, and great engineering makes this 1940 Plymouth the value-car of the year!

In fact, it's the one low-priced car of 1940 that's most like the high-priced cars!

This year, high-priced cars resemble each other in 22 important quality features. And Plymouth

is the only one of "All 3" low-priced cars that gives you a majority of these features.

See the 1940 Quality Chart. Then take the Luxury Ride. And Plymouth is *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION. TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P.M., E. S. T.

SEE THE LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

1940 PLYMOUTH

COUPES \$645 | SEDANS \$699
START AT

—Delivered in Detroit, Mich. Prices include Federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS



DRY COLD COMPARTMENT



MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT



FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT

With proper covers for foods that should not lose moisture, dry cold serves all purposes of food protection better than any other *single kind* of cold. Some foods *must* have dry cold to preserve their purity. *That's why no modern refrigerator is completely safe and healthful without dry cold.* The Philco Refrigerator has this Dry Cold Compartment for normal use.

Now, *you don't have to cover foods* to keep them from shriveling, and drying out! This Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste, flavor, color and juices of cooked meats and left-over vegetables . . . without the bother of covers and special dishes. Cooled by a marvelous new Philco invention, the refrigerated, aluminum Freshener Shelf. Cools food quicker, by direct contact. *Only Philco has it!*

Yes, a *giant-size, separate* chamber specially designed for frozen storage. Not a tiny, miniature, cramped space added to an ordinary ice-freezing unit, but a huge, roomy space—*addition* to the regular ice cube chamber—two complete chambers instead of one! Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods (even for a turkey), for ice cream, for frozen dessert



THE CONSERVADOR "Only Philco has them all!"

FOR the first time, a refrigerator that has *everything* . . . brought to you by Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes! A sensationally *different* refrigerator that combines EVERY feature of service, economy and convenience that is talked of in refrigeration today, *plus* new and revolutionary features of its own. And at prices that cut the cost of "de luxe" quality in a refrigerator!

Think of it, every kind of cold you need to preserve the healthful condition and delicious taste of your foods. *Advanced* design that gives you roomier and more convenient space for fresh and frozen meats, poultry and fish, for green vegetables and fruits. And then, the famous CONSERVADOR, an exclusive, patented feature, found

only in the Philco Refrigerator. This shelf-lined Inner Door gives you *26% more quickly usable space!* It holds two-fifths of your food within easy reach at your finger-tips, *without opening the main compartment.* No cluttered shelves, no crowding in front, no empty, wasted space . . . back. Keeps cold air in and warm air out of main compartment . . . reduces motor running time, cuts down electric bills, saves you money every day.

The most orderly, the most spacious, the most "easy-to-use", the most economical refrigerator ever made. And it's yours at as much as \$50 *LESS* than the best de luxe refrigerators of the past! See it—at your nearest Philco dealer's today.

Appointment in IN

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Beginning the brilliantly colorful novel of an American detective whose search for a man, important to a woman's destiny, made him a player in Britain's fight for empire

A GUST of hot wind, clammy with the moisture of the Bay of Bengal, swept up the hill, rustled the dusty leaves of the parched pipal trees along the road and slammed the front door to the dak bungalow. The impact released a shower of dirt, broken thatch and startled insects, which rained down through the torn and mildewed ceiling cloth to the table at which Bill Gabriel was writing.

Gabriel sprang up, his right hand reaching for his hip pocket. He advanced across the room, paused to listen behind the door, suddenly kicked it open. For a moment he stood on the threshold, an automatic in his hand, his forefinger taking up the slack in the trigger as he

peered into the night. Then he put up his gun and breathed deeply.

The breath was purely a gesture of relief, because there was no freshness in the night air. In fact, it would have been cooler inside if there had been a punkah coolie to put action into the moldy strips of matting that now hung motionless below the sagging ceiling. Gabriel, however, had neglected to tell the khamamah to call one tonight, and the Shak-karpur dak bungalow, opened only once or twice a year for the rare traveler, was without a regular staff of servants. Moreover, Bill Gabriel had no personal bearer. Being a nonconformist American he thought it his duty to prove that an able-bodied white man might pos-

Fred Oaks walked through the cluttered streets of the bazaar on his way to the Curring bungalow



HARRY
MORSE
MEYERS



Then the bearded khansamah came in and murmured something to her in Urdu. Rhoda went quickly to the side door

sibly travel in India without benefit of a beturbaned flunky. Besides, he was embarrassed by the idea of having someone hold the end of his trousers every time he stepped into them. After he pocketed his gun, Gabriel stood a while longer in the doorway, his gaze shifting from the greenish glitter of the fireflies in the mango trees at the crest of the hill to the dim, smoky pattern of light made by the ant runs of the town below. Then he returned to his table, shoveled away the debris of thatch and insects with a piece of blotting paper and finished putting the address on an envelope. He wrote: "Inspector Aubrey Dumbarton, Criminal Investigation Department, Delhi."

He put down his pen, mopped the perspiration that was running down his broad forehead into his small, deep-set eyes; then, because his shirt stuck to his back like a mustard plaster, he peeled it off and dropped it to the crazy mosaic floor. The ruddy fuzz that grew profusely on his wide, plump shoulders, and the well-fed bulge of stomach above his silver belt buckle, glowed suddenly golden in the lamplight. He put the envelope carefully aside, took a sheet of note paper and began his letter.

"Dear Aubrey," he wrote. "You were right. This Fred Oaks is my man and no mistake. I haven't yet figured out why the guy my client is after turns out to be a bird with a dossier in the files of the C.I.D., but I expect to find out shortly—and it had better be very damned shortly, because I am anxious to get out of this hole which you and the atlas call Shakkarpur, but which I have nicknamed the Spot Which God Has Deliberately Overlooked."

Gabriel leaned back in his creaky chair to remop his brow and insert the blunt end of his fountain pen between his full, humorous lips as he contemplated his handiwork. He was satisfied with his first paragraph—no casual act of self-appraisal, because Bill Gabriel considered himself the most literate private detective outside of fiction. Christened "William Shakespeare Gabriel," he had always considered that his given names predestined him to a life of belles lettres. True, an early inaptitude in spelling caused the newspaper on which he chose to serve his literary apprenticeship to assign him to the police beat, from which he did his writing by telephone. But Gabriel was not deterred. He studied at night.

THEN Fate whisked him from journalism to the pursuit of crime. Fate acted through a reportorial assignment, during which he put two and two together and got four years for the suave but predatory young man who made off with old Mrs. Purvington's emerald bracelet. Gabriel was consequently engaged as special investigator (at four times his newspaper salary) by the grateful Five Continents Detective Agency, which had been retained by the insurance company most interested in the bracelet.

Ever since, the stifled man of letters had never lost an opportunity to write long and detailed reports to his home office in San Francisco. In the present case he was writing not to his office but to the man who had offered him a guiding hand upon his first professional excursion to the Orient. Inspector Dumbarton, of the Indian C.I.D., was returning the favor Gabriel had once done him by locating, in several California banks, twenty crore of rupees that had mysteriously vanished from the house-

hold accounts of the maharaja of Zunjore.

Gabriel removed the pen from his mouth and continued his report to Inspector Dumbarton:

"I am determined, as I say, to clean up my case and get out of this hole in a day or two, because there are good prospects for an early outbreak of large quantities of mayhem and violent death in which I have no personal concern. As you probably know, the Hindu festival of Shivarat (whatever that is) begins tomorrow, and the Hindu pilgrims are already moving in on Shakkarpur, because it seems that the local temple of Shiva puts on a colossal show. By unlucky coincidence (I don't know yet who it's going to be unlucky for, and I hope I never find out), the Mohammedan festival of Muharram also reaches the payoff tomorrow, and according to what they tell me, nothing pleases a faithful Mohammedan better than a good, rousing Hindu pogrom for the last day of Muharram. Which is why I am closing out my current business on or before said date."

AGAIN Gabriel paused. The hot night vibrated to the shrill whistle of the Madras Mail, hooting derisively as it made its brief, condescending halt for Shakkarpur.

"But to get back to Fred Oaks, who seems to be your business as well as mine," Gabriel continued, "I don't know what you have against the guy, but this is what I have dug up. He is posing as a buyer of oil seeds for some Canadian firm, but he has been hanging around here for nearly a month, in spite of the fact that the sesame crop is very poor this year, and he could have bought up all the seeds in Shakkarpur in about three days. He says he is buying a little indigo on the side, but he doesn't spend nearly as much time with James Curring, who manages most of the anil plantations around here, as he does with Mrs. Curring. He also spends a lot of time with a blue-eyed dame called Virginia Hatton, who is the sister of the district officer here. All in all, I would say that Mr. Oaks is probably not quite kosher.

"At that, he is probably just as kosher as my client, Lucy Steel, who is no bargain herself. As I wrote you from the train, I left her in Calcutta, so I wouldn't be hampered down here in case she turned out to be bad news. All she tells me about the case is that I'm to locate Fred Oaks—alive. In Calcutta she asked me to find out about bigamy laws in India, but she wouldn't tell me why she wanted to know about bigamy. However, it is not the policy of the Five Continents Detective Agency to investigate its own cash clients, particularly when a cash client lays three thousand smackers on the line, pays all traveling expenses (which itself is quite a bag of smackers when you fly from San Francisco via Pacific Clipper, K.L.M. and Imperial Airways) and has another three thousand ready to turn over as soon as I dig up Fred Oaks for her. Of course, my own opinion of Lucy Steel is that—"

Gabriel stopped writing, his pen poised an inch above the paper. A drop of perspiration fell from his wrist and blurred the last words. Without looking up, he knew that someone had come into the bungalow. And because he had actually heard no one come in, but merely sensed a surreptitious presence, he sprang from his chair and reached simultaneously for the automatic in the hip pocket of his white drill trousers. Then he grinned sheepishly and sat down again.

"Hello, Lucy," he said. "What are you doing here?"

The question was purely rhetorical, because it was quite obvious what Lucy Steel was doing: she was straining her

(Continued on page 46)

A Special Glory

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Portrait of a professional hero. A speaking likeness, but his son wouldn't think so

THE hill was too steep for pedaling, so he got off his bike at the bottom and pushed it before him, one freckled hand on the seat. The day was hot, and the feeling of foreboding had become a lump in his throat. "I'll have a surprise for you when you get home from school, Sweetie-pie," Gloria had said. He was twelve but he understood more than people suspected. He knew what the surprise was to be.

Their house was a Spanish court bungalow overlooking Hollywood; it was the only place Gloria would live because she liked this particular view of the lights. She was sitting on the porch with Mr. Wooten; when Arthur saw them he kept his eyes on the ground. The murmur of their voices suddenly ceased.

"Hello, Sweetness," Gloria said.

"Hello, Mom."

He rested his bike against the steps.

"Speak to Mr. Wooten, Arthur."

Mr. Wooten was a red-faced man, a little fat. He wore a double-breasted blue serge suit. He was a businessman.

"Hello, Mr. Wooten," Arthur said.

Mr. Wooten's hand was moist. Arthur smiled absently and hurried in. He tossed his books on the living-room table and went to the kitchen. He found a loaf of bread and a half jar of peanut butter. While he munched his sandwich, he listened for their voices but they had stopped talking. Presently, he saw Mr. Wooten going down the steep walk, holding his broad shoulders back. He walked with a curious, brisk swinging of his arms. At the corner he stopped and blew back a kiss.

THEN Gloria stood in the kitchen doorway. Her hair was in careful waves against her small head and Arthur knew that she had got all dressed up for Mr. Wooten.

"Is my darling hungry?"

Arthur took a big bite and nodded.

She ran her fingers along the linoleum top of the sink, her eyes twinkling at him through shy, half-closed lashes. He had seen her do that expression many times in the silent pictures that she sometimes ran off in the living room. They were epic pictures, with Western scenery, and his real father was in them. They had both been famous then. So famous that fan letters addressed to Mrs. Johnny Miller still dribbled in from places like Shanghai and Sumatra and Egypt.

Arthur turned to the sink and gulped a glass of water.

"Mr. Wooten is coming into our family, darling."

Arthur bent over to look out of the window. It was clear today—you could see the oil derricks at Inglewood. They glinted in the sun. Arthur kept his gaze on them.

"Las Vegas?" he asked.

"Oh, no, darling."

"Mexico?"

"No, no, dear. Here." She spoke in a rush: "He lives in Phoenix and just loves boys—says he'll buy you a horse—and you'll go to school there—"

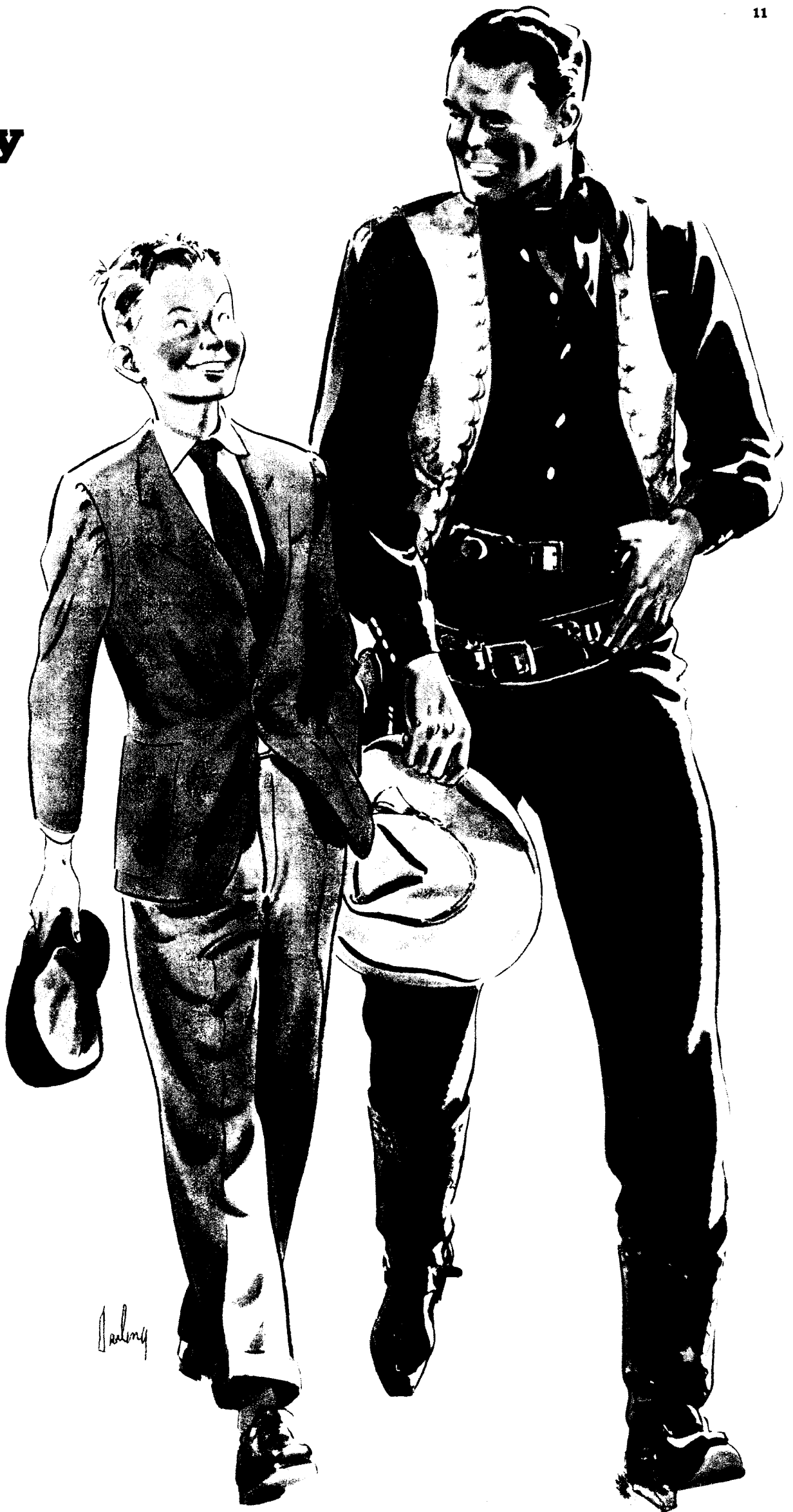
"Public or private?"

"He has an insurance business—he isn't wealthy or anything, but he's a terribly nice man, and I'm sure we'll all be happy together."

"Public school," Arthur decided.

The silence between them was like a slowly enlarging bubble. Arthur broke it.

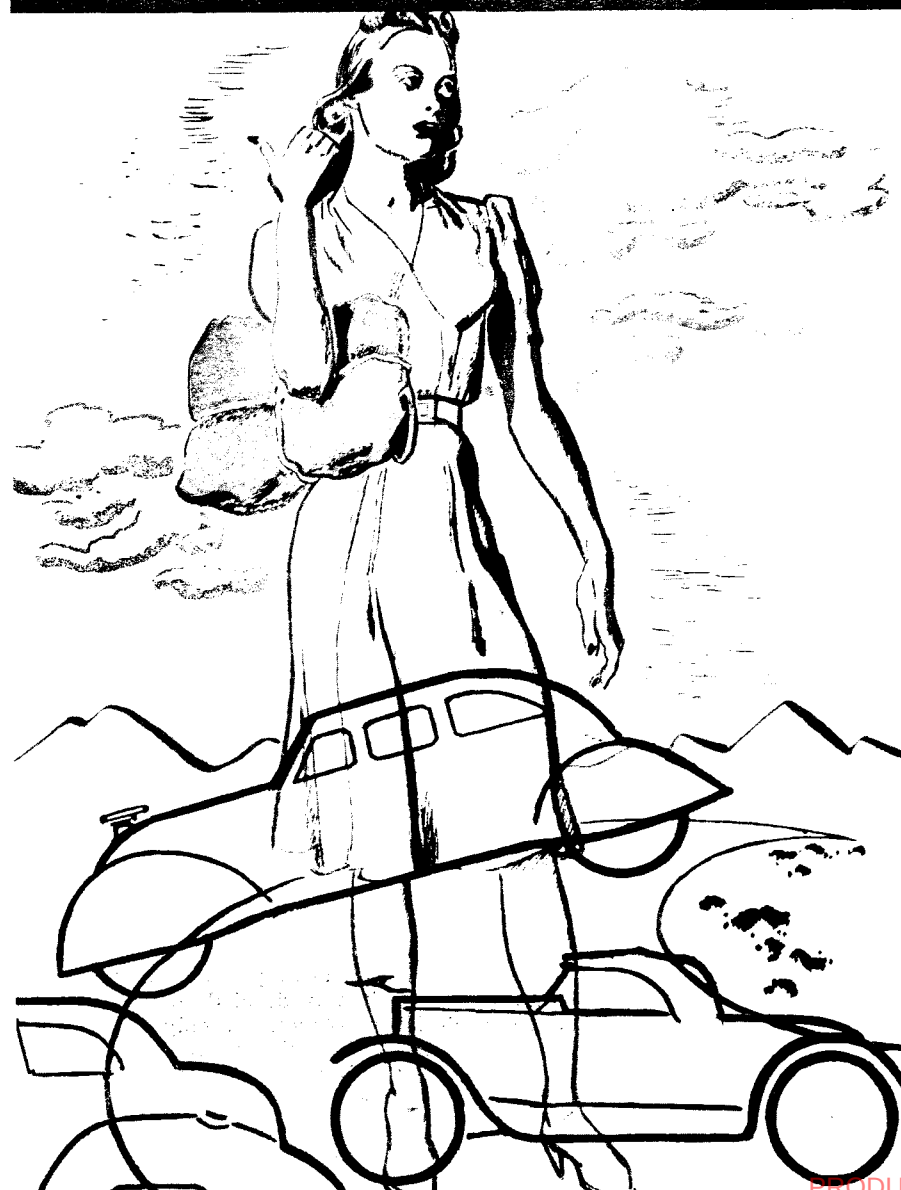
"I hope you'll be very happy, Mom," he said, feeling silly. She continued to run her fingers along the top of the sink as she (Continued on page 56)



Arthur walked at his father's side. He could smell sage and horses and whisky



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



JOHN FOGSBEE overtook the girl on Highway 50, just outside of Sacramento. All she carried was a lumpy paper-wrapped bundle, and her clothing looked desperately shabby.

But she'll do, he thought. I can fix it so she'll be bound to remember me.

He braked, opened the door. "Going my way?"

"Reno," she said.

"Hop in." John Fogsbee smiled. He noticed how unnaturally pale her face was, noticed how she lifted her bundle into the car with only one arm—her left.

"I can take you as far as Camino," he said, shifting the gears. "I'm going up to a mine just south of there. You'd be surprised"—he made his lips into a grin—"at how much grief there is in owning a gold mine."

She peered at him. "Oh? What's the trouble? Did you run out of gold, or something?"

He had to be cheerful, Fogsbee reminded himself. *He'd been in the very best of spirits*—that was what he wanted the girl to remember.

"Not that kind of trouble," he said quickly. "Fact is, I've got an idea that'll save the outfit a lot of money. Only my foreman's pretty obstinate when it comes to new ideas. I'm going up there to sell him this one personally."

Financial worries? No, she'd remember, he'd been so optimistic about this new idea, so sure he was going to make a lot of money out of it.

"Came darned near bringing the wife and kids along this trip," Fogsbee said. "They'd be good sports about it, of course, but I don't think they'd exactly fancy spending the night in an unheated bunkhouse at the diggings."

Domestic troubles? No, she'd say, he told me all about his wife and kids. Acted crazy about them, too.

THIS morning at breakfast, John Fogsbee had found the paragraph in the paper that showed him what he'd been looking for for a long time: a plausible way out. The obscurely placed item told about a tourist-cabin tragedy at San Jose—asphyxiation, the result of closed windows and a faulty gas heater. "Stella," he said then, "I may have to take a run up to the Last Match today."

He said it quite casually. He wasn't acting, either. The thing had been in his mind so long, he'd come to accept it almost unemotionally.

"All right, John," said his wife, detecting nothing out of the ordinary in his manner.

He kissed her at the door; the usual, unlingering husbandly kiss.

At the office, through most of the forenoon, he sat pretending to go over the mine accounts. In reality, he already had the books juggled satisfactorily. He could barely pay off his creditors. In another six months, if the mine kept operating at its present rate of loss, he couldn't even do that. In six months, he'd have to drop the insurance that would provide a decent annuity for Stella and the kids.

From the books, though, no one could tell that now. And they might even think, when eventually they'd audited his affairs, that John Fogsbee himself had been unaware of his actual condition. He hoped so. He didn't want Stella or the kids ever to suspect that his death had been deliberate and designed.

But he mustn't sit like this, brooding over it. He mustn't let the girl notice things like the fuel needle on the dash. There had to be some delay, a reason for not reaching the mine tonight, and it'd be awkward if she reminded him the gas was low. Better get her to talking, Fogsbee thought.

"By the way," he said, "what's your name?"

"Harley," she said. "Marian Harley."

"You've got folks in Reno?"

She stirred. "No."

"Think you can find a job there, do you?"

"That's one reason," Marian Harley said. "The main one is why people generally go there."

"Then it's Mrs. Harley?" Fogsbee asked.

The girl nodded. "I'm divorcing him—if I

can find a job long enough to meet the residence requirement."

Fogsbee asked, "What kind of a job?"

"I'll do anything." She paused. "Almost anything."

"I should think," said Fogsbee, "with that arm, you might have a little trouble."

"It'll be all right in a few days, I guess. I just got out of the hospital yesterday."

"An accident?"

"You might call it an accident," she said, suddenly bitter. "A cop shot me."

John Fogsbee spent his breath in a startled exclamation.

The girl said, "Oh, the cop didn't mean to. . . . He was scrapping with Jim. My husband. He came in to arrest Jim, and Jim took a poke at him. That's partly why I'm getting the divorce."

"I should think so!" Fogsbee said faintly.

"Not just because I got shot. . . . You see, the kid was right there in the room with us. They might have hit the baby instead of me, and it seems as if Jim would have sense enough to think of that. Would you," she asked, "go wrestling over a cop's gun with one of your kids in the same room?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Of course, he'd been drinking," she said thoughtfully. "He was pretty tight, and it made him sore . . . being pinched for something he claims he didn't do."

Fogsbee turned his head, looked at her intently. She wasn't more than eighteen or nineteen, he suspected; and the hospital pallor made her look younger than that, even schoolgirlish.

"Your child can't be very old," he said.

"Ten months. He's with my folks."

Fogsbee said slowly, "I tell you . . . I'll give you my card, and the name of a Reno lawyer. He's a mining man, but he'll be able to put you in touch with a divorce attorney who won't charge you too much. I don't suppose you've got money to throw away."

"I've got exactly one buck twenty in my purse," Marian Harley said, "but I'll be okay as soon as I get a job."

At Camino, Fogsbee pressed ten dollars into her palm along with the card on which he had scribbled the Reno lawyer's name. "You won't understand this," he said, "but I really owe you a lot—a lot more."

He drove off fast, down the road toward the Last Match, into the mountain twilight. For he hadn't let the car run out of gas, after all; he was spending the night in the unheated bunkhouse.

He thought, in six months a number of things could happen. They might strike a fresh vein at the diggings in that time. And if they didn't . . . Well, Fogsbee told himself, he could start over again from scratch. He still knew this mining game. He wasn't a nineteen-year-old girl with a drunken and probably criminal husband, with a ten-months-old baby on her hands, with a dollar and twenty cents to her name, and her worldly goods tied up in a paper bundle.

And she'd never thought of suicide, he felt sure of that. It made John Fogsbee ashamed of himself.

THE girl stood and stared until the car had quite vanished in the twilight. She thought, gee, there went a prince of a guy. He certainly knew how to take it with his chin out.

Laughing and joking about his gold mine, she thought, when she could see in his eyes he was a beaten man.

Listening to her troubles, trying to help her, when he had a hundred times worse on his own mind.

But he could take it, all right; take it with a grin. She guessed he'd never run away from things; especially from Jim, whose only fault was drinking too much, and being too high-spirited to let a cop push him around. She guessed John Fogsbee wouldn't have run away, not with the trial coming up and Jim needing help more than he ever had in his whole life. It made Marian Harley ashamed of herself.

She carried her bundle across the road, and, standing there, she started thumbing her ride back to Sacramento.

SUICIDE SQUADRON

By Walter Davenport



The Scott-Paine naval speedboat carries two machine guns and four torpedo tubes, and can make 50 miles an hour

SOMETIME this spring as you're sitting darkly in your movie theater wishing that the newsreel people would shoot more baseball and fewer oil-well fires, you're going to see the first units of the United States Navy's new suicide squadron. You are warned now not to lose control of yourself. It may be the last you'll see of them. Large numbers of our Navy men hope so.

Anyway they'll be fine for your unnautical imagination. They'll be speedboats anywhere from fifty-nine to eighty-one feet long. They'll be equipped with four torpedo tubes, two machine guns and perhaps a cargo of depth charges. They'll wear no armor, their hulls being made of white mahogany or its seaworthy equal, except for one. It will have an aluminum hull. Each will be powered by three Packard or Vimalert gasoline engines, each of 1,250 horsepower. They will be expected to do at least forty knots in seas that would have made John Paul Jones stay home. They'll be manned by crews of six or eight tough young fellows who, if wearing the regulation uniform the Navy is thinking about, would make a hockey goalie seem naked. When the seas are nasty and the going bad, riding these hoodlum scooters is the worst possible thing you can do to your legs, ribs and skull.

As far as possible the crews will be lads without relatives near or far to mourn them. In action the chances are better than excellent that they won't be

Most spectacular thing in the Navy is the new flotilla of fighting speedboats. Maybe they'll work and maybe they won't—nobody's very sure. But even the hard-shells agree that they won't come back from their first real business trip

back. If you've seen Gar Wood's racing boats you know what these affairs look like.

Nobody's quite sure how it started. Whoever's responsible, the Navy thinks he had little to do. Mussolini has a fleet of them and if you'll believe his ballyhoo they scared the keels off the British fleet in the Mediterranean. But the British sniff could be heard for miles, the Admiralty saying that it had a flock of them and still believed in large, slow battleships. Germany issued a blood-curdling hint about hers—schools and multitudes of them which would presently flash out of Bremerhaven, leaping the seas at fifty miles an hour to sink navies and merchant marines and be home before the smoke had cleared away.

Two years ago at President Roosevelt's request, Congress added to its Navy appropriation fifteen million dollars for torpedo speedboats. No Navy officer with any regard for his peace of mind will discuss what he said about that to his associates nor what his fellow

officers said to him. But it was no secret that a number of yacht and speedboat designers had been called to the White House and had urged Mr. Roosevelt to give their motorboat ideas more encouragement than they had ever managed to wangle out of the Navy Department.

Our Unenthusiastic Navy

It wasn't so much that the Navy was opposed to spending fifteen million to demonstrate that unarmored speedboats would have little if any military value. What they resented more than anything else was being forced to act on pressure brought by outsiders—private yacht designers and speedboat builders. On several occasions Navy officers, having nothing much more than an inkling of what was going on in the White House conferences, called on the yachtsmen and speedboat racers and tried more or less artfully to find out what was going on. Apparently they had a minimum of success. The Navy already was pondering speedboat design and values. Naturally

it believed that it could reach its own decisions.

Their resentment was quick and deep. But there was nothing for them to do but await orders and presently they got them. At the time the Navy, having given considerable study to the British, Italian and German speedboats, was not inclined to look upon Congress' generosity as heaven-sent. From a geographical standpoint our naval requirements were not comparable to Europe's, said the Navy. For coast-guard defense, we had destroyers and cutters that could do all the speedboats might attempt. And if anybody's navy got close enough to our shores to make it necessary to call on the speedboats it would be too bad for everything, including the speedboats. The Navy was far from enthusiastic.

Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt wanted speedboats and, being Commander in Chief of the Navy, he was going to get them. He quite agreed with the admirals that a torpedo-spitting suicide squadron might be exactly what our Navy did not need; but he was willing to spend the fifteen millions to find out. All of which he submitted to the Navy through Mr. Charles Edison, then Assistant Secretary.

The Navy's drafting boards and design rooms being overwhelmed with battleship, cruiser, destroyer and submarine plans, it was decided to ask private designers—Americans only—to submit ideas. To keep the screwball inventors out, the Navy demanded that

(Continued on page 62)

The Sensible Way

By George Bradshaw

There are various ways for a girl to get her man. Here's one—maybe not the best, but good

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER

WHY, this is easy, Maisie thought. She looked down at Jeff, crouched at her feet tying her shoelace. Very easy. And if it works...

Jeff got up, smiled. "There," he said.

"Thanks," Maisie said.

They walked up the steps from the dining room and came out on the hot, sunny little space by the street.

Jeff said, "When shall we start?"

Maisie shrugged. "Five minutes. I'll get Aunt Florrie."

Jeff nodded. "I'll meet you right here."

They walked together for a few yards back along the path. Then Jeff started down to his cottage.

"Five minutes," he said.

"Five minutes."

Maisie went on a little way and then began to climb. It was a good day. Far down below her the blue Pacific heaved calmly, the air was still, only the raucous yodel of a sea gull broke the silence. Why, Maisie thought, Mexico isn't a bad place at all.

Aunt Florrie was lying in the string hammock on the porch, finishing her breakfast. She had a piece of toast in one hand and a cigarette in the other.

"How did it go?" she said.

"Fine," Maisie said. "You ready?"

"For what?"

"For what? The beach."

Aunt Florrie struggled to a sitting position. "All right. But tell me what happened."

Maisie was inside now, pulling off her dress. "He tied my shoe."

Aunt Florrie picked another piece of toast and put it in her mouth. "At your age," she said.

Maisie stopped, her bathing suit half on. "Listen," she said. "No tricks. If you give me away I'll... why"—she struggled with a shoulder strap—"he's a wonderful guy."

"Oh, come." Aunt Florrie got up and walked into the cottage.

"He is," Maisie said. "Did you see those shoulders?"

"Yes."

Maisie ran a comb through her hair. "I could use them."

"So could I," Aunt Florrie said, "for carrying baggage."

"Nuts," Maisie said. "Hurry..."

THE Hotel Mirador in Acapulco is on a cliff over the ocean; the town proper lies behind it, down below, on the bay that comes pouring in from the south. So ten minutes later Jeff and Maisie and Aunt Florrie walked down from the hotel to the town, and sat themselves outside one of the drink booths in the square.

"This is nice," Jeff said. "All these

trees. I didn't see much last night."

"Yes," Aunt Florrie said. "And it's still cool, thank heaven."

They were sitting at the Hungarian woman's place, one of the four drinking booths under the bandstand in the middle of the square. It wasn't hot yet, and the water sprinkled over the swept earth made the place seem even cooler. And it was quiet—the square hadn't waked up.

"Pssst," Aunt Florrie said, "where's that waiter? Pssst."

But the Hungarian woman herself came out, clean and shining, in a fresh, starched dress, and stockings and shoes, looking as if she were right in the Buda Forest, and not Acapulco.

"Good morning," she said, and everybody said good morning.

Aunt Florrie took the vacuum bottle out of her beach bag. "With ice," she said. "And then we all want beers." She looked around. Jeff nodded. But Maisie said, "Oh. Not for me. Lemonade, please."

The Hungarian woman looked surprised. Every other morning Maisie had had a beer. But she said nothing, took the vacuum bottle and went into the booth.

"Look," Aunt Florrie said, "look at my lamb of a taxi driver."

A bandit in a pink shirt stood beside an old black automobile. He had a little smile on his lips and he was trying shyly to attract attention by waving his dirty cap. "Taxi," he said.

"In a moment," Aunt Florrie called.

THE Hungarian woman came with the drinks. As she pulled the caps off the beers she said, "Did you see the theater last night?"

Maisie said, "Not last night. We were too tired."

The theater was a large tent on the beach, with a stage at one end and benches for the audience. The troupe gave a different play every night. Everybody went; it was fine entertainment.

"Rancho Grande," the Hungarian woman said, and then she raised her hands and her eyes. "That Jiminez. He is so handsome."

Maisie laughed. Jiminez was a self-conscious, good-looking young Mexican who played all the heroes. The women of Acapulco, as one, adored him, despite the fact that he had a giggly young wife.

"We'll go tonight," Maisie said to Jeff. "It's wonderful."

They drank.

Aunt Florrie set down her glass. "Are we ready?"

Jeff paid the Hungarian woman and they walked over to the taxi, and got in.

They drove along the rickety,

pretty, arcaded streets, past the stores with their goods hung out, past the dogs in the dust, past the women selling tortillas, the men just standing, past the carts and autos and busses, out into the sand and palm trees south of the town.

Maisie turned to Jeff and smiled. "It's wonderful to have you along."

Jeff made an appropriate sound.

"I feel so much safer," she said, "with a man. You know this is a very dangerous town. You can have someone killed here for sixty-five dollars."

Jeff raised an eye. "Really?"

"I'm terrified sometimes," Maisie said, "even in broad daylight."

"Seems quiet enough," Jeff said.

"Well," Maisie said, "I'm glad you're along. This is a very lonely beach."

THE road turned along the bay, between the beach and a couple of low, wide-verandaed hotels, the airfield, a few stray huts, country. Beyond rose up the brown hills with the blue mountains behind; to the right was the glittering bay, ruffled to a light green by the breeze. They met no one; a smoke of dust curled up behind them; they rode fast over the rough road; following the bay gradually around to the right, they went over a clackety bridge, up a little hill and came out on a ridge maybe fifty feet above the beach. There the car stopped.

"At one-thirty come back," Aunt Florrie said. Then she and Maisie and Jeff gathered up their stuff and started down the winding little path through the cacti.

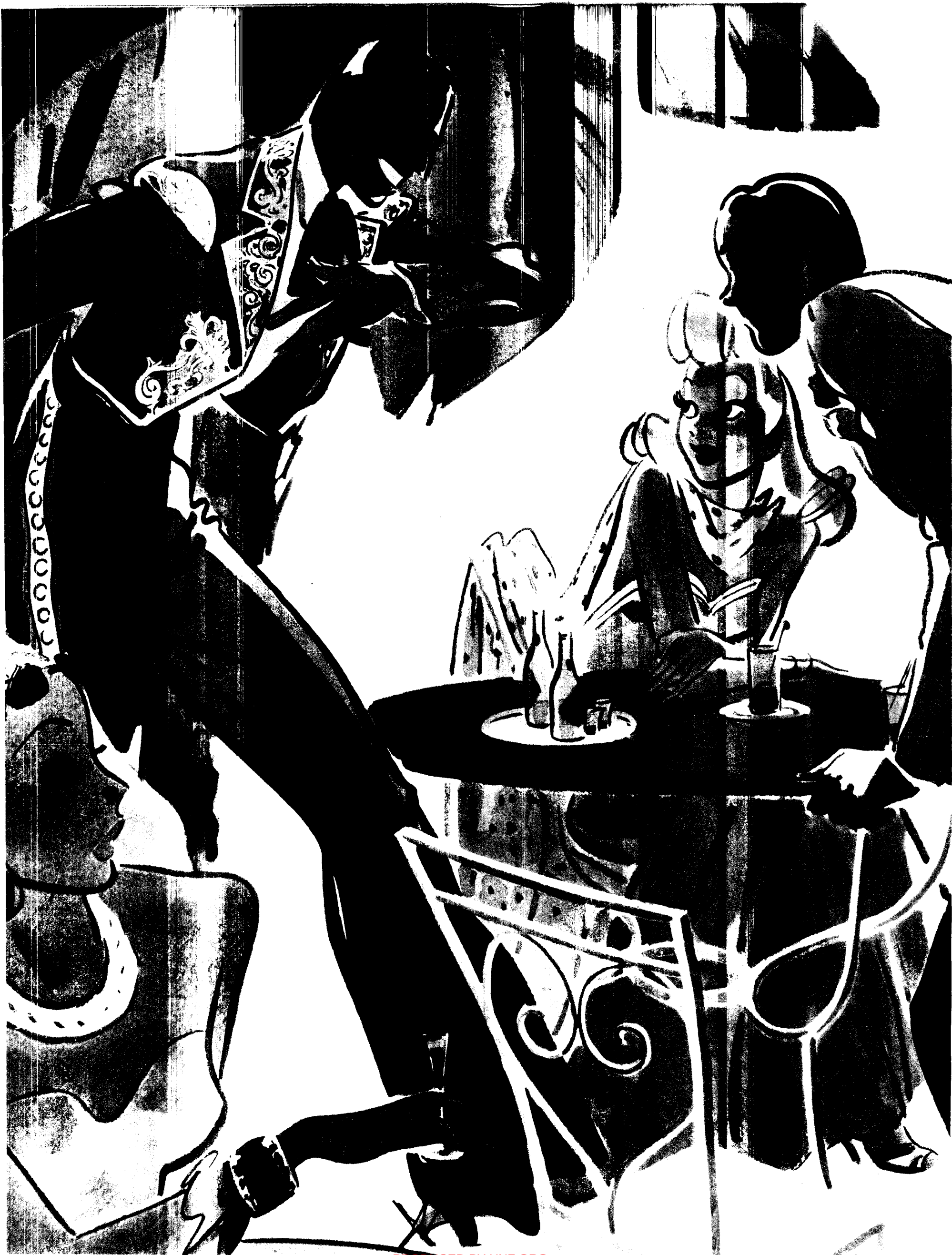
When they reached the beach they still had something of a walk—it was perhaps half a mile to their objective. But they could see it already; a broken boulder, as big as a house, was set a little way out in the water; it broke the waves, and made a calm, shallow little pool behind it. And on the beach, right there, were two other rocks, as big as other houses, which framed and shaded a perfect square of sand: that was the place. No one ever came to it, the Mexicans because it was too lonely, other people because they did not know about it.

Maisie stumbled along beside Jeff, taking little steps so that she seemed to have to hurry to keep up with him. He didn't say anything, or slow down. She slipped her arm under his; he held it tight, and they walked on to the boulder.

When they arrived, Aunt Florrie

Jiminez came over. "I want to buy the Americans a drink." The way he spoke was an insult, and he was drunk





flopped down in the shade. "I'm exhausted," she said.

But Maisie took off her skirt and sweater and tucked her hair into a cap. "Come on," she said to Jeff, "I'll beat you to the rock."

Jeff pulled off his pants and shirt and went after her. Maisie tried hard for maybe five strokes, then she slowed down. Jeff beat her easily, and when she arrived he had to pull her up beside him. "Thanks," she said.

WHEN she had got her breath she said, "Look. How long are you going to stay around here?"

"A couple of weeks," Jeff said. "What about you?"

"The same. We've been here three."

They looked at their feet, dangling in the water. Maisie thought for a moment she might put red on her toenails, but decided against it. Not too much all at once.

Jeff squinted. "This is the first time I've seen the Pacific Ocean. It's strange. Not at all like the Atlantic."

Maisie said, "You get used to it."

Jeff laughed. "Are you engaged?" he said.

Maisie shook her head.

"I just wondered," he said. "You didn't say last night."

"If I had been engaged I probably wouldn't have picked you up," Maisie said. "Did you mind?"

"I loved it."

Maisie laughed. "Well, that's settled. Let's go back."

They swam in and got cigarettes and talked to Aunt Florrie. Maisie rubbed her most expensive oil on Jeff's broad but untanned back. He told her he owned a real-estate business in New York. At twenty minutes after one they walked back to the taxi.

At the hotel they had a scuffle. Maisie insisted on paying the bandit. "You bought the beers," she said; "I'll do this."

But somehow she got into trouble. She gave the bandit three pesos and he refused them. "Five," he said. "Five." Maisie tried to argue but he shook his head.

Maisie looked up at Jeff with her eyes wide open. "We've never given him more than three," she said.

Jeff took the three pesos and offered them again. The bandit refused. So Jeff tossed the money into the car, took Maisie by the arm and walked away.

A flood of Spanish followed them, yells and curses, but they didn't look around. "Thank you," Maisie said. "Thank you so much. I wouldn't have known what to do."

Jeff said, "I'll see you at lunch."

AUNT FLORRIE sat on her bed in the cottage, dressed and ready to go. "How long is it going to take you?"

"Don't rush me," Maisie said. "I've got to look pretty."

"You look pretty."

"To you, maybe. But I've got to impress Jeff."

Aunt Florrie watched her niece put on the mascara. She lit a cigarette. "Is this going to keep up?"

"Certainly," Maisie sounded annoyed. "How long?"

"As long as I can work it. Why not?" "Why not?" Aunt Florrie spoke deliberately. "Why not? Because I hate to have an extremely pleasant vacation spoiled by my niece suddenly becoming a coy little cutie."

Maisie didn't look at her aunt. "It won't affect you," she said.

"No?" She took a drag at her cigarette. "What about my watching you drink that disgusting lemonade? Just to impress Jeff. And how about that ridiculous story of getting a man killed for sixty-five dollars? Really?"

"Well," Maisie said, "I read that in a magazine."

Aunt Florrie snorted. "For a sensible girl..."

Maisie turned around. "That's my trouble. I am a sensible girl."

"Then behave like one."

"No. It's never gotten me anywhere."

Aunt Florrie was silent.

"Here I am," Maisie said, "twenty-four. And am I married? No." She turned back to her mirror. "And why not?" She took up a lipstick. "I know why not. And it's the reason I'm working out on Jeff this way."

Aunt Florrie shook her head. "I hardly understand a word you're saying."

"Do you remember Dick Gordon?"

"Yes."

"For a year and a half we were friends. Good friends. I was sensible. I showed him I would be a damned good wife for him. When we played tennis I used to beat him if I could. When we went sailing I did half the work. I could talk to him about anything, from Trotskyism to backgammon. I helped him in his business. I put in a new system of filing that saved him a thousand dollars a year."

MAISIE grabbed at a cigarette and lighted it.

"So what happened?" she said. "Some belle from Philadelphia that couldn't even light her own cigarettes got her hooks on him and they were married within a month. So the hell with being sensible. Get your man first and then be sensible."

Maisie stood up, began to fasten gold bracelets around her arm. "You know the first thing that Philadelphia girl did? Deliberately untied her shoe, so Dick could tie it. And she went on from there. Perfectly helpless. Couldn't do anything. Couldn't win at any game. Tennis, bridge, golf. Dick always beat her. It was the most horrible experience I ever lived through. But I learned."

Aunt Florrie got up. "All right," she said, "all right. But that still doesn't explain Jeff. He's a perfect stranger."

"My new act will work only on perfect strangers," Maisie said. "Besides"—her face was sad, there almost seemed to be tears in her eyes—"I'm in love with him. I think he's the most wonderful, handsome... oh, well."

Aunt Florrie walked over and put her arms around Maisie. They stood there, silent for a moment.

Then Aunt Florrie said, "I'm starved. Let's go to lunch."

FOR the next few days Maisie made progress. She learned to wait for her cigarette to be lighted (that was the hardest lesson of all), she hesitated about drinks, almost made Jeff think one up for her, she lost money at bridge, she was perfectly helpless the day they went fishing. And Jeff was always there, always willing, always gallant.

Conditions, for Maisie, were nothing short of perfect. There was almost no one else in the collection of cottages which was the hotel, so she had him to herself practically all the time.

And as far as she could tell, he was

(Continued on page 60)



ALL DONE BY TRUST

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Romance in Crimson

♦ By Octavus Roy Cohen

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE motoring on Long Island, late one evening, Wally Andrews and his wife, Madge, whose home is in the small Southern city of Karnak, are held up and robbed by a man and a girl, both of whom are in evening clothes.

An hour or so later, Gregg Stuart, an architect who had grown up in Karnak, saves the life of a girl—Lynn Harrison—when a man (to whom she refers as "Rick") tries to shoot her on a street in New York. Then, hoping to save her from some mysterious perils that she refuses to discuss, he takes her and her closest friend—Toby Fuller, a model—to Karnak.

The Andrewses, having returned to Karnak, meet Lynn Harrison. Observing a startling resemblance between her and the girl who had helped in the holdup, they speak of it to Gregg. Gregg tells Lynn of the "curious coincidence." Whereupon, she astounds him by confessing that Rick had held up the Andrewses, and that she had been his companion at the time!

By this time, Gregg is in love with Lynn. He believes her when she assures him that she has been guilty of no wrongdoing. But other shocks await him. The first comes when he sees Rick on a street in Karnak. The second comes when Madge Andrews is killed—shot to death in Lynn Harrison's bedroom, with no witnesses present—and Lynn is arrested and charged with murder.

Before her arrest, the girl produces the jewels taken from Madge Andrews in the holdup. But she insists that she is innocent. Questioned by Gregg, she says that she had made a clean breast of everything to Madge, who had gone to her room to get the jewels. She says that Rick, while searching for the jewels, must have encountered Madge—and shot her.

Meanwhile, Toby Fuller has disappeared. Apparently, she has gone away with Rick, with whom (according to Lynn) she is infatuated. . . .

Reporters assemble in Karnak from all over the country. The trial begins. Lee Winthrop, the district attorney, directs the prosecution. Jason Marsh—a noted criminal lawyer from New York, whose services Gregg has retained—is in charge of the defense. Various persons testify. Jason Marsh directs the jury's attention to the missing Toby Fuller. It is obvious to those in the courtroom that the Fuller girl may be a very important witness.

VII

DALE MARSHAL glanced at her husband, and then at her guest. "Lynn," she said, "you simply must eat."

Lynn smiled wanly. She looked tired. She had been buffeted too hard by the emotional strain of the trial's first day, and even the gentleness of her host and hostess had not yet proved quite enough to rouse

her from her state of exhaustion. She said, "Sorry, Dale, but I'm not awfully hungry."

Carey Marshal tried to lighten the tension. He said, "Reckon she don't crave no So'thern vittels."

Lynn was beginning to relax. Not much, but a trifle. It was difficult to feel frightened in this great, benevolent old home with its wide veranda, its stately Doric columns, its massive rooms, its crackling oak-log fires; it was difficult to feel like a criminal in the face of the friendly courtliness of her host and hostess. It was almost possible to forget that she was here not as a guest but as a prisoner, paroled in the custody of her attorney until court should convene on the morrow.

The meal was tempting, and Lynn tried her best. She knew she needed physical strength . . . but the food choked her, and finally she gave up. In reply to their unspoken plea she said, "I'm afraid you'll think I'm awfully unappreciative—"

"Skip it," commanded Dale. "And if you'll try plenty of hot coffee and a liqueur . . ."

Seated in front of the roaring fire in the great living room, Lynn found it easier. The coffee was good, the liqueur warmed her. She'd feel all right, she reflected, if only her brain would stop racing; if only she could keep from thinking so hard and so futilely.

Neither Carey nor Dale had mentioned the trial, and for that she was grateful. They treated her as they would have treated any other guest . . . but the specter was there. It couldn't be dispelled simply because one wished it to be.

Gregg Stuart's car rolled up the driveway outside,

and Gregg sounded his horn. But just before getting out of the car he spoke to his mother: "Lynn's bound to be low . . . which makes our job pretty clear."

Mrs. Stuart nodded. "You can snap her out of it, son—if anybody can."

Carey Marshal opened the door for them and Gregg keyed his first remarks to a high pitch. Carey understood his purpose and responded in kind. "Two more coffees comin' up," he called from the reception hall. "We got company."

Mrs. Stuart came into the room and greeted Dale and Lynn as though there were nothing to distinguish between them. Gregg followed her and said, brightly, "Hiya, Dale. You too, Lynn."

Dale answered, "Most salubrious, thank, suh. And why so late?"

"Most ran over a rabbit. They're the stupidest animals. . . ."

"And the cutest." She turned to the coffee table. "One lump or two?"

"Forget the sugar." Gregg seated himself on the comfortable old sofa alongside of Lynn. "How they feedin' you, honey?"

SHE tried—tried bravely—to smile. "The eatin' is pretty good, Gregg. They're trying their best."

"Don't pay any attention to her, Gregg." It was Carey speaking. "I never saw nobody refuse to eat with such enthusiasm."

Lynn was thinking, "This is a million miles away from the courtroom. I've got to do better."

She threw herself into (Continued on page 26)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Lynn looked at Carey Marshal, and he nodded to her. "Take a walk, Lynn. It'll do you good." She didn't argue



It's Good Business

By Henry L. Jackson

W E HATE to disillusion you, gentlemen, but the days of romance in men's business clothes are over. Those lovely days of the peg-top pants and the yellow buttoned shoes and the pinch-back suits will come no more. In fact, you can't even wear a decent race-track check.

Today you can go to any reputable store in the country and pick something off the rack and be certain that you aren't going to look like a burlesque comedian. Suits for town and business are away over on the conservative side. No more squared shoulders, no more flared coats.

Here are a few of the things you'll want to know when the fitter starts doing the altering: the coat should fit snugly at the collar line at the back and be low enough to allow a half inch of shirt collar to show. Shoulders should not be too broad or extreme. Sleeves should be short enough to expose half an inch of shirt cuff. Make sure that the coat is not tight, so that you won't bulge out like a blimp when you put something in your pockets. The coat, incidentally, should be long enough to cover the seat of your pants. If you can't fill up the vest pockets with assorted bits of string, old marbles, pencil stubs and dollar watches, it's a sign that the garment is fitted too tightly. Have none of it. Trousers fit snugly at the waist and hang straight, with a slight break just above the instep. It is very bad form when they are too full through the seat and crotch.

If you insist on bold stripes, checks and herring-bones, keep them for the country. The town patterns should be subdued. And don't buy soft-finish fabrics, such as flannels and tweeds, for business clothes. They get baggy too easily and pretty soon you have a hole in the seat of your breeches. What you need are unfinished or clear-cut worsteds. They wear better and give a well-groomed effect.

As for shirts, white is always correct and in good taste. If you go for the hot numbers, as many well-dressed men do, choose colors that harmonize quietly. If you like bright, bold patterns, curb yourself ruthlessly; they don't go either for shirts, ties, hose, handkerchiefs or suits. Restraint is the stuff.

The slate-blue unfinished worsted suit is one of the most popular types for spring. It's a shade that all men can wear, and while well-dressed men have always liked it, its recent surge of popularity in financial circles makes it an important color for spring. It is double-breasted, in lounge model, which means that it is a loose, easy-fitting, comfortable style. The shoulders are straight, there is a straight line at the hips, and the chest is full. The low-rolling lapel is great for shorter men; it gives them the illusion of height and sometimes alters their whole personality. The suit carries an unobtrusive stripe.

With it you can use a broadcloth shirt with alternating light blue and gray stripes, widespread attached collar, French cuffs and simple-design cuff links. The cutaway collar is the outstanding style for spring, being comfortable and flattering to the average man. It calls for a large tie knot. The Spitalfields tie is in a neat, geometric pattern in navy and white. (Once worn only for formal day wear, the Spitalfields tie is now okay for town wear.) The pocket handkerchief is of blue-and-white-striped linen. If you add blue socks with light blue-and-white vertical stripes and add a pair of black town shoes, you have an outfit that will get you by successfully either in a cocktail bar or in a directors' meeting.

The photographs presented herewith show alternate choices in shirts, ties and handkerchiefs, all of which may be worn appropriately with the slate-blue worsted suit. With the plain gray oxford shirt, which is a distinctly neutral shade, we recommend a striped tie in bright colors. But no color explosions! Remember that. With the ivory-colored broadcloth shirt, we suggest a lightweight foulard tie in blue, gray and white, in rather bold pattern but subdued shade. ★★★



At the left, the slate-blue double-breasted business suit for spring. The chest is cut full, with low-rolling lapels. With it go a striped broadcloth shirt in blue and gray, a neat Spitalfields tie and blue-and-white-striped socks with black town shoes. The carnation is just for color.

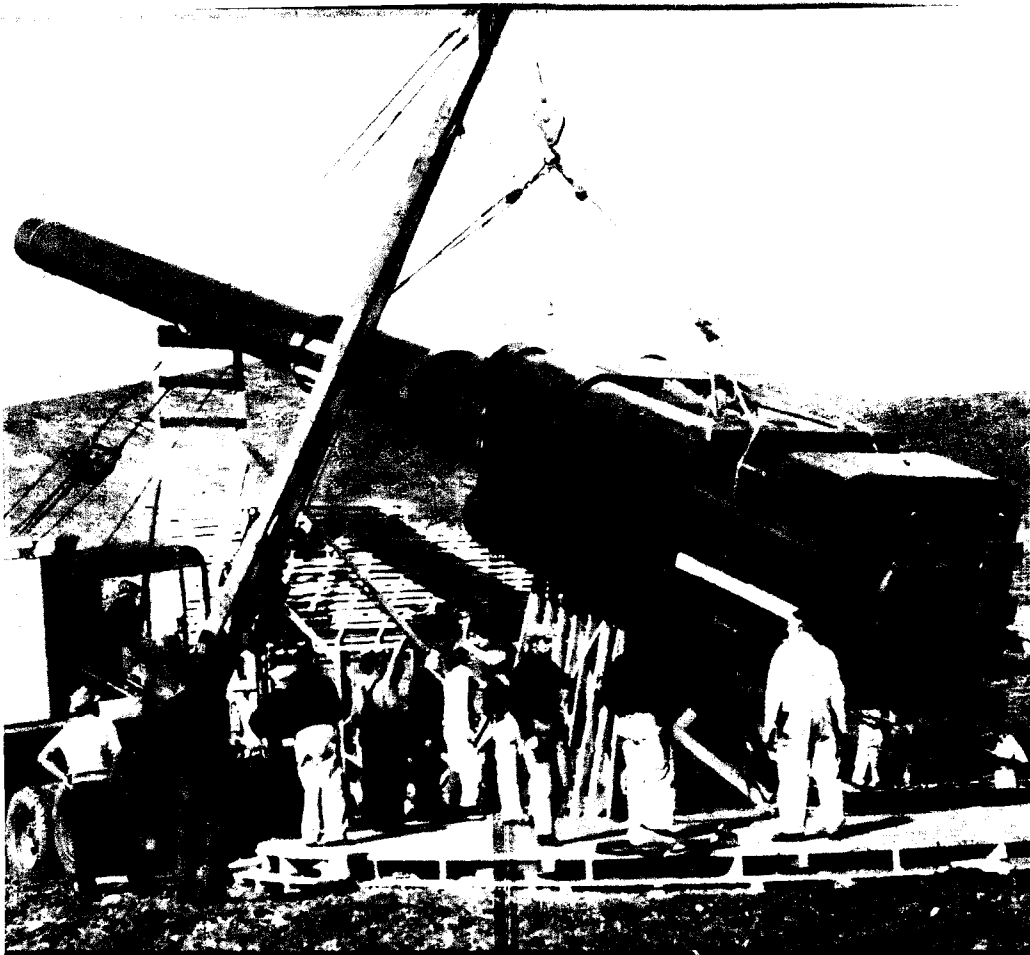
At the right, the same suit but this time with an ivory-colored broadcloth shirt and a lightweight foulard tie, and French cuffs, of course, with simple links. Note the ease with which the coat fits and the amount of shirt collar in sight. The handkerchief is nicely in harmony.



Spring's well-dressed men will need accessories, and here they are, at the left: Blue-gray snap-brim hat with welt edge; medium gray hat with tapered crown and rolled raw-edge brim; Cavalier hat, lightweight and fawn-colored. Then, quarter brogue shoes, elastic blue-and-gray suspenders, lightweight blue socks, whangee-handle umbrella, dooskin gloves, and collar pin, cuff links and a key chain all of simulated gold.

Just by way of change, here we are in a plain gray oxford cloth shirt, collar neatly pinned and a striped tie in colors that are nice and bright. All very smooth indeed. And notice that there's just the right amount of cuff in view. For business wear with soft, collar-attached shirt, young men prefer a gold safety pin in their collars, which gives the neat appearance of a starched collar without the discomfort.





This huge prop gun being moved to the studios gave outsiders a good idea of what the new Chaplin picture was to be about

Ride 'em, Charlie!

By Kyle Crichton

Charlie Chaplin, a funny little man with a funny little mustache, doesn't like dictators. Guess whose ears are going to be red when his newest picture is released

Not at all concerned over the fate of the world at the moment are Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, relaxing at a tennis match



MOST of the stuff written about Charlie Chaplin in recent years has been the bunk. Because he acted like a human being instead of a fool in his films, the long-eared experts built up a picture of some Hamlet-like freak sitting on a mountain peak contemplating his middle. What he really turned out to be is a little guy three times livelier than a coot and four times as funny.

When I went up to see him I was filled to the ears with that solemn nonsense and it took me half an hour to realize that he was grinning like a baboon because he felt good and not because he was trying to make the most of a dopey guest. He may really be one of those pathos fellows but I can testify that when he is steamed up about a new picture—as he was about the one he has made about dictators—he is no more like Hamlet than Tony Galento is like Pavlova. When he gets going he will talk the leg off any man alive. And all the time he's looking at you with the smile of a kid who has said something funny and is tickled that you're getting it. If that isn't enough to floor you, he starts on his mimicry, in which field he has probably never had an equal on this earth.

"Could do it even better when I was six," he puts in modestly. "Remembered everything I saw or heard and could give it right back as if it were on a record."

But you can't get Chaplin off his new picture these days. He throws off gags and hilarious scenes by the dozens. If I don't give them to you here it's because I think that anybody who would spoil that picture in advance would be an international criminal and a despoiler of little children. All I can say is that if it turns out only half as funny as it sounded when I heard it from Chaplin, it will be one of the great comic masterpieces of history.

Chaplin is probably the hardest man in the world to get in touch with. If he doesn't want to see you, you don't see him. Everybody is polite and nice, both at the studio and at home, but it seems that Mr. Chaplin has just gone out or Mr. Chaplin hasn't come in yet. He has his life organized perfectly. If he wants to go to bed and sleep for two weeks, he does it. If, after two years of loafing, he decides suddenly to start on a picture, he can have his staff around him in two hours, for he has kept them on the pay roll during the intervening period. When he wants to see somebody, he gets in touch with him, and then proceeds to tell everything. "Old big mouth," is how Paulette Goddard refers to him affectionately.

A Made-to-Order Plot

The idea for his new picture came to him last summer when he was loafing around Carmel in California, and he has been obsessed by it ever since. His mind works furiously and the gags literally poured out of him, but before making the picture he tested them out carefully with his tough-minded assistant, Dan James, and later on his brother, Syd, who was back in Hollywood. Syd, who is by the way of being a gag genius, has ten hilarious variations for anything that comes up but they are apt to be a bit corny, which is to say obvious. Just when they thought they had a sequence worked out perfectly, Charlie, whose instinct for humor is matchless, would decide that it smelled and would show them why. Then they started over again with a patience that would drive an ordinary man mad.

Charlie was determined to make the new picture his best effort or bust in the attempt.

"Look," he said eagerly. "I'm lucky. A man works around all his life, mak-

ing a few good pictures, a lot of rotten ones, and then suddenly he gets an idea that fits in with everything he's ever done and sort of completes his life. I couldn't have doped it out better with a pencil and a chart. I've had success and I have an audience. All my life I've hated oppression and stupidity and now I have a chance to do something about it when it needs doing worst."

He branched off and started telling me about his grandfather, who was a cobbler.

"Did everything by hand. Even made his own thread. Just a piece of cord and then he'd wax it. . . . Like this. . . ." Chaplin slapped his hand back and forth along his thigh. "Made boots for the gentry. Used to hold them up in his hands and admire them after he'd finished. He was as much an artist in his own way as Michelangelo. . . . That's what makes me sore now; all this machinery. We invent something and a thousand men work on it and what do we have? Another gadget. A civilization full of gadgets."

"What do you want to do?" I asked. "Go back to handicraft?"

"Sure!" he said, beaming eagerly. "Handicraft! You don't need to laugh about it. It's coming. This thing won't last. There'll be one last blowup and then we'll start over again."

Funny Man's Philosophy

Before I could intimate in a gentlemanly way that I thought he was nuts, he was breaking out a bottle of champagne.

"California champagne?" he said tentatively, as if he thought I might give him an argument about it. He said an old man up north made it for himself and was choosy about who got it. "Had to pass an examination before he was convinced I would appreciate it." While I was sipping it, Charlie was back on the new film again:

"It'll cost over a million and I'm doing it with my own money. I was figuring the other day. . . . I guess I've made about twenty-seven millions all told. Got about three millions left, Alf Reeves, my manager, tells me. But that's all right. It wouldn't bother me if I lost the money on the picture." He waved his hand around the room. "This is a nice place here but I could get along without it. I'd like enough to live on because I was pretty poor once and I'm afraid of poverty, but that wouldn't keep me from doing this picture. There've been a lot of threatening letters and I suppose the foreign market won't be much good, but I'm only counting on America."

From other sources we found out that Chaplin spends about \$200,000 a year but very little of it is on himself. In addition to the staff he keeps on salary whether he is working or not, he has about forty families on his monthly pay roll. He has a reputation for being a penny-pincher but in truth he is the greatest check-grabber in Hollywood. He goes out very little but if he should happen to drop in on a party at a restaurant, he insists on paying for everybody. What he objects to is being gypped, as happened to him recently when he stopped in a night club for a drink while on the way to the theater. Since it was crowded at the bar, the manager came up and urged Charlie and his party to take a table. They had one drink each, the bill for four came to \$9.50 and Chaplin was indignant. That will probably be cited as an instance of his penuriousness but when, several years ago, he received a letter from a destitute man in Bavaria who recalled that he had once waited on Chaplin in a Los Angeles hotel, Charlie put him on the pay roll at \$10 a week and kept the payments

(Continued on page 33)

Hungary Sits It Out

Radioed from Budapest
by Frank Gervasi

The Hungarians, caught between warring Europe and the fermenting Balkans, cling to their precious independence and wait. Their day will come with peace, they believe—that is, if they're still around when the fighting ends



BLACK STAR



Hungary's top man is hard-boiled anti-German Nicholas Horthy, Regent. He is here visiting No. 3 Nazi Rudolf Hess in Nuremberg in 1938

THE Finns and the Magyars are distant cousins. Their ancestors, a thousand or more years ago, rode together on tough and wiry Mongol horses and then separately they fought their way from somewhere in the Ural Mountains to the Baltic to build what is now Finland. Then they went across the Carpathians into the lush valley of the Danube to found what is now Hungary.

When a Finn meets a Magyar in the streets of Helsinki or Budapest they understand each other's language and they have similar words for "courage." The bond between them is now stronger than the ligaments of blood, for they both feel that they bear civilization's burden—the Finns in the frozen north and the Magyars in the heart of a crumbling Europe.

The Finns were luckier than the Magyars. Nature and the evolution of politics gave them a defendable frontier of lakes and giant pillars of granite and

thick forests. They have a fighting chance of preserving their way of life against an enemy superior in numbers. Not so the Hungarians. They say you can stand on a melon on the great Magyar plain and thus elevated you can see for miles around you. They are surrounded by the enemy, west, north and east, and practical Hungarians know that the German military machine could roll over the flat home of the Magyars, unprotected as it is either by mountains or streams or heavy forest, without feeling anything more than a very slight bump.

But that doesn't worry the Magyars. They have fought for ten centuries since Prince Arpad established them in their promised home along the banks of the Danube. And they saw their country grow into the great Austro-Hungarian Empire through endless wars that filled the Danube with the blood of Turks and Magyars and Germans. They saw it shrink again in the squeezing hand of

the victors of the last World War into a defenseless fraction of its Hapsburgian power and extent.

To the Magyar who fought Attila the Hun, the present is but a comma in time and he thinks in terms of centuries and not in terms of today. His eyes are fixed on a distant tomorrow and to listen to him talk as he twirls a tall-stemmed glass of port in his drawing room, or ladles out a potato stew red-dened with paprika in his mud-floored hut on the steppes, it is hard to say whether he is just plain stubborn or filled with an abounding faith in his mission as a defender of civilization. Hungary lies athwart Germany's road to the oil and wheat of the east.

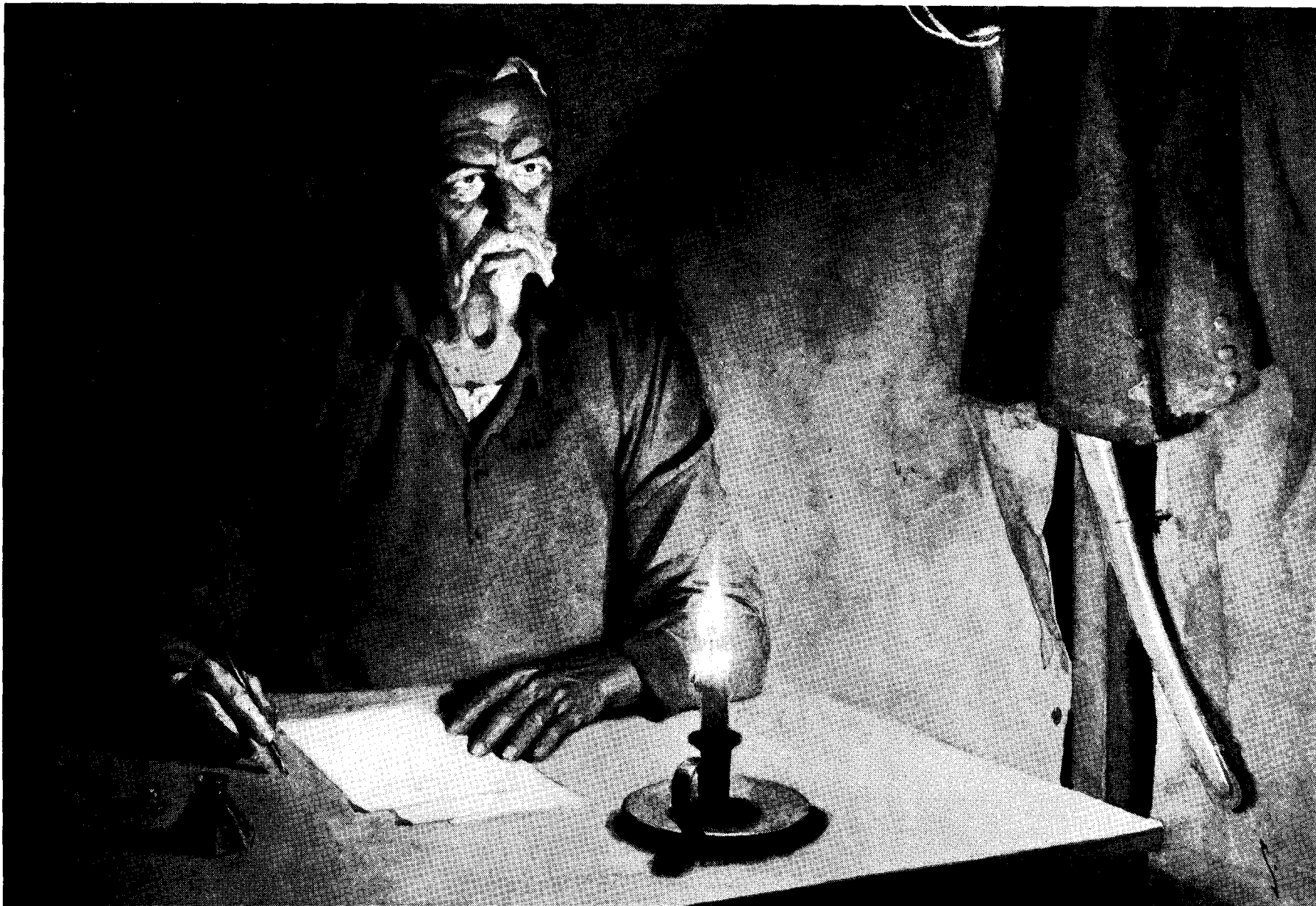
But there is no fear in Hungary. The peasant and aristocrat, laborer and factory worker all have a common heritage of fearlessness. Whatever disaster may befall them, they feel, is only a temporary state, which time will readjust. Theirs is not the fatalism of the Italian

or the Spaniard, but a superb kind of adaptability that enables the aristocrat to keep up his shooting box and his gambling despite an overdraft at the bank.

But the Magyar does know how to hate. "The Magyar trusts not the German, for the faith of a German is the faith of a dog," their folklore literature taught them from the sixteenth century onward. Yet the Hungarian dislike for the Germans is a dispassionate cerebral hatred mingled with a profound respect for their military valor.

For the Rumanians and for the Russians they nourish and almost cherish a different kind of hatred, and in this emotion there is the passion of the gypsy violins. The Magyars detest the Rumanians for having grabbed Transylvania in payment for Rumanian assistance to the Allies in the last war. She sees in Soviet Russia a constant menace from the east.

(Continued on page 41)



Cheadrick sat writing a letter to his wife. It was his lifelong habit to write something each evening while on campaign.

Weight of Command

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

DAYLIGHT was a violet pulse in the low east when the trumpets blew boots and saddles; and now the cavalry regiment moved in a sluggish serpentine line along the left bank of Lost Warrior Creek. Men rode stiff in the saddles, sulky and slow-witted from sleep; they rode in dismal silence. The white tops of the supply wagons emitted a vague glow; bare buttes and ridges slowly lifted from the night, from the desert's black sweep.

Cheadrick—Colonel William Starr Cheadrick—tarried briefly behind to have a last word with General Gibson, who commanded this expedition. For as the cavalry regiment moved out along Lost Warrior Creek three regiments of infantry were at the same time disappearing over a low ridge to the right, the two arms of the service embarking upon a nutcracker movement intended to close the hostile Sioux within its jaws.

Gibson was a dark and acrid little man, a sardonic beau sabreur on whose shoulders the single brigadier's star showed the tarnish of hard service. "You are," he said, "to continue up Lost Warrior Creek to its major fork and swing left, to cut the Sioux trail and make contact. I will be forty miles away from you at the far point of my swing, there-

after closing in. I'll meet you on the third morning. If you come upon Sioux in any considerable strength don't let them get away or we'll have all this dismal business to do over again. If it looks like a fight—" and he paused and shrugged his shoulders. "You're too old a campaigner to be given restrictive orders. I leave it to your judgment whether to attack or to wait for me. Good luck."

The two men shook hands. Gibson forded the creek and pursued the infantry with his aide and his orderlies behind him. Cheadrick set his horse into a slow gallop and overtook his command. The smell of extinguished campfires hung to the creek bottom and all along the cavalry column a fine alkali dust boiled up. Cheadrick was sixty-two years old, better than six feet tall, and rode with his legs full down. He had spent most of his career in the saddle, so that the smell of horses and dust and

leather was the principal smell of his life; he was a stringy, severe shape, with rawboned shoulders and a silver-white goatee and mustache. He wore an old campaign hat with the brim tipped up and his eyes, always half closed against sun and light, were agate-gray. There was but one definite mark of age on this cavalry commander—the two parallel streaks between chin and throat bottom. This, the skin on the colonel's throat, was loose and grizzled.

He passed the wagon train, viewing the mules for condition. He passed the troops one by one and saw a trooper's saddle blanket to be poorly folded. He checked in at once: "Drop out and refold that blanket. You'll gall your horse before ten o'clock." At the head of the column he pulled to a steady walk beside his civilian guide, Major Conn and the correspondent from the Chicago paper. And now for Cheadrick the campaign had begun.

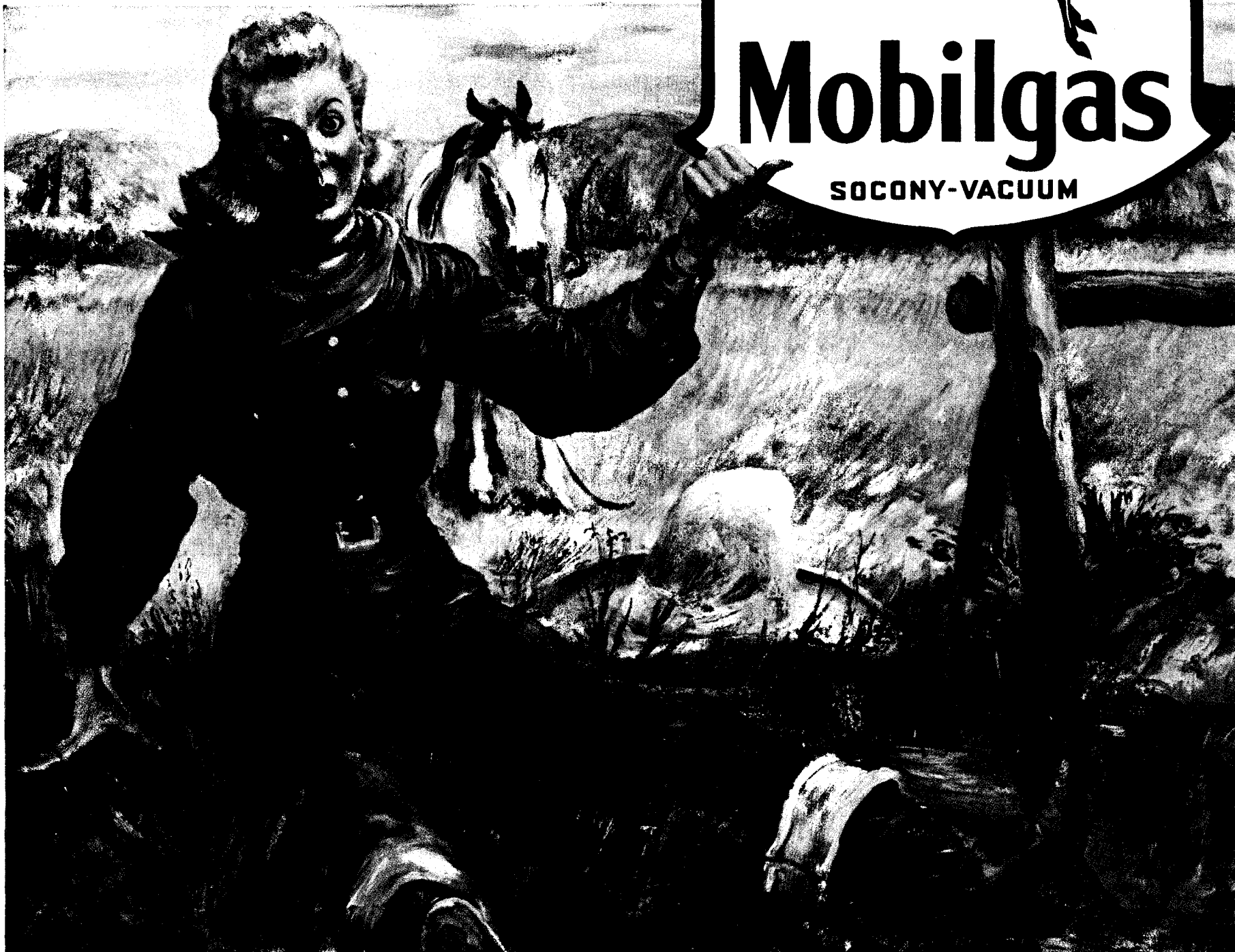
At eight o'clock the last bit of moisture had evaporated from the air. Sunlight glared on the monotonous flats of sage. The correspondent from Chicago said: "You know this country, Colonel?"

"Yes," said Cheadrick, "I know it."

He was tallying his regiment as a poker player would consider the laws of chance in a deck of cards. He had five hundred men, half of them good soldiers, half of them recruits from Jefferson Barracks. He had a set of tough non-coms, the backbone of his command. He had some good officers; he had a few who were green; he had some who were the sweepings of the Civil War. He had only one major, this Major Conn who rode heavy and choleric beside him, with a mind blurred by drink. Callahan, his senior captain, was half wild from slowness of promotion and might, in a pinch, throw away fifty men for the sake of making a reputation. Somewhere out in front of him the Sioux moved restlessly back and forth, stirred by their war chiefs and armed with repeating rifles that were better than the carbines of his own command.

This was how Cheadrick weighed his orders, the ability of his regiment, the
(Continued on page 36)

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to the Red horse”



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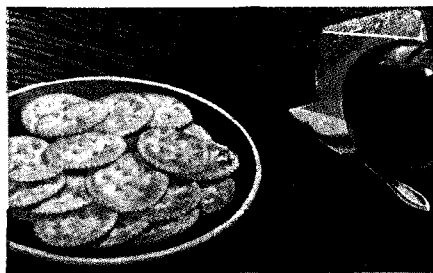
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She was back in a cower in her corner again. "Okay," said Shag. He let a car that was coming go by

Through Road

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The adventure of a frightened girl whose only crime was her own foolishness and who found haven where she feared disaster

WHEN, shortly after midnight, seven miles out of New London, westbound, the police car came burning up on Shag's tail, passed and flagged him down, he eased the six-ton truck out on the shoulder, pulled his brakes, got him a cigarette and sat his cab with a stolid unconcern. He did indeed give a start and a wince when the cop was about halfway, walking back from his coupé. But it was the lightning made Shag do that, the wiggly dry lightning that had been a bother for the past half-hour, lifting the short hairs at the back of his beefy neck and starting the sweat pores pouring while he waited, each time, for the thunder thud. For though he was no longer trucking in tanks, still Shag didn't like lightning. This one wasn't so close; the thunder and the cop reached the truck's cab at the same moment, so that the cop had

to wait till the echoes had bumped away. This gave Shag time to scratch a match and hold it to his cigarette, easy, no hurry. Calm sat with the three-day stubble on his broad-jawed face. Nobody, so far as he could figure, had anything on him.

"Look, buddy," said the officer, himself looking and playing his flash back over the truck's body. "how far have you been on the road here?"

"New Bedford. Codfish. To Hoboken. So what?"

"No, I mean right along here. Past few miles anyhow? What I want—did you happen to have an old tan sedan go by you, last few minutes?"

Lightning caught the end of it, whitening the men, both their mouths fallen slightly open.

"Nope. Why? Hit-and-run or something?"

"Stick-up. Cleaned out Elifanti's hamburger joint."

"Elifanti's place at the forks? They wouldn't get much."

"Amateurs. Kids, it looks like. Maybe liquored up some. They didn't go by you this way, you say?"

"Not this way by me, nope. Why wouldn't I tell you if—*whoo!*"

This time the bolt seemed squarely overhead; the thunder that followed it had a ripping sound.

"We'll get this rain pretty quick now," said the policeman.

The words were hardly out when they got it, not by drops, but enormous buckets. The cop made a run for it, hopped into his coupé and got going. Though he wasn't stepping quite the way he had been, he was small against the glare of oncoming traffic by the time Shag got his

(Continued on page 64)

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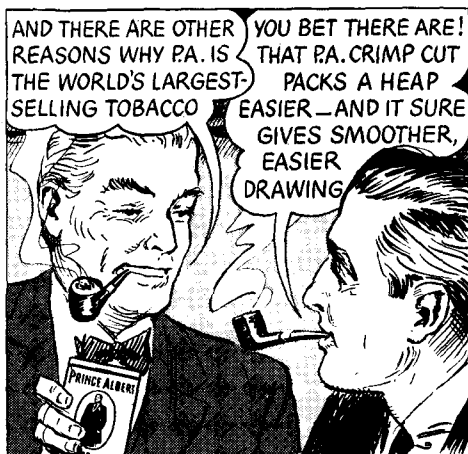
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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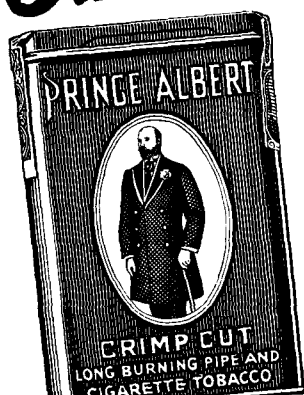
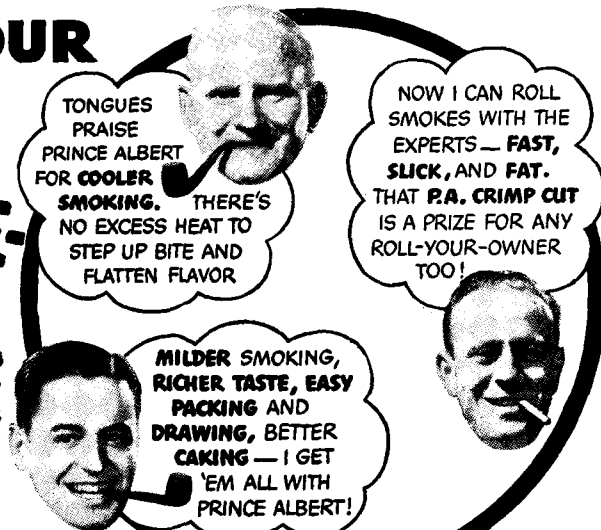
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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Romance in Crimson

Continued from page 17

the chitchat of the coffee table; but even in such casual conversation there were dangers to be avoided—unconsidered remarks that snapped all of them back to the grim realities of the situation. It was all very well to decide that you wouldn't touch on any embarrassing subject, but it seemed as though most subjects were embarrassing tonight. You couldn't mention the club, or Lynn's presence in the Marshal home, or the fact that she was tired . . . everything pointed straight back to the courthouse, to the barrage of questions and answers, to the strain of keeping one's emotions controlled. They tried—all of them—and it was Gregg who gave up first. He said, lightly enough: "What you need, Lynn—is a good strong lungful of piney-woods air."

She looked at Carey Marshal, and he nodded to her: "Take a walk, Lynn. It'll do you good."

She didn't argue. She got a coat from her room and stood in the reception hall while Gregg shrugged into his. He grinned and said, "It isn't cold, really. Just brisk."

He held the front door open for her, and they walked together into a night that was cool and clear. The moon was brilliant and nearing the full; the avenue of spreading oaks, with their festoons of Spanish moss, looked like the center aisle of a great cathedral.

Gregg's hand found Lynn's. It was big and hard and warm, and they walked that way, like two children.

Gregg broke the silence. He said, "How's the morale?"

"Slightly less than zero."

"Chin up?"

"Yes. And taking an awful pounding."

"That's what happens to chins. Can you stand a little more talk?"

"Must I?"

"It hurts me more than it does you, my daughter." He squeezed her hand. "I've got to, really."

"Of course you do. . . ."

He selected his words carefully: "Jason has given orders that I ain't to ask no questions about what I don't know. But he didn't lay down any rules against discussing things I do know. Right?"

"Yes. . . ."

He thought for a few moments and then said, "It's Toby."

"What is?"

"I'm not sure. Jason is harping on her. Why?"

"I don't know. He's making capital of her disappearance—"

"He's throwing suspicion on her, indirectly."

Lynn's hand trembled in his. She said, "That can't be, Gregg. He knows that Toby had nothing to do with it."

"How does he know?"

"Because Toby was talking to me at the very time the thing must have happened."

Gregg said, "That's what worries me. Toby is your only alibi." His eyes sought her face, pale and drawn in the moonlight. "Where is Toby?"

"With Rick, I suppose."

"What makes you think that?"

"Rick was here. You saw him. He's gone. So is she. And she was pretty fond of him."

"Do you suppose she knows—"

Lynn said, "She doesn't know anything wrong about Rick unless he has told her."

"Do you?"

She said, "Yes. Plenty."

"What?"

"Mr. Marsh said—"

"—that you weren't to discuss that, even with me. Right. The question just slipped out. The point is that Toby seems to be your one hope, and she's gone. Have you got the faintest idea where?"

"I wish I had. . . ."

GREGG was suddenly grim. He said, "Damn it, Lynn—I hate the role I'm playing. If there could be the faintest hunch of where they've gone, I'd fetch her back. I can't just stand by like this and watch you being pilloried day after day. It's—well, it's rotten."

"Thanks, Gregg. And it's too late to repeat that I wish you weren't in this."

"I know. But I'm glad I'm here." He changed the subject abruptly: "You think Rick killed her, don't you?"

"Yes."

"To get those jewels?"

"I think he wanted the jewels, and that the killing was incidental. He probably didn't expect to find her in my room." She hesitated: "He might have found me there . . . and he wasn't afraid of that."

"He knew you had them?"

"Yes. . . ."

He stopped suddenly and put his hands on her shoulders, turning her around so that she faced him.

"Take a good look around," he ordered. "Do you know where you are?"

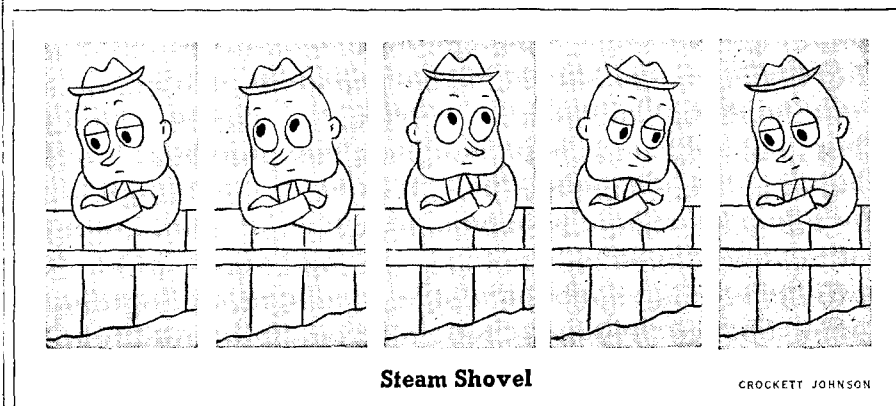
They had branched off the main thoroughfare onto a narrow trail that wound through a pine forest. She shook her head and said, "I haven't the faintest idea."

He said, "You're ten minutes from the Marshal home—and a million miles from everywhere. We're alone—you and I. That's the reason I brought you here."

She felt his arms around her, and allowed herself to relax against him. "At this particular moment," he whispered unsteadily, "there isn't another soul in the world, and there's nothing in the universe as important as the fact that I love you."

Lynn shook her head in halfhearted protest. This was what she wanted, what she needed.

"I love you, too," she answered sim-



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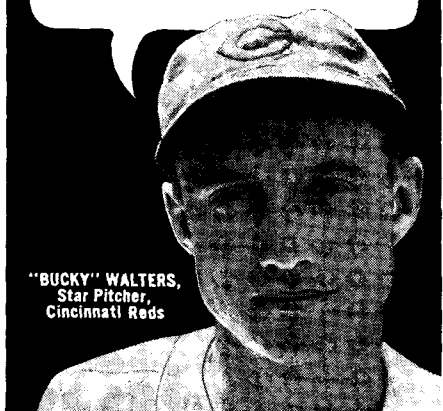
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ply. "Out here—like this—it seems foolish not to admit it."

"Right. I wanted you to feel that way. Because, sweetheart, that is the one thought you've got to hold on tight to—for a while. Even when I can't be close enough to remind you—you must remember. You must be sure. It's the only thing that really matters."

"Until tomorrow."

He tilted her chin back and kissed her—so long, so hard, that she felt her body relaxing. He released her gently, and his voice was infinitely kind:

"I do love you, Lynn. Remember that always—and after."

"I'll never forget it, Gregg . . . no matter what happens. It seems so strange that something so very beautiful could come out of all this horror." She pulled herself together and said, "We'd better be getting back."

"So soon?"

"Yes—so soon," she repeated. "Tomorrow isn't far off. . . . You're a wonderful person, Gregg Stuart. For a moment you made me forget that I'm being tried for murder."

The stranger on the witness stand seemed not unaccustomed to the ordeal. He was a moderately tall young man, with a boyish, freckled face, a strong jaw, unruly hair of sandy color and gray eyes that reflected discernment and intelligence. Solicitor Lee Winthrop asked the customary, "What is your name?" and the witness answered quietly, "David R. Graham."

At the counsel table, Jason Marsh leaned over quickly and directed a question at his associate counsel and his client. He asked, "Know that fellow?"

They shook their heads and Jason grunted, "This will probably be interesting."

SOLICITOR WINTHROP asked, "By whom are you employed, Mr. Graham?"

"The Worldwide Insurance Company."

"In what capacity?"

"Detective."

"What brought you to Karnak, may I ask?"

"You may. Certain jewels were supposed to have been stolen from Mr. and Mrs. Andrews recently. They were insured by our company. We heard that they had been recovered here and I was sent down to identify them."

Winthrop placed the emerald brooch and pearl necklace in the hands of the witness. "You are a jewelry expert?"

"I'm supposed to be."

"Are those the jewels?"

David Graham nodded. "Yes." He took a document from his pocket. "Here's the floater policy under which they were covered. At the time of getting the insurance, an exact description of the jewelry is written. It's simple enough to check up."

"Then these are the exact jewels that were taken from Mr. and Mrs. Andrews by bandits on Long Island?"

A slow smile creased the lips of the witness. "I didn't say that. I said those are the jewels that are insured by our company."

"It amounts to the same thing—"

"Your Honor"—Jason Marsh's voice was heavy with sarcasm—"might I suggest that if the solicitor insists on testifying, it would be better for him to take the stand?"

Judge Mayberry inclined his head toward Winthrop: "You will refrain from such remarks, Mr. Solicitor."

"Sorry, Your Honor," Winthrop was not perturbed. He asked smoothly, "The sole purpose of your trip to Karnak was to identify these jewels, Mr. Graham?"

"No."

"No?" Winthrop rubbed the palms of his hands together. "What other motive had you for coming?"

"When jewels insured by us are stolen," explained the witness calmly, "we make every effort to catch and convict the thief."

"Or thieves."

"Thank you. Or thieves."

"Have you had any success along this line since your arrival in Karnak?"

"I believe so."

"Would you mind explaining what you mean by that?"

Graham hesitated. He glanced at Jason Marsh as though inquiring why an objection was not forthcoming. This definitely was testimony irrelevant to the murder charge, and an objection was certain of being sustained. Carey, too, looked at his famous associate, but Jason's wizened countenance was inscrutable and his lips were silent. The witness shrugged:

"Aside from the connection of this defendant with the jewels, I have uncovered one other lead that will probably prove interesting."

"In connection with this case?"

"No. In connection with the jewel robbery."

Once again that long pause—that waiting for an objection from Jason Marsh. The little lawyer was tense and alert, but silent. Carey leaned over and asked, "Are you going to let him?" and Jason nodded and said curtly, "For a while—yes."

"Will you continue, Mr. Graham?"

"We believe that the theft of these jewels occurred precisely as described by Mr. Andrews. We believe we know the identity of the man who participated in that holdup. And, if we're right—that man was in Karnak up to, and including, the night of the twenty-eighth."

"The night when Mrs. Andrews was killed?"

"I understand that was the date."

Lynn Harrison, watching Jason Marsh, saw him relax. The tenseness left his sharp little eyes, and he nodded imperceptibly. And once again Graham waited for the supposedly inevitable objection, once again there was a pause—a hushed expectancy. Spike Warren whispered to Sue: "Is Marsh dumb or crazy?"

"Just foolish. Like a fox."

Judge Mayberry was highly uncomfortable. With a gesture he restrained the solicitor, and his words, though directed at Winthrop, were meant for Jason Marsh. The judge asked, "Mr. Solicitor—may I inquire the purpose of this line of examination?"

"It is all connected with the motive for the killing of Mrs. Andrews, Your Honor. We intend to prove . . ."

Jason Marsh rose. His voice was suave, his manner unconcerned. He said, "May it please the court: The defense has not the slightest objection to the state pursuing this line of examination as far as it wishes."

"Very well . . ." Judge Mayberry was bewildered. "If you do not object—"

"I welcome it, really."

Jason Marsh sat down. His associate was visibly upset. "Look here," Carey protested. "I concede that you're twice the lawyer I am . . . but why let them introduce that kind of evidence?"

Marsh smiled sardonically. He said, "My boy, it's the best plan."

"Why?"

"Because our esteemed friend, Winthrop, knows plenty. If I buck him he'll introduce just enough stuff to confuse the jury and make them antagonistic to Miss Harrison. It seems to me that it's better to let the entire truth come out."

"You mean—?"

"That Miss Harrison's only chance is that the jury shall hear, and believe, the truth. Besides, I shall have great latitude in cross-examining the state's witnesses."

CAREY shook his head and sank back.

He was resigned but not convinced. And he was sorry for Lynn. She had heard Jason's decision, and she was frightened. . . .

Winthrop suggested smoothly: "Will you explain in your own words . . . ?"

"Very well. A man calling himself George Mack arrived in Karnak on the twenty-seventh of November. He registered at the Karnak Hotel and occupied Room 312. He came by automobile, but did not take his car out of a little private garage he rented near the hotel until late in the evening of the twenty-eighth. I have not been able to discover what license plates the car had."

"He hasn't been seen in Karnak since that night?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"What did you do in investigating this man?"

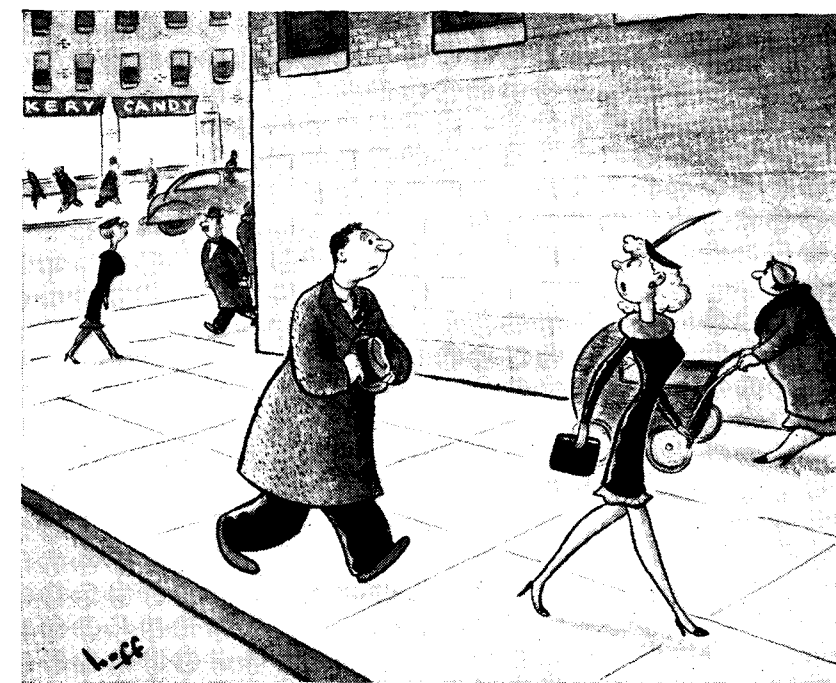
"I got several of his fingerprints." Graham smiled slightly. "He had left plenty in that hotel room."

"What did you do with them?"

"I sent them to the FBI."

"What did they report?"

"They reported that George Mack



"Well, goodness, say 'Hello' and get it over with"

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was really a man named Rick Norton." "Was there anything distinctive about him?"

Again Graham looked at Jason Marsh as though to say, "If you're going to object, you'd better do it now," but Marsh's face was impassive.

"Rick Norton," stated Graham bluntly, "is an escaped convict."

Gregg Stuart's face flushed. He walked swiftly to Jason Marsh's side and asked softly, "Are you insane?"

"Not quite. Why?" "You can keep this testimony out if you wish."

"I don't wish." Jason's words were icy. "I just told Carey that Miss Harrison's only hope is the truth. The farther Winthrop goes the better I like it."

"It doesn't make sense—"

"No?" Jason smiled coldly. "If I didn't know you so well, Gregg—I'd tell you to mind your own business. I'm telling you anyway." A hint of warmth showed in his eyes. "Keep your shirt on, my boy. Did it ever occur to you that somebody killed Mrs. Andrews—and if Miss Harrison didn't . . ."

"But even if Rick did it, and they connect the two . . . ?"

"Quite right. They'd both be guilty. But if we can make the jury believe that there was no contact between them, that Rick did it on his own . . ."

"It's taking an awful chance." "Correct. But it's the only thing we can do."

WINTHROP was saying, "Will you amplify that statement, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes." The witness produced some papers. "Here are pictures. They've been identified by several persons in Karnak. Here is Rick Norton's criminal record, and the facts relating to his escape from the Ohio State Penitentiary about five months ago."

Winthrop offered them in evidence, and they were accepted, thanks to Marsh's refusal to register an objection.

"Rick Norton," explained the witness, "was convicted of assault with intent to murder, plus robbery, in Ohio about six years ago. He was given a total sentence of fifteen years. He escaped a few months ago and hasn't been heard of since. Until just now."

Judge Mayberry was irritated. He asked, "Are you positive, Mr. Solicitor, that this testimony will be tied up with the case on trial?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Very well. . . ." The judge sighed. Winthrop said, "This Rick Norton, alias George Mack, is a convicted criminal, an escaped convict and a fugitive from justice."

"That seems to describe him."

"He was convicted of assault with intent to murder, plus robbery."

"Yes." "On the night when he committed this crime in Ohio six years ago, was he alone?"

"He was the only one accused of the crime. But he was not alone."

"The records show that he had a companion?"

"A companion—yes. Not an accomplice necessarily."

"A man or woman?"

"A woman."

"What was her name?"

The silence was tangible: you could feel it.

"The woman's name was . . ." He hesitated, and then: "Her name was Lynn Harrison."

The spectators forgot Graham, forgot the solicitor, forgot the judge and the courtroom. They looked at the slim, pretty girl sitting straight and tense at the counsel table; they saw the tight line of her lips, the terror in her brown eyes; the instinctive tightening of her muscles. Sue Manning said

softly, "Socko! Right on the button!"

Winthrop waited until the tension relaxed. Then he smiled triumphantly and waved at Jason Marsh. He said, with an exaggerated Southern accent, "Yo' witness, suh."

Jason Marsh was cold and direct. He asked very few questions.

"What was Miss Harrison's connection with the crime Rick Norton committed six years ago?"

"She had no connection with it. She was merely riding with Norton the night it happened."

"She at no time was on trial for complicity in that affair?"

"No."

"Have you any information that would tend to prove that Miss Harrison has ever been accused of a crime?"

"Aside from this case—no."

"She was merely a young girl who happened to be with a personable criminal on the night when he committed a crime, is that it?"

"Yes."

"Now, Mr. Graham, do you happen to know whether Miss Harrison was a witness at the trial of Rick Norton?"

"She was."

"An important witness?"

"The most important, I understand."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that her testimony practically convicted Rick Norton."

"I see. She was with him the night the crime occurred. She went on the witness stand and told the truth—as she knew it—with the result that he was convicted and sent to prison."

"That's about the way it sizes up."

Jason took his time before continuing. Here was something he wanted the jury to remember. Then he went on:

"In your investigation of Rick Norton's stay in Karnak, have you received any information that would tend to make you believe that Norton and Miss Harrison were in contact here?"

"No."

"You say that Norton kept his car locked in a private garage, and that, so far as you know, he did not take it out until the night Mrs. Andrews was killed. Correct?"

"Yes."

"But he did take it out that night, and has not been seen in Karnak since."

"That's right."

"And you do not know positively that there has ever been any contact between Rick Norton and Lynn Harrison since the time of his conviction in Ohio six years ago."

"Correct."

Jason said, "Thank you. That's all."

There was an audible sigh from the crowd. They were piecing things together. But their problem was more difficult than that of Gregg Stuart whose brain was racing.

Gregg was thinking, "Lynn has been in touch with Rick since then. She knew all about him and still was his friend. She was with him when the Andrewses were held up. She wouldn't turn him over to the police." His big hands were clenched so tightly that he felt acute physical pain. He thought miserably, "How can the jury help but believe her guilty? I'm in love with her—and I can't find the answer."

THE reporters spent most of their lunch hour filing voluminous dispatches. The stories were sensational enough, but there was a tone of uncertainty common to all of them. They called attention to the fact that one of the country's most astute criminal lawyers had permitted the introduction of technically inadmissible testimony. Confronting among themselves, they couldn't find the answer.

They were in their seats at the press table when a small, frightened man about forty years of age took the stand. He wore a blue serge suit and silver-rimmed spectacles, and he seemed bewildered and apprehensive.

Lee Winthrop started his questioning with half an eye on Jason Marsh. Jason had let him get away with plenty that morning, and Winthrop didn't know when the checkrein would be tightened. But he was willing to try.

"What is your name?"

"Norman Bailey."

"Where do you live?"

"Forest Hills, New York. My office is in New York City."

"What is your business, Mr. Bailey?"

"Insurance."

Sue Manning grabbed Spike Warren's arm. "Forget the witness," she counseled. "Cast your optics on Lynn Harrison."

Lynn was sitting forward in her chair



"You guys want marshmallows in your cocoa?"

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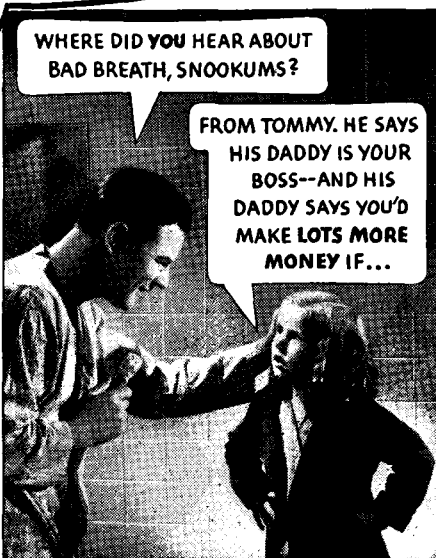
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at the counsel table, her face chalky. She turned and said something to Jason Marsh and the diminutive lawyer nodded.

"Mr. Bailey"—Winthrop's voice was freighted with deep sympathy—"are you a family man?"

"Yes."

"How many in your family, Mr. Bailey?"

"Two—besides myself."

"Your wife, and . . . ?"

"My six-year-old son, Norman Junior."

"Where are they now?"

"My wife is at our home in Forest Hills."

"And your little boy?"

The face of the witness twitched. "I don't know."

"You don't know?"

Bailey shook his head miserably. He said, "Junior was kidnaped about six weeks ago."

Judge Mayberry, visibly annoyed with Jason Marsh, broke in irritably. He said, "Mr. Solicitor—may I inquire as to the relevancy of this testimony?"

"Certainly, Your Honor. It all bears on the motive for the case that is being tried."

Jason Marsh said dryly, "It's all right with the defense, Your Honor. We have nothing to conceal."

WINTHROP grinned at the press table, as though to say, "I'll show him!" To the witness he said, "So your little boy was kidnaped?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"I don't know."

"Have you heard of or from him since the day he disappeared?"

"Of him—yes, sir."

"How?"

"Two days after he disappeared I got a telephone call from a man. He talked very impressively and very logically. He said he had Junior and that the boy was safe. . . . Bailey took off his glasses and polished them assiduously. "The man demanded ten thousand dollars ransom. I told him I didn't have it and he said he'd take five. I had that much and promised to pay it."

"Did you?"

"Yes."

"But Junior has not been returned to you?"

"No. You see . . . this man seemed more intelligent than most criminals I'd heard about. He started off by admitting that it would be easy for me to trace his telephone call, and that without much trouble I could have him picked up. He simply explained that if I did that . . . well, that something would happen to Junior."

"But when you paid the money . . . ?"

"He explained that, too. He told me over the telephone that most kidnapers took foolish chances. They risked detection by passing marked ransom money. So he told me that Junior would not be returned until after he had spent the money—or changed it—or something."

"Holding your only son as hostage?"

"Yes. . . . He said when the money had been put into circulation—provided nothing had happened to him—Junior would be sent home, or I'd be notified where he was."

"Has that happened?"

"No, sir."

"Hmm! After the kidnaping—did you notify the police?"

"Yes. But they didn't have any success."

"Did you tell them about this telephone call, and the payment of the ransom money?"

"No. I was afraid."

"Quite natural. Oh, quite, quite."

"Yeh," whispered Sue Manning. "Very quite. Also nerts."

Winthrop went on: "So you have told the authorities nothing of what really happened since the kidnaping?"

"No, sir."

"You were fearful of what might happen to your little boy?"

"Of course."

Winthrop asked impressively, "Mr. Bailey—are you testifying willingly in this case?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What, then, caused you to change your mind about keeping silent?"

"Well . . . things. . . ."

"What sort of things?"

"I—I was terribly afraid that something might have happened to the people who kidnaped my boy."

"That seems an odd concern."

"No, sir. I figured that if they were hiding him, and something happened to them—why, Junior would be alone . . . they might do anything!"

"Of course. Of course, Mr. Bailey. Control yourself, please. We are all deeply sympathetic. . . ." Winthrop flourished a silk handkerchief and gave the jury and press plenty of time to absorb his profound sympathy. "You say you paid the five thousand dollars ransom money, Mr. Bailey?"

"Yes."

"Did you mark the bills?"

"No. No, sir. I didn't." The witness turned to the press tables: "Please, will you boys print that? I want the kidnapers to know that the bills weren't marked; that there was no trap set for them. Do that for me, please. . . ."

"Okay. . . ." said one of the reporters, and Judge Mayberry, though a trifle surprised at the odd procedure, did not interfere.

"And now, Mr. Bailey—I must ask you this: To whom did you pay the ransom money? The man who telephoned you?"

"No. Oh, no."

"How was it paid?"

"I followed instructions. I put it in a flat office envelope in tens and twenties. I didn't mark the bills and I made no note of the serial numbers. . . ." The little man seemed desperately anxious that this should be understood. "Then I gave the envelope to the kidnaper's confederate."

"His confederate?" Lee Winthrop registered vast surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"A man?"

"No, sir. A woman."

AGAIN that breathless hush fell over the courtroom.

"A woman! Tell me what happened."

"I was told that a woman would call for it, and that it was to be given her casually—without any conversation. As I'd give any other package that was to be called for. I was warned that if she was arrested—it would be bad for—for Junior."

"So she came for the ransom money and you delivered it to her?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever seen this woman since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see her now?"

"I do!" The voice of the witness was tight. "That's her—sitting right there."

And the spectators knew, even without looking, that his finger was pointing straight at Lynn Harrison.

(To be continued next week)



Ride 'em, Charlie!

Continued from page 20

going to the family even after the man died.

When he talks about his new picture, you get an idea of what has made him a screen genius. Everything he does is in terms of movies. If there is a funny line, the action that accompanies it is even funnier. For a full-length picture it means that he must have hundreds of situations and gags. His mind throws them off in an endless stream, some good, some awful. The man's imagination is fabulous and the present theme of the little Jew who is mistaken for the dictator and is forced to carry on in that capacity is made to order for him.

It's the Gypsy in Him

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "I'm not Jewish. Haven't a drop of Jewish blood. I've never protested when they said I was Jewish because I'd be proud of it if I were. I'm an individualist and an internationalist. I like good people and hate bad people and I don't care what their race is or where they came from. There are several nationalities mixed up in me but I'm proudest of the fact that I'm part gypsy. My grandmother was a gypsy and I like to think this acting I can do comes, in part, from her."

But it was Charlie's mother who influenced him most. The Chaplins had been pub (saloon) keepers for generations but Charlie's father was a well-known vocalist on the variety stage. His name was also Charlie Chaplin and there are people still writing to Charlie in the mistaken belief that he is his father. Charlie's mother was an actress but when the marriage broke up and she took Charlie and his older brother, Sydney, times were often pretty tough. At times the mother would have work but the bad days were really bad. They lived in an attic in the Whitechapel section of London and almost literally starved.

"Lived on cheese rinds," says Charlie. "The parings off the sides. . . . Made a nice rabbit. The attic was small and the roof came down so low we were always bumping our heads. That scene in The Gold Rush was taken from the life. Every stick in that place is still alive in my memory. When I went back there several years ago I looked right away for the brick that used to be missing out of the fireplace—and, sure enough, it was still out. There's nothing romantic about poverty and don't let anybody ever tell you there is. It's not so much being without food but it's the shame of poverty that gets you. I was a terribly sensitive kid and it almost ruined me. I've been accused since of not quite going to the end of anything I try and I suppose that's true. When you have once had that fear, you never get over it."

Mother Was a Wonderful Woman

He sat thinking about that for a while and then went on to tell about his mother.

"She was a wonderful woman," he said. "She used to sit at the window and look down on people in the street and make up imaginary stories about them. 'That man there with the umbrella . . . his name is Perkins and he's hurrying home because he had a tiff with his wife last night and he's anxious to make it up and that bundle under his arm is a gift for the missus. . . .' She'd have a complete history of Mr. Perkins, right down to the last detail and marvelously inventive. She did the same thing with

our canary, speaking to it as if it were a human being and creating the most fabulous tales about its thoughts. You can imagine the effect that had on a young boy."

What Charlie lacked then and for many years after was friends. The starving period didn't last long, for his mother would get work and she began sneaking Syd and Charlie into parts. When Charlie was about thirteen he was a London hit as the bellboy in Sherlock Holmes. It went on tour and he made a reputation but because he was a boy and the others had more important things to consider, the older actors seldom noticed him and he, because of his extreme shyness, found it impossible to talk to them.

"I'd stay in my room reading or I'd go out and walk around by myself. I wanted to have friends but I didn't know how to go about it."

After that his life became mixed up with Karno's Night in an English Music Hall, which was a standard act in vaudeville for years. Syd was playing the part in the original company but when a provincial manager wanted a unit of it and thought he was getting Syd, Charlie showed up instead. He later took Syd's place with the first company. When the act was in America, Mack Sennett heard about Charlie and made him an offer of \$150 a week to come out to Hollywood. Everybody advised him against it but he accepted the offer and the act broke up without him. It threw Alf Reeves out of work but when he got back to England, he found a cable there from Charlie asking him to come out to Hollywood and be his manager, which he has been ever since.

Fame Without Trying

After making three shorts in which his name did not appear, he became his own writer and director, and his fame began to spread.

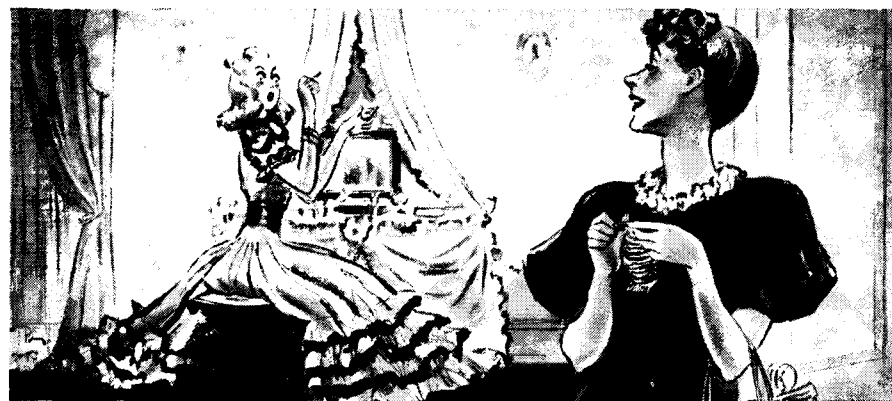
The money rolled in, the World War intervened, and Charlie kept busy with his pictures, not realizing what he was letting himself in for.

"I knew we were doing all right but I had no idea what it was going to do to me until in 1921 when I took a little time off to go back to New York and see my brother Syd. I wired him from Los Angeles before I left and was amazed when I got to Dallas and found the station full of people waiting to see me. We didn't know much about press agents in those days and it wasn't arranged beforehand. What happened was that the telegrapher who handled the message forwarded the news along the route. At Kansas City twenty-five thousand people turned out and by that time I was scared. The police in New York warned me to get off at 125th Street or they wouldn't be responsible for my safety. I stayed at the St. Regis Hotel and they had to slip me out the back door to keep me from being mobbed. But when I was once free, nobody knew me without the mustache and I could wander up Fifth Avenue and Broadway without being bothered. What made it tough for me was that in all the city and with all those people crowding around me, I didn't have a friend. I went around for days heart-sick."

Later in Hollywood he had friends but they were usually nice, ordinary fellows who made no pretensions and had no axes to grind. By this time Chaplin had become the best-known individual in the world, a personality in the remotest sections of the globe. From being a boy in an attic, he had become the favorite of

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson

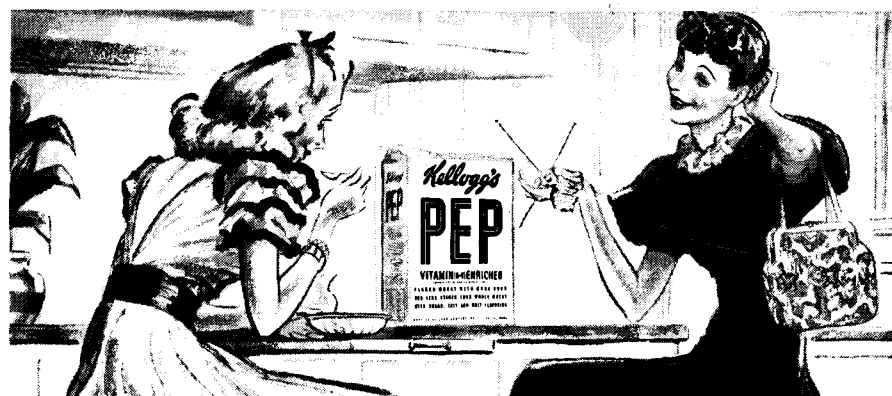


Sis: Why the war paint, Babs? Impersonating a femme fatale?



Babs: Quit picking on me, Sis! You're terrible! A girl's got to have a little glamor these days.

Sis: Glamor is spinach, darling. If you had more pep in your bones, you wouldn't need so much paint on your face. I'll bet what you need is vitamins. And that reminds me. Come downstairs a minute—for lesson No. 1.



Sis: We can't have pep without all our vitamins, my cherub. And one of the best ways to get two of the important vitamins, B₁ and D, is right in that delicious cereal you're sampling—KELLOGG'S PEP.

Babs: Say, where have you been hiding this? It's the grandest tasting cereal I ever ate. Boy! Are you a discoverer?



Babs: (another night) Good-bye, Teacher! I'll see if your lesson works.

Sis: Where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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Today's new kind of beer retailer is keenly aware of his social responsibility in the community. He sells good beer... but he also makes sure that his place is wholesome, inviting and free of any anti-social influences.

The Brewing Industry wants *all* of beer's retailers to be of this type. We do *not* want any other kind.

That is why we have instituted a new "self-regulation" plan to protect your right to drink good beer in decent surroundings. The plan is now in effect in a number of states. It will be extended as rapidly as possible.

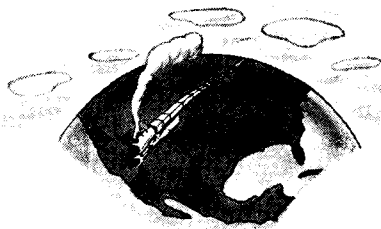
Write for interesting FREE booklet. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B12, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



RECIPE FOR A RESTFUL SLEEP

As an aid to a sound, restful sleep, try a glass of beer before retiring. Beer is a mild, wholesome cereal beverage, and is frequently prescribed by doctors.

BEER... A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION

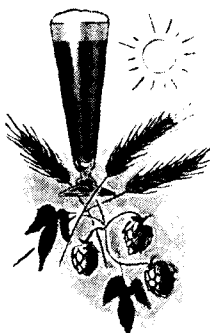


A FREIGHT TRAIN 2485 MILES LONG... FILLED WITH FARM PRODUCTS!

Since re-legalization, the Brewing Industry has purchased 25,000,000,000 pounds of farm products... enough to fill a freight train 2485 miles long. Beer's purchases were a welcome aid to farmers in depression years.

NATURE MAKES BEER!

Beer is made by a simple *natural* process... a process that frequently occurs in nature without any help from man. By his skill and experience, however, the brewer contributes much to make American beer the fine-tasting beverage that it is.



royalty, the most sought-after man in his time.

If it ever affected him, he shows no sign of it now. In Hollywood he lives a retired life, never going to night clubs, never appearing at large parties. If he wants to relax he goes down to Main Street, Los Angeles, that fabulous area of honky-tonk dance halls, five-cent movies and bums. They yell, "H'ya, Charlie," and he yells back and nobody bothers him. He is a devotee of burlesque shows where he laughs at the corniest gags of the man with the baggy pants and is fit to be tied when the bum with the red nose whams the skinny one over the head with the bladder. He plays tennis every day, being a south-paw and able to stand up to men like Vines and Perry without being ridiculous. He reads a great deal and for a man with no formal education his interests are extremely varied and his learning is fairly sound.

When I kidded him about all comedians being Hamlets at heart, he said, "Say-y-y; you're not ribbing me. I don't have that Hamlet bug but it makes me sick to see them playing Hamlet as if it were something out of Freud. What is that guy Hamlet, anyhow? A guy who is sore as hell because his stepfather has cut him out of the throne. He's mad right down to the ground. And then they come out doing 'To be or not to be' as if they had the pip. Hamlet wasn't like that. Even Shakespeare wasn't like that. He was writing for the toughest audience ever heard of—those rough babies standing down there in the pit, drinking their ale, clanking their tankards and yoo-hooing to their friends. ... 'Ow's 'Enry? Give my best to the blighter h'if you see 'im!' Shakespeare knew how to write for that audience.

"Do you think he would put a speech as grand as that soliloquy in a reverie? If you wanted to impress those babies, you had to come out and give it to them. They only perked up when something important was coming. 'Ow!' they'd say, putting down the tankards. 'This is the owld bird *himself*, now. Listen to this!' Instead of saying that speech as if you had a bellyache, try saying it as if you were good and sore. You'll see what I mean. I don't want to play Hamlet but I'd certainly like to see it played before I die."

Of Mustaches and Men

The new picture is a universal satire on official stupidity and mendacity. Aside from his horror of any form of oppression, Chaplin has an almost pathological hatred of anything or anybody causing the belittling of human beings. His pathetic and aristocratic tramp of the screen has never harmed anybody else; he has been his own worst enemy.

At one moment when he was talking, Charlie sprang up, held his arm straight out and cried: "Heil!" Then he dropped his arm and said, "Bah!" disgustedly, then added: "A lot of high-school fraternity rigmarole. A lot of good little boys all joined in Phi Mumbo Jumbo. ..."

But anybody who thinks that the picture is going to be a sermon doesn't know Chaplin. If it is true that ridicule and laughter can kill, the dictators will never survive this hilarious attack by a little man with the foolish mustache and the big shoes. If they are wise, the stuffed shirts and sadists and governing murderers of the earth will fight this

picture to the death—and there is little doubt they will do that very thing.

The great irony of history is that Chaplin picked his silly little mustache as the most useless but most ornamental adornment he could think of. He meant it to be a huge joke on all pomposity and half the world never got the idea. Instead of being repulsed by it, they adopted it. Among them was a man who later turned out to be the ruler of a great nation. So, as Rob Wagner points out, if this particular person sees himself in Charlie's character in the new picture he will have only himself to blame. He can't very well ask the originator of the design to change his make-up. Obviously it is not Charlie's fault if he is mistaken for somebody else.

At mention of this, Charlie went off into a *mélange* of sound which seemed to be in some foreign tongue but in reality was a language invented by himself for his own pleasure. He used a similar gibberish in *Modern Times* and the matter interested me, for he is going to speak throughout his new film and not in gibberish.

Charlie Will Talk

The myth has been that Chaplin refused to try sound because he speaks with a cockney accent and in a high-pitched voice, both of which rumors are wrong. His accent is that of the usual British actor and his voice is good. He stuck to silent pictures because they could be played everywhere, as they are today. There is not a single Chaplin film, no matter how old, which isn't being played in Bali or Java or Patagonia every day of the year. But the gibberish meant something, so I asked him about it.

"What was that you said," I inquired.

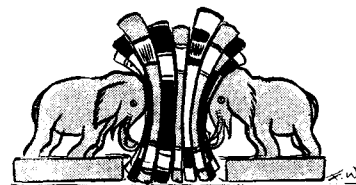
"I was just telling the judge that he ought to fine that guy who's been stealing my stuff," he said. "That's me in court."

The great Chaplin has a pink baby complexion, blue eyes and gray hair, which he dyes for his pictures. He turned fifty this year, looks like thirty-five and this may possibly be his last film.

"Listen, tell me again... On your heart," he said. "You won't say a thing about those gags, will you, till the picture's out? I want this to be good. I want this to be my best."

He has a lot of the old gang with him in the picture—Paulette Goddard, Henry Daniell, Chester Conklin, Hank Mann and lots of new ones—Reginald Gardiner, Jack Oakie, Maurice Moscovitch, Billy Gilbert, Bernard Gorcey. Syd Chaplin handled the budget and worried about the weather and went around moaning at the way Charlie wasted money. Betty Chaplin, extremely pretty cousin from London and the only close relative left of the Chaplin brothers, was there to hold Syd's hand and keep peace in the family. Bob Meltzer and Dan James were present to step things up by giving Charlie a rousing argument every time he opened his mouth on political affairs. It was a big, happy shambles and everybody walked about in circles making insane noises of joy after they saw the daily rushes.

Good times ahead, my neighbors! Every once in a while the world gets a break.



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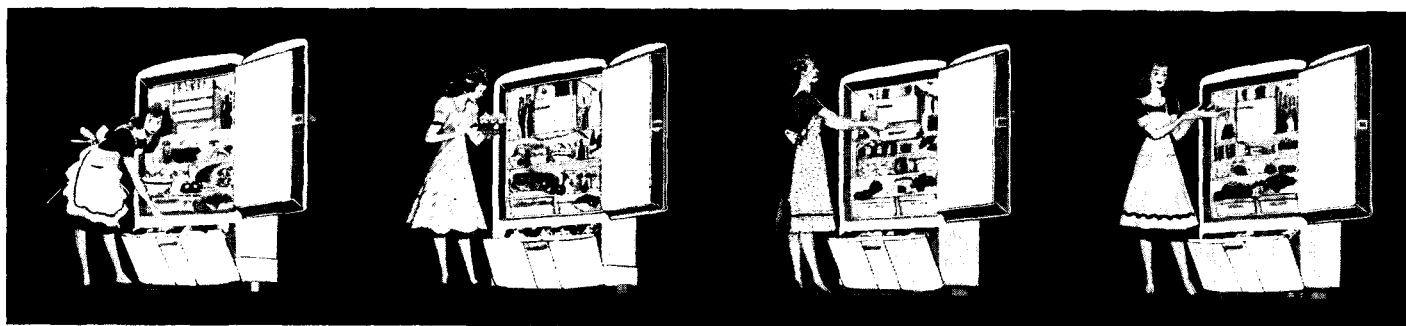
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Weight of Command

Continued from page 22

enemy in front. This was what command meant, this insistent consideration of a hundred changing elements. At sixty-two it was a burden that added fifty pounds to his body and kept him awake at night and formed his mouth into a long, thin line. It was a thing you couldn't tell anybody; it was something only an old man knew, after years of experience.

At ten o'clock the full heat of the sun burned against exposed skin and flashed on metal gear, and dust rolled around them in cloudy billows. The advance guard rode a mile ahead, a line of flankers moved far out to either side of the column, and thus the regiment marched, a complete and self-contained unit on the face of emptiness.

Behind him the column slowly came alive from its morning's taciturnity; men were talking, men were laughing. Down in F troop Jack Studenburg said: "How does a woman get along when a man's away? Now I wonder."

Corporal Kanipe said: "There's other men."

"Now," grumbled Studenburg, "I could cut your heart out for puttin' the thought in my mind." He looked at Kistmiller in the file closers. "How you bettin' on that baby, Sarge?"

"A boy," answered Kistmiller, and said no more.

The column began to sing and Cheadrick, listening to it, felt pleased. He liked his men to sweat and eat dust and grow lank-muscled and quarrelsome, because that meant they had the vital salt of soldiering in them. He liked them to sing, for in singing he felt them pull together, he caught the unity and the single will of the command.

CHEADRICK sent his scout detail into the southeast and listened to their reports on returning. At noon the command halted beside Lost Warrior Creek on the treeless plain, and was in motion again by one; fifty minutes of march and ten for rest, on through the piled-up haze, through a thin air and a furnace-blast heat, through a dust that collected on eyebrows in white drifts and stung the nostrils and settled as grit between shirt collar and flesh. Cheadrick sent the details out, one by one; they curled into the southeast and came back with their little sums of information, and at seven o'clock the regiment reached the major fork of Lost Warrior Creek and camped with the shadow of low hills fifteen miles ahead.

Cook fires burned pure yellow triangles into the enveloping dusk. The wagon train etched a broken line against the horizon, and men, bone-tired, murmured and lay still. The crunch of feeding horses, the tramp of the sentries, the shine of lanterns—all these details came to Cheadrick as he sat before his tent and debated with the civilian guide.

"They're coming out of the north and east," he said, "and meeting somewhere in the southeast."

The civilian guide said: "Beyond the second bunch of hills. There's a couple of high ridges, with a valley and Ash Creek flowin' between. It's been a meetin' spot of the Sioux for as long as I can remember."

"In considerable numbers. They've got their women along."

"They'll fight if you surprise 'em—because they got their women."

"How many would you guess?"

"Big party. Maybe a thousand—maybe two."

Coolness stirred on the desert. Cheadrick went into the tent and sat before the camp table, writing a letter to his

wife. It was his lifelong habit to write something each evening when on campaign so that when his wife got the letters, back at Fort Lincoln, she would have the daily story. He wrote in a heavy, flowing hand and folded the letter and returned to the camp chair under the fly to catch some of the evening's coolness. Silence came to the camp, and five hundred men were sleeping, or lying awake with their memories and their dreams—and all these men's lives rested on a single command or one forward motion of his arm.

THE ten-o'clock call ran the sentry line and the last lights began to wink out and sage and dust smell rolled steadily through camp, and coyotes were lifting their half howl and half yip along the desert and mystery swept in from the dark horizons—the mystery of space and wildness. Cheadrick pulled off his pants and rolled into his blankets and lay awake. He remembered that Sergeant Kistmiller had a wife in Fort Lincoln expecting a baby. He remembered the trumpeter of L troop whose mother wanted his release. He thought about the company clerk of D, a man of education hiding his past in a uniform. Of this material was his regiment made. Each man had a life, but all those lives were at his disposal. This was the meaning, the stark responsibility of command.

In his tent Major Conn took a drink and rolled into bed with a grunt of fatigue and thought vaguely of the past and still more vaguely of the future. In the tent at the head of M troop, Captain Lewis Callahan said to Captain Van Horn: "This regiment could lick all the Indians on the plains. One charge would end this Sioux problem forever. All I want is just one chance at independent action. I'll take my troop through."

By the sallow glow of his candle, the Chicago newspaper correspondent was writing:

"Five hundred men fall asleep tonight with the assurance they are one day nearer a meeting with the Sioux. That is a certainty rising from the caliber of the man in command of this regiment, Colonel William Starr Cheadrick. No man better knows Indians, no man is better equipped to find them and defeat them."

"Colonel Cheadrick is a six-foot, raw-boned, ageless cavalryman, weaned on gunpowder and dust and toughened by violent action. He is cold, autocratic. He wastes no words and seemingly lacks the grace of human compassion. The troopers call him Vinegar Bill, sotto voce, and they fear his eye and grumble at his discipline. Yet fear him as they will, they sleep the sounder for knowing he is in command; for they know that, although he might lead them straight to perdition if he thought it in line of duty, he would never make a charge out of folly or pride. He is like nothing so much in the world as an old, tough hickory cask impregnated with the salts and bitter flavors of a thousand cargoes safely held."

BY THREE o'clock the following day the regiment moved around the base of the low hill and faced three on-running ridges, roughly parallel; beyond them a smoky haze covered everything. All scouting parties had brought back one uniform story. Every sign indicated a concentration of bands somewhere in the southeast. Pony tracks showed everywhere through those hills; the main column itself had been crossing these tracks since noon. The civilian guide said: "We're gettin' warm."



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The MILWAUKEE ROAD

Major Conn rode beside Cheadrick, the vein-netted surface of his face irritable for want of a drink. This, thought Cheadrick, was his second in command, an officer whose mind was filled with alcoholic vapors—inefficient and undependable. He called up Captain Callahan from the column and observed the rash gleam in Callahan's eyes; there was no caution in the man. Cheadrick said:

"I'm going down that central valley between the two ridges. Conn, you take two companies and swing into the ravine on the right of me. You will also take two companies, Callahan, and bear to the left. You will both be marching parallel to the main command. Watch sharp. Throw out advance parties. At seven o'clock cross over and join me. Do you understand?"

CHEADRICK let the silence ride on, reviewing his orders to see that they were clear. Then he added: "If you meet Sioux and are offered a fight—refuse it. Come back at once."

Riding forward, Cheadrick watched Conn and Callahan take out their respective details to right and left. In a little while the high jaws of the narrow valley received the main column and Conn and Callahan disappeared.

The right ridge threw long shadows into the narrow valley; along the slope of both ridges were mounds of shale and rock and fine coverts of sage and juniper. Cheadrick's advance guard was too far ahead; he sent the trumpeter forward to pull it back. On right and left ridge the flankers were having trouble with the stiff grade. He beckoned up an orderly. "Tell them to climb to the backbone of those ridges." Heat lay solidly between the walls of this rock-sided valley; it was a kind of tissue through which Cheadrick pushed himself and his horse.

The correspondent from the Chicago paper lagged slightly behind to observe Cheadrick's face, for the correspondent fancied himself a keen judge of character. The regiment, he realized, was nearing decisive action. Behind him troopers sat upright on their saddles and their faces veered from one ridge top to another, carefully searching. But Cheadrick rode flinty and serene, with his lids brought almost together and his head motionless. The correspondent tried to build up proper descriptive phrases: "He feels nothing, fears nothing, cares for nothing except his job. He has looked at death and duty for so long that the minor sensibilities, like love or compassion, or the capacity for excitement, have been utterly destroyed. An ageless, tireless mechanism of bone and impervious hide and granite resolution." The correspondent thought it an excellent description that would look well in print.

The colonel, at this moment, was

thinking of his long-past boyhood in Vermont—the smell of cut hay and the steady swing of his father's scythe, and the cook jug of sugar water in the shade of the rock fence. He was thinking of evening in the farmhouse when, with day's work done, he had sprawled on his belly and listened to his people talking—and he remembered how free and secure he had been, without care. That remembrance of golden irresponsibility was very strong.

At five the command halted for ten minutes. At six it turned a bend of the valley and faced a closure of the ridges and a low pass. Beyond the pass was a flare of sulphurous sunlight and thick heat smoke and the outline of other distant ridges. By seven they had crossed the pass and found a minor creek. Ahead of them was another sagebrush flat; across that flat, twelve miles distant, a low, short ridge—more like a butte—made a parapet against the horizon. Cheadrick said to the adjutant, "We camp here," and dismounted. An orderly took his horse away. Cheadrick sat on the ground, his back to a high boulder. He pulled his hat over his eyes, but he watched the country behind him with heavy attention, and part of the strain of this long day dropped from his shoulders when he saw Conn come down the rocky draws.

Callahan didn't appear for another hour. When he reported in, Cheadrick's voice struck him like an ax: "Hereafter, remember your orders or I'll relieve you of your command." There was no other way to grind the sense of exact duty into the soul of a careless officer.

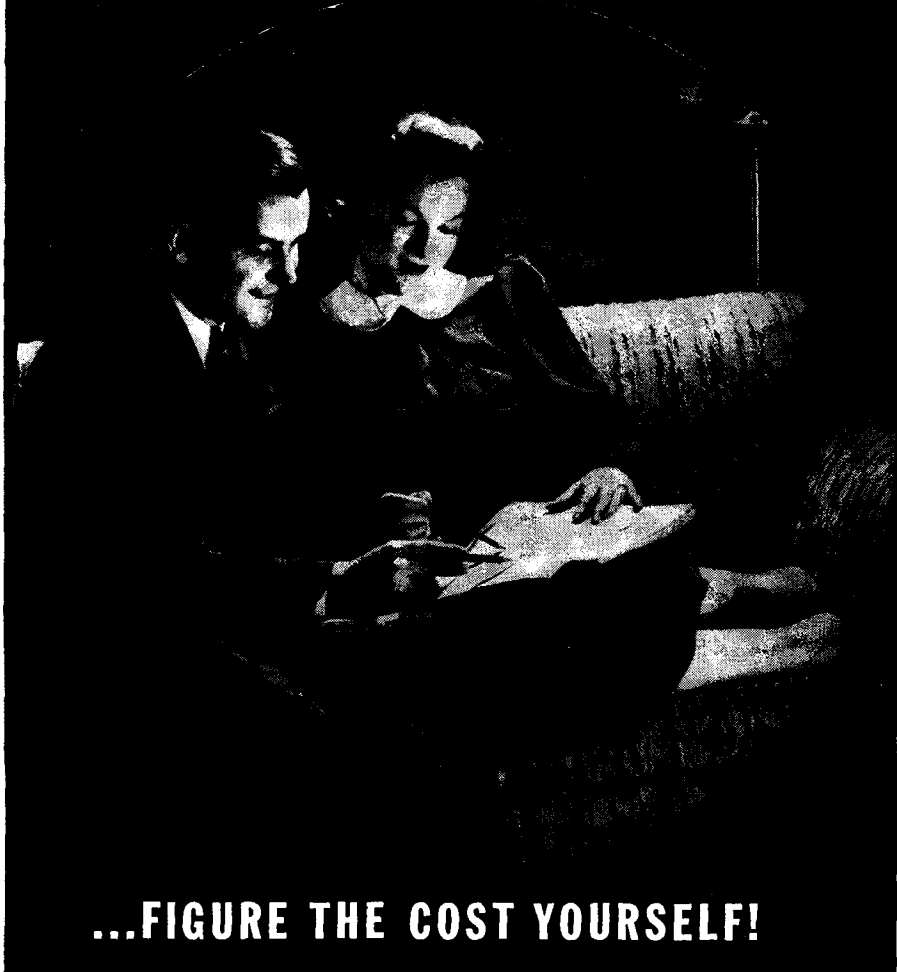
TENTS went up in regular pattern along the sagebrush and the cook fires were burning livid holes through the blue swirl of dusk. A guard detail tramped by, and watering details went to the creek and returned and the troops' horses stood picketed on each troop street. The civilian guide came back from his own private survey.

"They'll be yonder, Colonel," he said. "Beyond that ridge. It's the old meet-in' ground. You got twelve, fourteen miles to go."

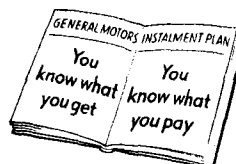
Cheadrick stripped to his undershirt and went to the creek to wash, and ate the hardtack and salt bacon and coffee brought by his orderly. He asked for a can of hot water and shaved by the pale spire of his tent candle, the sound of the razor like sandpaper against sandpaper. He wrote his nightly letter to his wife and returned to the front of the tent and sat in his camp chair, his long legs crossed and a stogie upward tilted between his teeth.

Lights went out one by one in the tents around him. Stillness swept off the ancient earth and at last these five hundred men slept, each with his ambitions

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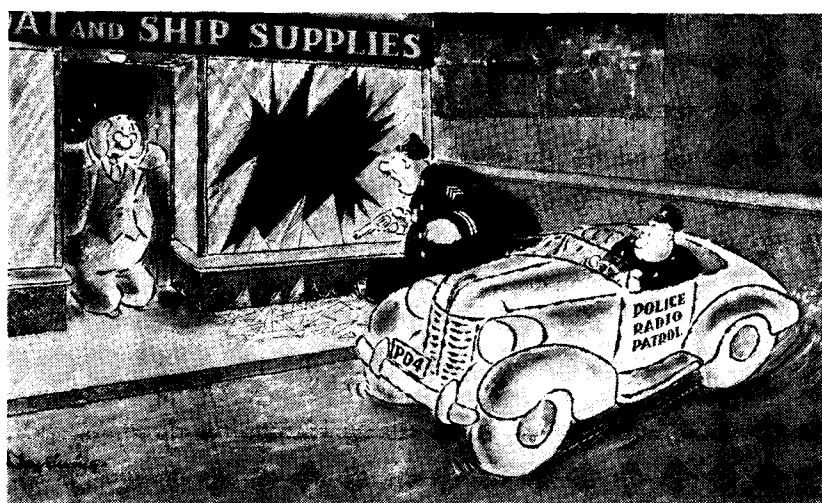
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and his dreams and his sorrows; and all these men, with full freight of their lives, would move into the slash of gunfire at the sweep of his hand. Their lives were at his disposition, to be expended or saved as he saw fit. All that he had learned in the long years of his trade, all his watching and thinking, his self-denial of pride, would be squeezed into one single decision when morning broke.

He went into his tent and took off his boots and pulled a blanket over him. He put his watch beside him and said aloud, "Midnight," and pinched out the candle-light; and he lay there, listening to the camp settle; listening to the minor suspirations of the earth about him. His legs were hard with weariness and the weight of the day was still on his chest; at last he slept.

AT MIDNIGHT he was awake, summoned by the mental alarm he had set; and he drew on his boots and stepped to the tent door and dispatched the guard for the adjutant. The adjutant came up in his undershirt, still half asleep. Cheadrick said: "We break camp at once."

At one, the column moved forward without breakfast and men rode lumped and taciturn in their saddles and the white tops of the supply train glowed in the ink-stained shadows and dust rose again. At two, the column halted briefly, and went on. At three, the forward ridge began to grow and lift out of the plain. Eastward a long streak indicated sooncoming day. Cheadrick said to the adjutant: "Curtis' troop and McPherson's troop will guard the supply train. We will go ahead. Tell them to keep coming." The column stepped out at a longer pace; the ground began to lift and break into the first slopes of the ridge. Cheadrick said: "I remember this hill. There's an easy climb close by."

Cheadrick cantered forward with the civilian guide until the stiffer incline of the ridge brought him to a walk. They quartered the ridge, climbing to a crest littered by broken rock. The summit was nothing more than a thin wedge and from this vantage point he saw the pale glitter of a creek in the valley below and a long row of conical shadows. This was a half mile onward, westward. Out of the valley's stillness came the irritable barking of an Indian dog.

The guide said: "There's your Sioux."

The head of the column came laboriously up the slope. Cheadrick spoke to the adjutant: "We occupy this position. Extend the line to the left. Send back a courier to the supply train. They will come up as far as the first bench. McPherson and Curtis will take up a position at the wagons."

One sudden ragged wedge of light broke through the eastern rim and widened. Cheadrick buttoned his blouse against the thin chill of the morning and watched the ten troops file along the brow of the hill. They were dismounting; horse holders moved back from the parapet. A raw voice said: "Better eat yere hardtack now, Johnny. We'll be swarmin' into that valley in a half-hour." Cheadrick watched the supply train buckle and twist its way up the incline toward the first bench. Troopers attached towropes to the wagons for the extra pull. Light shot across the sky

suddenly. Turning around, Cheadrick watched day drop into the Indian village. Tepees lay in round-arranged units all along the creek and smoke spiraled from the village and women moved toward the creek. He had made his contact.

Conn and Callahan came up. The civilian guide said in a conversational voice: "They see us."

A woman ran back from the creek, and then all the women were running and men appeared and raced for their horses. Horses and warriors broke through the village toward the creek. At this distance the Sioux warriors were dark, bare bodies, lank and flimsy on the ponies' backs. The guide said: "Big village. Thousand braves."

The warriors were gathering; they slashed across the creek and made irregular clusters. They stopped and seemed to be waiting.

Conn said in his husky voice: "The question's being put. To attack or run. I wish I had a cup of coffee."

Callahan's face was red and his eyes hung to Cheadrick and he was nervous, with the nervousness of wild hope. He said: "It takes two jaws to make a nutcracker. We're one, but where's the other? If they run we've lost them."

Cheadrick watched the Sioux arrange themselves. Warriors still streamed out of the village, galloping across the creek. A division took place before Cheadrick's attentive eyes; part of the warriors broke away and started around the ridge at a dead gallop. The guide said: "They want to see what we got on the other side."

Cheadrick said to Callahan: "Return to your battalion, sir."

As Callahan walked along the narrow ridge toward the extreme left of the strung-out regimental line he spoke bitterly under his breath: "I never expected to see the day when a regiment of United States Cavalry ran up a hill and permitted itself to be surrounded by a scurvy bunch of savages!"

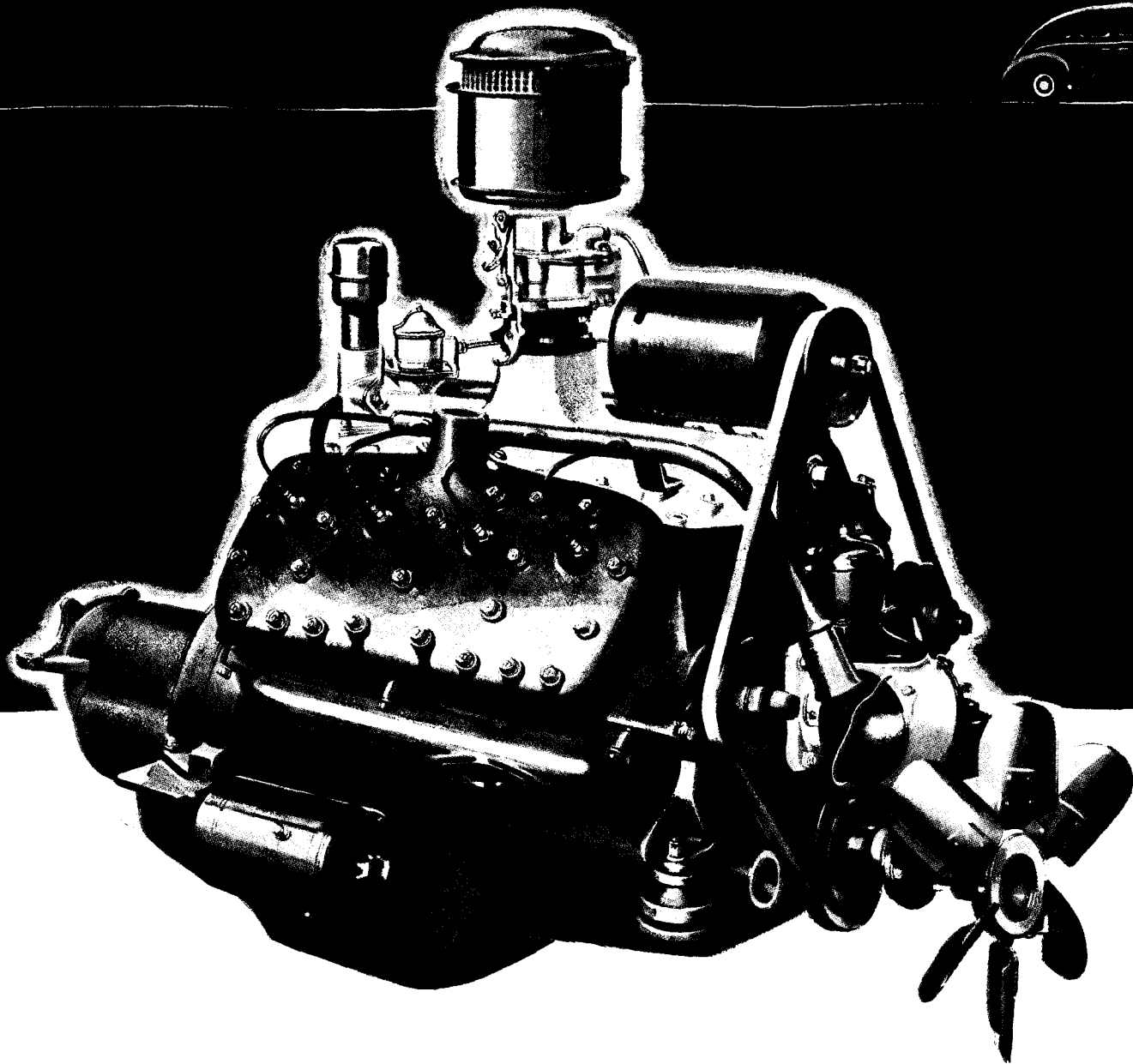
Cheadrick watched the wagons arrive on the lower bench. Teamsters sprang down to unhitch and the two covering troops of McPherson and Curtis were taking a line in the rocks; and when that defense was completed a part of the heavy care dropped from Cheadrick's shoulders. Nobody but an old man with a long memory of the disaster of split commands really knew what it meant to have the regiment in a compact fighting unit.

PRESENTLY Sioux swept around the base of the ridge and stopped to look at the wagon train's position. Cheadrick took a stogie from his pocket and lighted it and watched the Indians for a full five minutes, then put his attention on the main group of warriors in the valley. Those warriors were still waiting; they formed a wall between soldiers and squaws and now the squaws, having the camp hitched to pony-drawn travois, were retreating toward the south end of the valley. The valley was no more than a mile broad, with low hills semicircularly closing it in on the far side. Cheadrick, sweeping those hills with an anxious eye, saw no infantry column breaking over them. Where was Gibson?

Gibson had said: "Keep them in hand until I come up, for if they scatter on us they'll play merry hell before we catch up with them again." There was a long-running burst of rifle echoes behind Cheadrick and he looked around to see the Indians opposite the wagon train sweeping along the base of the ridge, parallel to the wagons. They fired as they raced by and when they had passed the wagons they doubled back in another running line and fired again. All these shots would fall short; they had to get closer to do damage. Cheadrick



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thought: "The longer they have their fun the better it is." For the longer they delayed departure the nearer Gibson would be.

It was eight o'clock and the sun was a low bright ball in the east and the rocks began to take on heat. The firing ceased and the Indians in that quarter swept around the edge of the ridge to rejoin the main body of Sioux. The squaws were halfway up the valley, their departure marked by streaky runners of dust; presently the Sioux warriors slowly retreated across the creek and followed the squaws.

A THOUSAND good fighting Sioux in that bunch, Cheadrick thought; they were slowly slipping away from him and there was no sign of Gibson. Cheadrick put a fresh match to his stogie. He had five hundred men. If he took them down it would be a hell of a scrap. He had fought Indians a long time and he knew the quality of those Sioux when they turned to defend their women with brand-new repeating rifles. But the summer was about done and if the Sioux got away now there would be a long winter campaign and additional troops in the field and heavy casualties from a dozen running engagements. Casualties now, in a decisive engagement, would be better than casualties and a long-dragged-out campaign later. Gibson had said: "I leave it to your judgment."

Cheadrick spoke to the trumpeter. "Horses," he said. The trumpeter tossed up his instrument and flung that brief, peremptory summons through the day's heating stillness and all along the ridge horse holders moved forward and men heaved up to the saddles. Cheadrick said to his orderly: "Bring up Captain McPherson's troop. Curtis will stay with the wagons." The orderly ducked down the hill slope.

The Chicago correspondent sat on his horse and one hand rubbed the smooth top of his 45, which he had never before used and he looked at the colonel and he thought: "No nerves, no sentiment. The man's a block of ice."

McPherson's troop grunted its way up the slope and fell into line. Cheadrick abandoned his stogie. The squaws were near the head of the valley, about to climb through the yonder pass. The warriors followed at a distance, forming a rear guard. There was no sign of Gibson.

Cheadrick moved his horse toward the middle of the long line, followed by his adjutant and his bugler and his orderly. The color sergeants had uncased the colors; they were close behind him. Cheadrick looked to either side of him, at this regiment he had built up by his care and discipline and affection. He saw the troopers, their sun-blackened jaws, their faces now hard-drawn by excitement. All these saddles were full but many of them in another quarter hour would be empty. Kistmiller had pulled his hat down over his eyes and he sat forward on the leather, alert and tough and wise in the kind of soldiering that would be presently needed; he saw G troop's boy trumpeter and remembered the lad had a girl back at the post.

THE colonel pulled the strap of his hat beneath his chin. It would have been nice to have taken the regiment back to the post intact, to have returned all these men to their women and their families, to the small and easy ways of life that were so sweet. This was what an old man thought when he sat at the head of his regiment. He took a grip on his reins, made a slow forward motion with his arm and started down the slope at a walk, the long line of the regiment bellying and bowing behind him as it struck the steep pitch.

The Sioux warriors had halted their retreat. They were swinging around and

breaking out of their compact formations. They were wheeling into individual fighting groups and stretching across the valley, awaiting the cavalry. The colonel took a professional look at the creek, estimated the possibilities of a small grove of willows near by, and mentally made his plans. The Sioux would fight their own way, which would be to flank his command; they were starting that wide-racing sweep already.

Half down the slope Cheadrick saw dust boil thicker at the head of the valley. Squaws and pony-drawn travois were turning back. Something rolled them back from the little pass up there but the dust made a screen he couldn't see through. He came down to the valley's edge, the regiment in column of companies. There was a commotion among the warriors; they were recoiling from their flanking movement; they were rushing back toward the squaws. In a moment Cheadrick saw the sinuous glitter of guns in the pass. That would be Gibson.

Cheadrick said, "Gallop," and splashed over the creek. He wasn't aiming at the warriors; he was well behind them as he crossed the valley and plugged the lower end of it to block escape in that direction. The regiment was like a stopper in a bottle. Cheadrick brought the companies into front line. He said: "McPherson—take your company out to make a flank at the base of those hills." McPherson's company rushed away.

Out on the plain, squaws and warriors came together in a confusion of dust, and halted. Gibson's column poured through the pass, marching steadily forward; from this distance Cheadrick saw the column break into three smaller columns, each one forking out on the flat earth.

Presently the columns stopped. A group of Indians rode slowly from the main body and lifted their hands in signal of defeat. Gibson was riding up with his staff.

Cheadrick said, "Conn. take command," and trotted out to meet Gibson.

GIBSON had stopped before the warriors. He was still in the saddle when Cheadrick came up; he was waiting for Cheadrick. Dust silvered his coat and the sharp, acrid face of the man was a gray mask of alkali streaked with ragged sweat. Cheadrick reined in and made his salute. He was a stiff, autocratic shape in the sunlight; the upturned brim of his hat and the silver goatee and mustache gave him a cavalryman's flair. "Well, Gibson," said Cheadrick, "here's your Sioux."

Gibson said, "Well done," and extended his hand. When Cheadrick took that hand he met Gibson's eyes and he knew that Gibson understood the strain of the past hours—for Gibson too had been through it. Nobody else would know; but Gibson did, and that was reward enough, the silent applause of one old commander to another. Weight slid from Cheadrick's shoulders. He remembered Kistmiller and it was a fine, clean feeling to know he would be returning Kistmiller to his wife and new baby. The day was hot but the heat was good for his old bones and some of the snap and resilience of his younger years returned to him.

Gibson said: "Where's the interpreter? I want to start this band back to the reservation."

It was a tremendous climax to the Chicago correspondent who stood aside to chronicle the meeting of these two men; and a tremendous anticlimax. Watching Cheadrick, he thought: "Unsentimental and untouched. Moved neither by excitement nor the thought of defeat or the consummation of a bloodless peace. The man's a machine—but what a machine!"

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Hungary Sits It Out

Continued from page 21

According to the Magyars, the Rumanians are an evil people. You cannot trust the Rumanians, the Magyars say. Not even the opposite of what a Rumanian says is always true. Rumanian soldiers wear corsets and they rouge their lips, say the Hungarians, and they powder their cheeks, and that is no way to be a soldier.

But all that is the talk of the men who shovel the snow in the streets of Budapest and trundle it in tiny barrows to dump it into the frozen, snow-filled Danube. There are Hungarians who speak a different language. These men wait in the wings of history and they work silently to prepare for the day when there shall be peace again and when there can be perhaps a great confederation of states in Central Europe. Then Central Europe and that hinterland known as the Balkans, which lies to the southeast, can work together in unity and brotherhood. These people in Hungary are called the idealists.

Friendly with a Buzz Saw

On top of this structure of peasants with their instinctive cry for the expansion of Hungary and of intellectuals who foresee the creation of a Danubian United States as the outcome of this war, sit Hungary's politicians. They are tough and realistic politicians. They had to be such to preserve Hungary while their classic enemy spread her jaws around the Magyar state with the absorption of Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

These politicians are a mere handful and they govern with the firmness of feudal lords, a practical realism of Machiavelli and the benevolence of the constitutional monarchs of modern England. Top man is the regent—a crag of a man named Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, who plays a sweet game of tennis at sixty and who was an admiral in the Austro-Hungarian navy in the last war.

Admiral Horthy, like the members of the elected government below him, is anti-German, but you would never know it, so well can he control his emotions. Last year on Heroes' Day, which corresponds to our Decoration Day, Horthy went to the opera and for once

publicly lost his temper. Three or four Nazi student sympathizers shouted derision of the government and demanded the release of Nazi Captain Francis Szalasi, imprisoned three and a half years ago for agitating among the 650,000 Germans living in Hungary. Rugged old Horthy leaped from his chair and climbed to the gallery, called out the youths and punched them groggy while the house cheered. He wiped his hands and stalked off. The incident was never printed in the Hungarian papers to avoid giving offense to Berlin. Szalasi is still in jail.

The Prime Minister is Count Paul De Teleki, a tall, spare, gray man and an ardent as well as sincere Catholic who is known as "the Greek," more because he is a wily diplomat than because his mother was the beautiful daughter of the Greek Murattis—the tobacco princess of the Balkans. By birth Teleki is a Transylvanian as is Foreign Minister Count Stephan De Csaky.

There are other Transylvanians in the government, and the chief advisers to Regent Horthy, like Count Julius Karolyi, the tweedy former Premier Count Stephan Bethlen and the scholastic idealist Tibor Eckhardt, leader of the Agrarian party, are all Transylvanians. Sometimes the charge is leveled against these men, all of them expropriated possessors of large estates in Transylvania, that maybe they are patriotic about Transylvania because they would like their lands back. The presence of Transylvanians in and behind the government is one of Hungary's major good fortunes. For centuries the Transylvanians had to live with the Turks and the Germans, and their survival proves that they learned the knack for "maintaining a system of interchangeable alliances with friends and enemies."

The task of Horthy in this government is to maintain friendship with the Berlin buzz saw and at the same time keep alive nationalistic ambitions without offending anybody. In their foreign policy they count heavily upon Benito Mussolini and Foreign Minister Count Ciano of Italy and they have named a street in Budapest for Il Duce. Budapest feels itself to be the hub of the Latin sphere in Central Europe and, with Rome's backing, Budapest thinks

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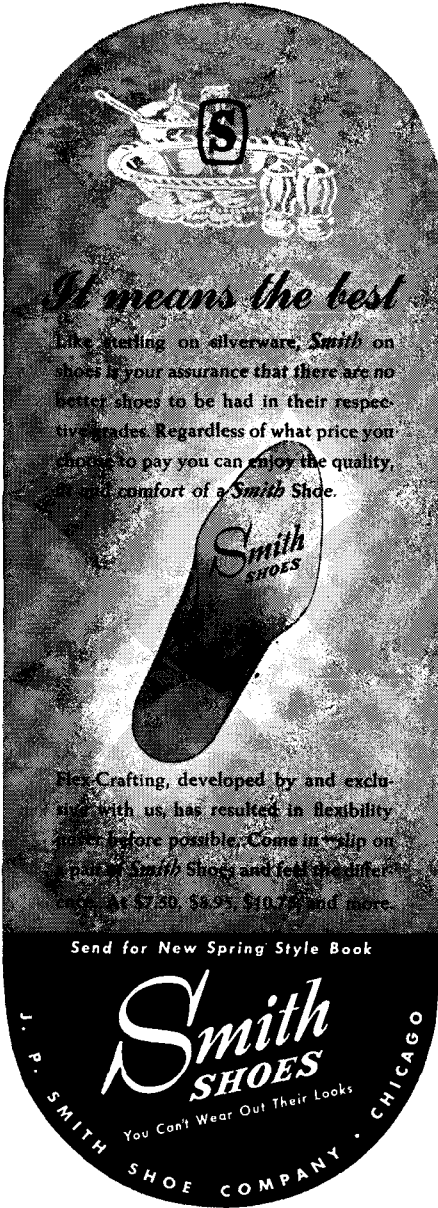
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it forms a barrier blocking Hitler's way to Central Europe—what's left of it—and at the worst hopes to divert a German thrust into this part of the world towards Rumania and Bulgaria. Hungary proceeds on the theory that a German attack against Budapest would embroil the Nazis in war with Italy. Regardless of whether the Germans are military superiors of the Italians, the wise Magyars are convinced Hitler is not eager to tackle an additional enemy on the field but would prefer plowing where the soil is softest—in Rumania.

Mussolini seems to feel the same way about it. In Genoa I saw workmen blasting tons of rock out of the side of the hill near the principal station to enlarge the railroad yard and platform to "accommodate the thousands of tourists who will come from all over the world to Italy for the 1942 World's Fair." In the face of that kind of optimism the Hungarians feel safe, for they believe here that Mussolini is the smartest statesman in Europe.

But Horthy cannot hide his feeling about the Russians any more than a peasant can, for Horthy is a Hungarian. He has permitted more than three thousand Magyars to leave for Finland to help the distant cousins fight the Bolsheviks. About 200 of these slipped through Germany in civilian clothes disguised as envoys to "an economic conference in Helsinki." Germany put a stop to that. As I cable this, 150 Hungarian officers are en route to Finland via France to obtain firsthand lessons in warfare on the Mannerheim Line. There is no recruiting for volunteers but hundreds apply every week to be allowed to fight for Finland.

Hungary feels it is the tip of Rome's sphere in Mittel-Europa but not even the most sanguine Magyar will deny that, though the shaft may be of steel, the spear point is of wood. To hold the Germans the Hungarians have in the field about seven infantry divisions and one cavalry division and so could count on about 70,000 men.

Compulsory military training was re-introduced in Hungary only two years ago and there are few trained troops among the 600,000 men of military age available in a population roughly equal to that of Chicago and New York combined, or approximately eleven and one quarter millions.

Subsidized by Berlin

Some claim that troop training went on secretly despite the restrictions of the Trianon Treaty. These persons say that Hungary could put nearly one million men into the field but are vague when they are pressed as to whether these soldiers would find uniforms, shoes, guns and transportation. Hungary's navy consists of a few Danubian patrol boats, and her air force, built around the military drought of Trianon, is composed of about two or three hundred bombers and fighters bought from the Italians. All experts agree that what troops Hungary does have are of excellent quality as fighters.

Whether the Italians could bring up reinforcements across unfriendly Croatian Yugoslavia in time to do any good is one of the deepest concerns of the Hungarians. They have decided to fight if invaded and to ravage the country as they retreat, leaving the Germans or the Russians or whoever invades the nation a vast land of smoldering grain stores, broken bridges and torn roads. Neutral Hungary will continue to sell Germany bauxite to furnish aluminum for Nazi planes, and Hungary's bauxite deposits, producing about 560,000 tons yearly, are among the world's richest. A respected Hungary will continue to give Germany pigs, wheat, maize, horses and beef, although Hungary itself must go without meat twice a week to do so.

But an invaded Hungary will mean for Hitler the loss of another vital source of supplies. Hungarians hope that Germany understands this and therefore will not attack.

Horthy, aided by Eckhardt and Bethlen, has eliminated the German minority question as a Hitlerian excuse for including Hungary in the pan-German march across Europe. The Germans claimed 600,000 to 700,000 "persecuted" co-nationals in Hungary. Actually they numbered 436,000 but were sufficiently strong under Doctor Franz Basch to act as a possible weapon for disintegration of the Magyar state. They attained so great a following that on April 20th last year the Hungarian government was forced to recognize their power and they grabbed about fifty seats in Parliament while the Nazis agitated for administrative autonomy, yelped for schools and strutted in Nazi uniforms.

Defly the government promulgated decrees in the form of inoffensive police regulations, instead of laws, calling for confiscation of all foreign uniforms "wherever and whenever found." Soon the Nazis got tired of the ignominy of running about in their underwear. Hungarian police were efficient and uniforms were confiscated even if their wearers happened to be on a trolley car.

The Hungarian Nazi party was subsidized by Berlin. Germans bought Hungarian pengoes in foreign countries, and chipped them into the bund's treasury. Germany could not afford to waste good marks that way after the war started, and so since early September Doctor Basch and his pals have been very broke indeed. And when a political party is broke it is no longer useful to God or to man—to Hitler or to Basch. Not even the German threat, however, is sufficient to cause the Magyars to abandon their irredentist claims to Transylvania, to Voivodina and Crisana. Transylvania is still the principal war cry, like "Trento Trieste" was for the Italians in the last war. But Hungarians also want the other slices of land. Voivodina is now Yugoslavian. It is a triangular area, chopped off the Hungarian plain, protected to the northeast by the crook of the Carpathians in northwestern Yugoslavia. Its population of about 1,500,000 is composed of Hungarians, Serbs, Croats, Rumanians and Germans and to separate them would be something like separating the contents of a fruitcake. Serbs plus Croats, however, just about win a majority over the Hungarians, but the Hungarians claim the culture of the area is Magyar. But the Yugoslavs say, "Oh, yeah? Well, we've got it and we mean to keep it."

The most valid of Hungarian claims is that to the Crisana, a projection of the Magyar plain composed of Crisana and Muramures, extending into the Transylvania foothills now belonging to Rumania. Here the population is close to 2,000,000 and the majority of its inhabitants are actually Hungarians. If at Versailles the peace had been an ethnic instead of a political peace, the frontier would have been traced about fifteen miles east of where it now lies and another of many causes for trouble in Central and Balkan Europe would have been eliminated.

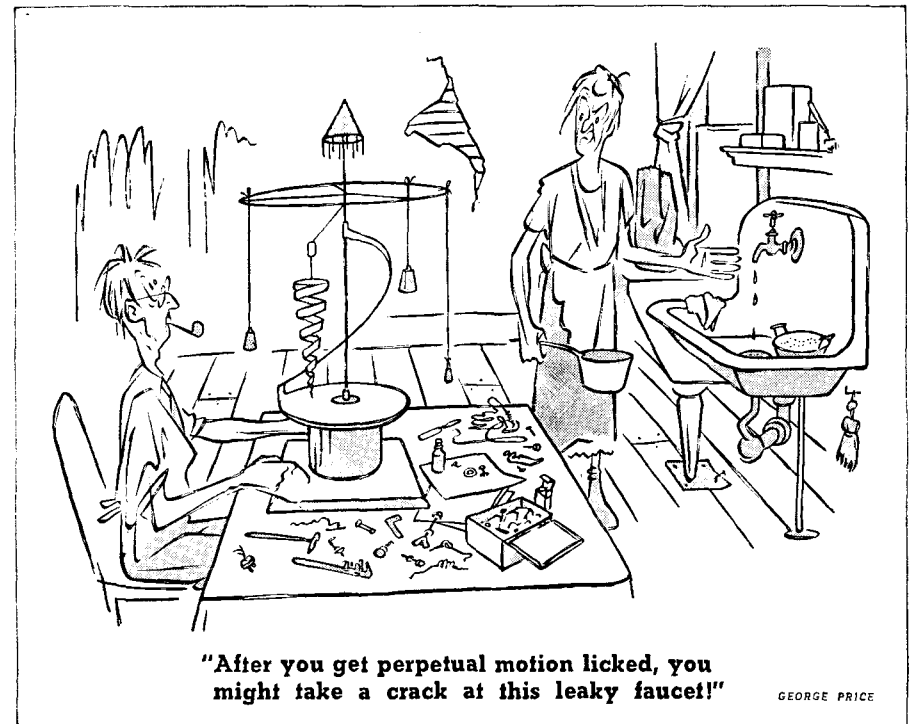
A Clearinghouse for Rumors

But it wasn't, and now, on the walls of the anterooms of the diplomats and politicians who sit in the government offices on the Buda hill across the Danube from Pest, there are bas-relief bronze plaques that symbolize the "suffering" of Hungary as the thorn-entwined, bleeding heart symbolizes the torture of Christ. The plaques show Hungary of today, one third the size it was before Versailles and with the territories it lost in the war detached, and, somehow, whoever designed the bronze medallion managed to work in the thorny vine and to give the tablets the emotional value of religious symbols. The legend over the plaque reads, "Can This Continue?" and below is written, "No, No, Never."

The only territorial and patriotic solace afforded the Hungarians since the last war was the restitution to Hungary of Ruthenia at the Vienna conference after Munich gave Hitler Prague. Ruthenia gives Hungary a Carpathian fortress against invasion from the east.

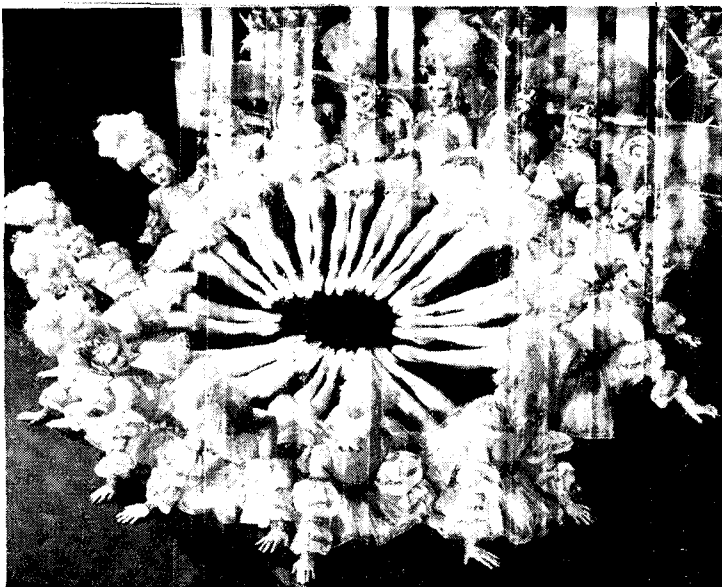
Budapest has become for Central Europe what Amsterdam is to the northern neutrals, a clearinghouse for fact and fiction, and over uncertain telephone lines stretching over mountains and frozen plains to Bucharest, Belgrade, Sofia and Istanbul arrives continually disturbing news of events to come—in the spring. From Rumania comes the story of Germany's determination to wrest from King Carol exclusive rights to the 6,200,000 tons of foreign-controlled oil from Rumanian wells, enough, they say here, to provide fifty per cent of Germany's yearly wartime need. The stories that come through from Bucharest, some true, some false, tell how Hitler, outraged by Rumanian duplicity and by Rumanian inability to move tank cars over the single railroad to Germany via eastern Galicia, intends to invade Rumania to possess the sources of the essence for the lamps of Kultur.

All these reports strengthen Hungary's





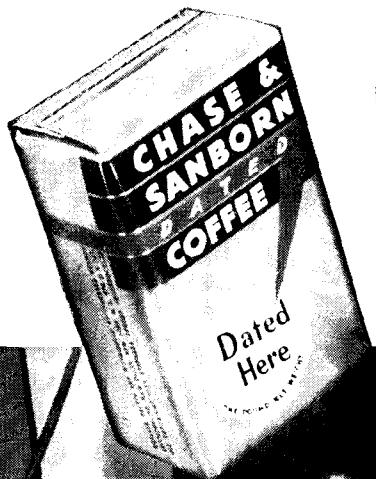
Samuel Monroe, "sound effects," National Broadcasting Co., smashes light bulbs, blows sirens all day. No nerve-upsetting stale coffee for him. "What if I got the cat's meow and horse's whinny mixed?" Monroe picks a coffee that has its fine flavor protected by freshness—Chase & Sanborn.



Yes, 1940 is Leap Year and, believe it or not, many of the gorgeous girls in Radio City Music Hall's Corps de Ballet directed by Florence Rogge are real home girls and A No. 1 cool! Gorgeous flavor of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee in money-saving package via Chase & Sanborn's famous delivery service would make any girl's food taste twice as good. So why pay more!

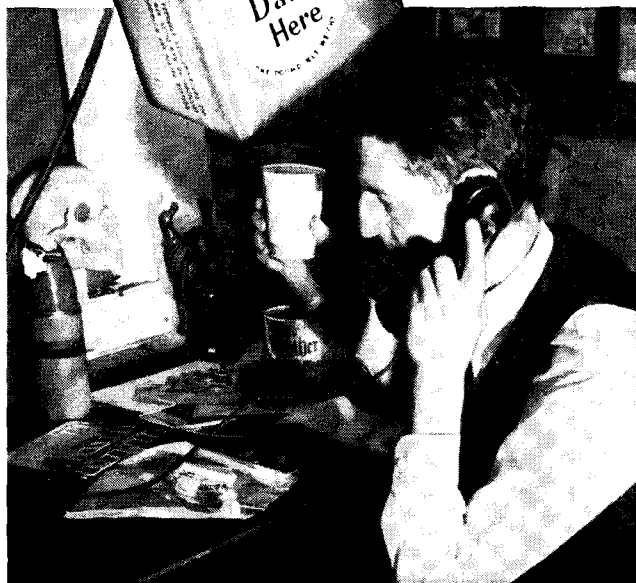


"Friendship in a cup"—Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee to you—being enjoyed between "shifts" at Center Theatre by stagehands Smith and Corkery. Drip Coffee Pot means they have fallen for popular new Drip Grind recently introduced by Chase & Sanborn. "It's got he-man flavor," Smith says. "Don't forget the money-saving package"—Corkery.



Chase & Sanborn's *"friendly flavor"* keeps a date in Radio City

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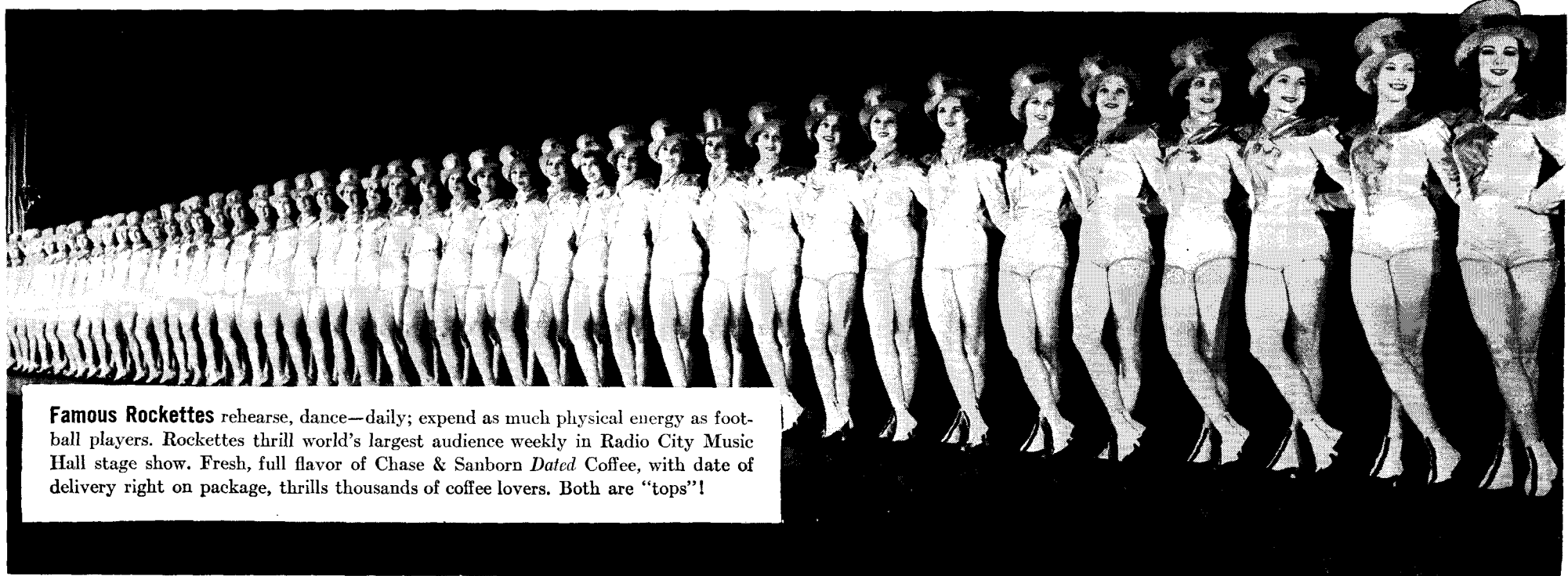
William C. Eddy, head of National Broadcasting Co.'s television-effects group, has for inspiration: Human Skull, Chinese God of Laughter, Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy. First two are uncertain, but Chase & Sanborn Radio Program on N.B.C. Red Network always raises his spirits—and millions of others every Sunday.



Fifteen thousand use Radio City skating rink in season, delight sidewalk gapers above. Vivi-Anne Hulten, world-famous figure skater, plans to go from one thrill to another. Next stop is near-by "coffee pot" and a glorious, full-flavored cup of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee. As fresh and sparkling as her performance!



4 performers, Miriam Richards, Betty Campion, Ruth Starrett and Adele Jergens, hold a private Dated Coffee Klatch between television shows. Have a heavenly cup of that fresh Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee—Miriam. When its rich, pungent flavor—rushed fresh from the roasting ovens—slips down your throat, even those tired tootsies will wake up and enjoy it!



Famous Rockettes rehearse, dance—daily; expend as much physical energy as football players. Rockettes thrill world's largest audience weekly in Radio City Music Hall stage show. Fresh, full flavor of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee, with date of delivery right on package, thrills thousands of coffee lovers. Both are "tops"!



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They're *women's* finger-prints. You'll find plenty of 'em in women's magazines.

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THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

determination to move into Transylvania the moment either Germany or Russia, or both, move into Rumania. Diplomats here, however, do not foresee the dismemberment of Rumania until perhaps the spring of 1941 or the fall of 1941. But they all admit that they are only guessing and Budapest, the capital of a kingless kingdom, wallows in its gypsy music and lives on, more curious than anxious, more expectant than tense.

They hope here that this kingdom that is ruled by the symbolic crown of Saint Stephen, this democracy that is not a republic, this civilization that is half Eastern and half European, will not be materially damaged when the forces struggling for domination of the Balkans come into contact. Of eventual survival they are confident.

Back in the middle ages the Hungarians were ninety per cent serfs living on the land of the ten per cent who composed the nobility. They have broken the shackles of feudalism and now about 65 per cent of the six millions who comprise Hungary's peasant population own their own land. The seventy-odd noble big landowners remaining, except for Count Karolys and one or two others, are pawning the family pictures and rugs. And it won't be long before all the peasants will live on soil that they can call their own.

Civilization's Calling Card

Their democracy is a precious thing to them, although it is a restricted democracy. Only about two million men and women can vote but they must vote or be punished with fines from five to twenty-five dollars. They are permitted to vote only if they can read and write and have permanent residence and have completed six years of schooling.

An unmarried woman can vote if in addition to those prerequisites, she has a responsible clerical or executive job or pays taxes on property. And a married woman must have three children before she can cast a ballot. But even in this relative kind of democracy Hungary is an island of freedom in a sea of totalitarianism.

So far the sea has been kept back behind sturdily built diplomatic dikes and

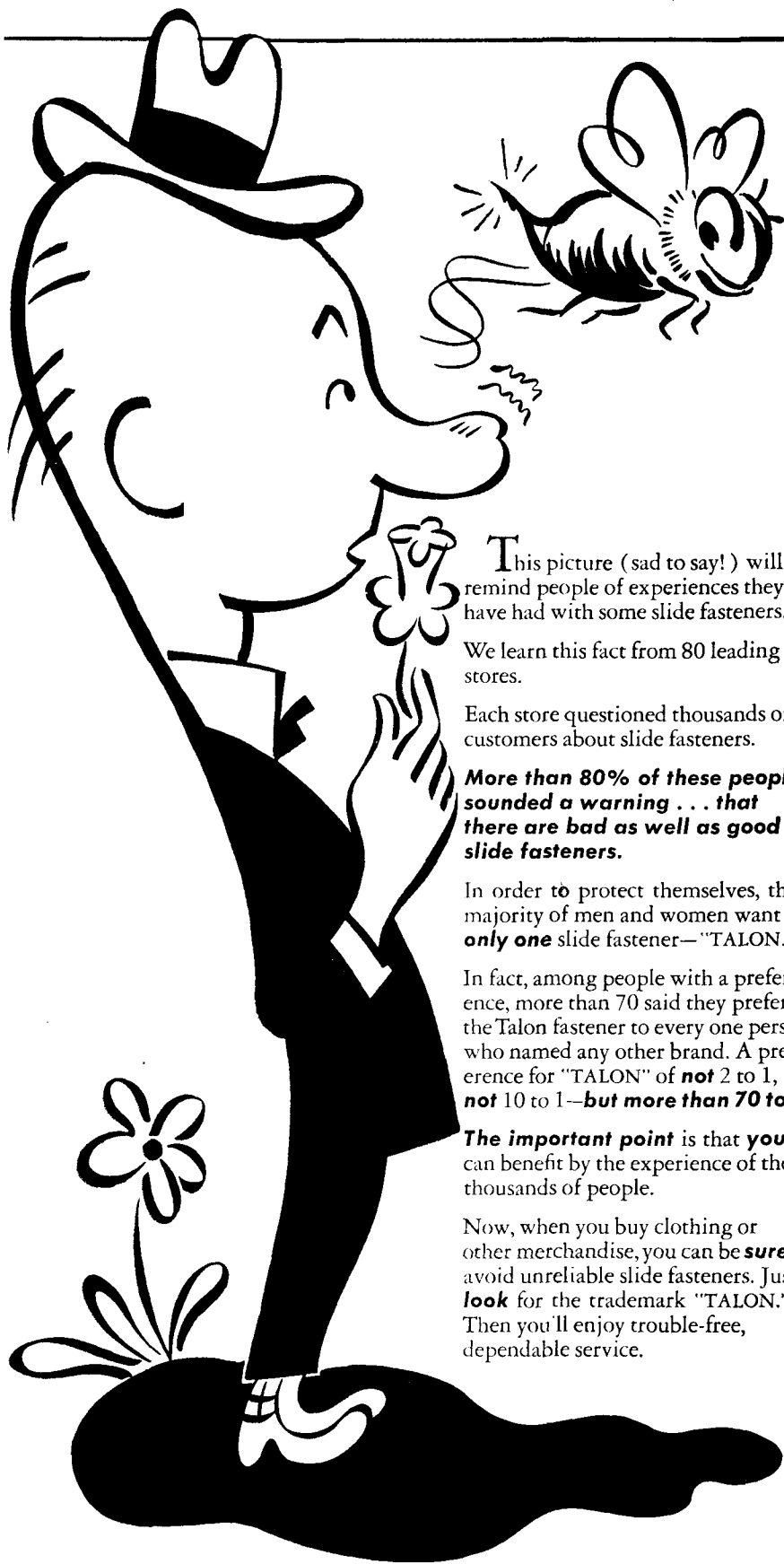
Hungary remains untouched by the storms beyond. Meatless days are no hardship, for on such days one may eat venison, boar, pheasant and duck. The taxis run and there is no rationing of gasoline and the mechanized honky-tonk known as "The Arizona," where tables rise and fall at the press of a button and the platter-sized dance floor spins you around under tricky spotlights, is packed to capacity.

In the smaller restaurants and clubs the gypsies play, and until you have heard nine-year-old "Fish and Chips," so named because he so smells—conduct his long-haired, olive-skinned gypsy boys' orchestra in the Ostende Restaurant you have never heard the Hungarian rhapsodies played, not even by Stokowski you haven't.

In the domed lobby of the Dunatalota, the Danube palace hotel, at night there are beautiful women, severe of feature and with milk-and-rose skins, their expensive furs and low-cut gowns setting off the Old World uniforms of their officer escorts. The soldiers of Hungary still wear their brave golden swords, their tight beige tunics with the ladder front and the high, closed collar, and their black trousers with the red cordon down the seam. And you stand there watching the colored balloons floating about under the mellow light from the grand chandelier, listening to the music of old Vienna, whispering to yourself, "Erich von Stroheim—Cecil De Mille—Mae Murray—The Merry Widow."

In Budapest it is easy to forget that on the steppes the peasants are living in huts of straw on a frozen mud floor and that there are some who earn from seven to fifteen American cents a day, maybe a hundred and fifty days a year and maybe less according to weather and the crops. It is hard to believe in Budapest that those peasants who have never danced to any music but the Czardas of the gypsies, who know the taste of meat only twice a month and whose lives are regulated by the needs of the soil and its fruits, feel the same way about Hungary as those who dance at the Ritz in Budapest. But they do. That's what makes Hungary what it is—civilization's calling card on the torn green baize tables of decadent Europe.

The memory lingers on..



This picture (sad to say!) will remind people of experiences they have had with some slide fasteners.

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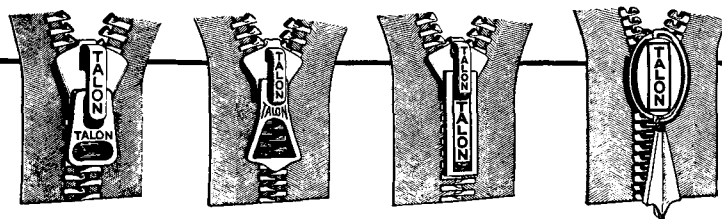
The important point is that **you** can benefit by the experience of these thousands of people.

Now, when you buy clothing or other merchandise, you can be **sure** to avoid unreliable slide fasteners. Just **look** for the trademark "TALON." Then you'll enjoy trouble-free, dependable service.

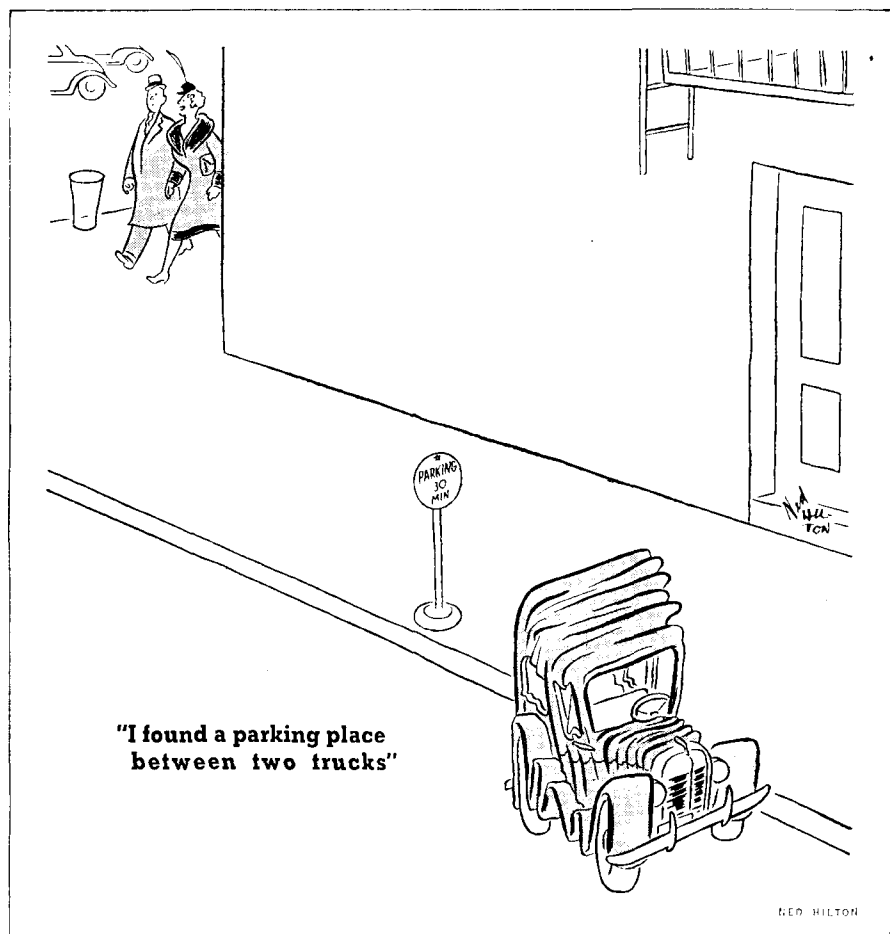
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Appointment in India

Continued from page 10



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cold gray eyes trying to read the current literary composition of William Shakespeare Gabriel upside down. After a brief, futile search for the blotter, Gabriel covered the letter with his two moist hands and leaned forward expectantly.

"I came in on the Mail," Lucy replied at last. She was a tall, self-composed blonde, full-fashioned and a little full-blown. She looked more as though she had just come from a cosmetician's than from a long, hot train ride. Every well-bleached hair was in its tightly waved place beneath her small red hat, and the heat had had no apparent effect on her long, mascara-beaded lashes, the added color of her cheeks or the hard, crimson lines of her lips. Her calculating gaze was unperturbed by the nudity of Gabriel's glistening torso.

"I thought I told you to stay in Calcutta," Gabriel said.

"You did," Lucy Steel admitted. "But I decided maybe you needed someone to keep you honest. I haven't heard from you since you left Calcutta. You aren't trying to give me what the Orientals call 'the regal run-around,' are you, Mr. Gabriel?"

"You mean the royal razzberry, perhaps," said Gabriel. "Why, no, Lucy, you know I wouldn't do a thing like that to you. And now if you'll have a seat while I get a shirt on, I'll see about getting you a place to stay."

"I'm staying right here," said Lucy. She turned and motioned to her bearer, a twisted, hunchbacked little Hindu with a black beard, who stood behind her, loaded down with two suitcases, a hatbox and a bedding roll. Then she asked: "Who are you writing to?"

"Friend of mine," Gabriel said. "Funny you couldn't find time to write to your clients," Lucy said, with jagged metallic edges on her words, "instead of the Criminal Investigation Department."

"Listen," Gabriel said. "There are more than three hundred and fifteen million people in India, not including Fred Oaks. It would have taken me nine years to locate Oaks in that cozy little group without a steer from my pal, Inspector Dumbarton. I was just writing to thank him."

"WELL... did you find Oaks?" There was the slightest hint of a tremor in the blonde's voice.

"He's here all right."

"Is he... married or anything?"

"Not as far as I've been able to find out."

"Oh," Lucy was visibly less tense. She smiled faintly and took a cigarette from a tiny gold case that dangled from her wrist. Then she sat down. "All right," she said. "Make yourself decent. I'll wait here while you bring in the elusive Freddie."

"Now, wait a minute, Lucy. Not so fast. You're a client of mine, so I've got to warn you that Oaks may be in a jam with the police."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Lucy said, exhaling a nonchalant cloud of smoke. "What's he done now?"

"I don't know yet. All I can say is that the C.I.D. folks are keeping an eye on him. He's probably a fugitive from justice and for all I know he's wanted for murder. That's what I'd like to find out before you contact him. It's my duty to warn you, as my client, that you might be getting mixed up in something sticky. Better give me another day so I can find out what you're letting yourself in for."

"I know what I'm letting myself in for."

"Then how about letting your trusted investigator in on it, too?"

"Your job is to find Fred Oaks, Mr. Gabriel."

"Sure, I know. But I've got to protect myself and my client, don't I? And you rushed me out of San Francisco so fast that I didn't have time to dig up all the background on this case."

"Really?" Lucy Steel's tone was that of bored incredulity. "And I don't suppose your office did anything to check up after we left the Alameda airport?"

"That's just the point," Gabriel said.

"WELL, didn't they cable you the whole story?"

"They cabled me that Fred Oaks was the wayward son of George Francis Oaks, the big sugar and molasses man who died aboard his yacht at Catalina the day before you came into the Five Continents office. They also cabled me that Fred Oaks was disinherited, with considerable publicity, nearly ten years ago, so apparently he doesn't come in for any of the estate, which will run close to three million dollars, tax paid—unless, of course, there's a subsequent will. Is there a subsequent will, Lucy?"

Lucy squinted narrowly through the curling smoke. "What does your office cable you about that?" she countered.

"The Oaks will hasn't come up for probate yet. But the fact that you're spending a right handsome penny to chase halfway around the world after Fred Oaks makes me think that maybe there is a new will."

"Fancy that," said Lucy. She flipped her cigarette across the room.

"Are you married to Fred Oaks? Or were you once?"

"That," said Lucy, abruptly transferring her attention to her blood-red fingernails, "is a matter that Fred and I might discuss privately. You're one of the nicest private dicks I've ever known, publicly or privately, but business is

business. I hired you to find Fred Oaks. When you bring him to me, your job is over. Do I get him, or will I have to fire you for breach of contract?"

Gabriel made a gesture of surrender. "All right," he sighed. "But you're not going to meet him here."

"Why not?"

"Because in about ten minutes you're checking in at Seaside House, Shakkarpur's leading hotel."

"I didn't know there was a hotel in this dump."

"It's more of a legend than a hotel. Thirty years ago it was a pretty flossy joint. Right now it's a sort of a memory, preserved in lavender by a slightly balmy old dame by the name of Gwendolyn Small. She didn't have a single guest for two years—until now."

"Who's the single guest?" Lucy asked.

"Oaks."

"Oh. And if he's there, why aren't you there, too?"

"Because I'm not one of those detectives that go around flashing a badge and writing down answers in a leather notebook. Oaks says he's a buyer of oil seeds. All right, I'm a buyer of teak logs. I'm looking over the ground to build a mill—"

"I think I'll run down to Seaside House while you're getting dressed," Lucy interrupted.

"Oaks isn't there now. He's dining out."

"Where's he dining?" asked Lucy.

Gabriel's answer was a faint, knowing smile. Without a word he folded his half-finished letter, slipped it into the envelope. As he picked up his shirt from the floor, he said: "I'll be with you as soon as I've washed behind the ears."

FRED OAKS was dining with Mr. and Mrs. James Curring. At least he thought so when he accepted the invitation. He still thought so as he walked through the cluttered streets of the bazaar



"No, thanks, really—I have to watch my figure"

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When you reach a central city, telephoning the outlying accounts that you can't see every trip often produces orders that might otherwise slip away.

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THE STORY OF STEENSTRUP

IN 1901 a young Danish toolmaker began work in the General Electric shops in Schenectady. One day he hit on an idea for making a machine safer and more efficient. The boss had his doubts, but Chris Steenstrup proved his idea would work. Today, beloved by his fellow engineers, with 110 patents to his credit, Chris is still looking for ways to improve things.

Chris welcomes tough engineering assignments. For instance, he solved one of the toughest problems in the building of Dr. Alexander's great radio alternators which made possible radio communication with Europe during the World War. Back when there were very few domestic electric refrigerators in the country, Chris got the job of devising a long-

lived and efficient refrigerator. After months of work he designed a mechanism that ushered in a new era in American living. For from it General Electric developed the first sealed-in-steel refrigerator mechanism—the principle that has helped bring the comforts of electric refrigeration to 14 million American families.

Chris Steenstrup's contributions to more comfortable living are typical of the hundreds made by General Electric men and women. For years they have been putting electricity to work in the home and in industry, helping to make all manufactured products more plentiful and less expensive, enriching our lives—providing More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

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Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

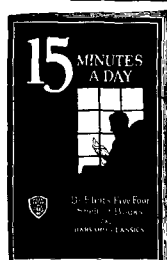
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to the Curring bungalow. Then, opening the screen door, he noticed that the table was set in a dark corner of the veranda and that there were only two plates. He knew what that meant even before he heard the fluty voice of Rhoda calling through the thin partitions, "Sit down, Fred, darling. I'll only be a minute. The khansamah will give you a drink."

The khansamah was even now setting a decanter of whisky before Fred, pushing the little glass ball into the patent neck of the bottle of charged water.

Fred picked up his glass and carried it gloomily into the drawing room. The Curring drawing room always depressed him vaguely. It had the air of a provincial museum about it, with its blue-and-white striped rugs and the jumble of Tanjore brasses on every available piece of furniture. He walked restlessly about, his unseeing eyes seeming to study the Rampur shawls that adorned every wall. . . . He was a rather tall man, but not as tall as his lean, hard-muscled body made him seem. His arms and legs—the quick, alert limbs of a man of action—did not match his face, which was the portrait of pleasure-loving, well-bred indolence.

His slow, irresponsible smile made him look younger than his thirty years, but his eyes made him look older. They were searching, cynical eyes, dark with disillusion. They gave the impression that there was a little of the rascal in Fred Oaks, just as his smile gave the even stronger impression that there was much that was likable about him. The two traits had a contradictory appeal to women, who undoubtedly explained to themselves that he really had a good heart and needed only the steadying influence of a great love to become a solid citizen. They probably would never admit that if his hair had been darker and parted in the middle he might have been taken for a gigolo.

FRED OAKS was not a gigolo. He was not even a remittance man, although he might have been if he had had any relatives sufficiently interested in him to remit. He had never found any difficulty in living by his own resources. He did a number of things well, but found little satisfaction in the act of doing them—not even in making love. Women were mildly amusing, but they rapidly

became either predatory or monotonous or both; and they were never as helpless as they pretended or as independent as they thought.

Technically, Fred Oaks was a soldier of fortune, although he had never loved fortune enough to hang onto it when he had it within his grasp; and he was a rotten soldier. He had tried being a soldier, of course. He liked the idea of danger—it was the only true escape from boredom he had found—but he had a strong aversion to the idea of dying impersonally, on some battlefield.

This was strange, because, in his more soberly morose moments he had no particular love for living either. It may have been just the perverse result of the notion that his death would make no difference to anyone. If one person, only one, anywhere, would have been somehow affected by his disappearance from the face of the earth, he probably would have been glad to die—just to be contrary. That is why, he told himself, he had pulled out of the Spanish civil war, after six weeks, although he told other people he had quit because he got no pleasure out of killing women and children.

And the reason he had left Spain—not the war—was that an intelligence officer in Burgos had discovered that Fred had been born in India and could speak Hindustani. A court-martial for desertion would only be robbing the cause of a potentially useful agent, he decided, so the intelligence officer called in five of his colleagues. None of the officers spoke Spanish, and their English, when they shouted at Fred, was thick with both German and Italian accents. "We do not trust you, Oaks," they told him, "but we need you. And we have men in Shakkarpur who will watch your every move. So that if you attempt to desert again, or if you plan to betray us—"

The implied menace did not bother Fred Oaks in the least. He was quite pleased at having escaped an Insurgent firing squad, and he was even more pleased at the prospect of doing what he liked best: employing his charm and disarming smile to take advantage of people who otherwise would be only too happy to take advantage of him. It was because of this that he visited the Currings.

He had no special desire to take ad-



"Chief? Say, listen, I'm in sort of a predicament!"

TONY BARLOW

**"GET THAT JALOPPY
OFF THE ROAD!
SEZ THE COP"**

**A TAXI DRIVER TELLS HOW HE PUT
NEW LIFE INTO HIS SLUGGISH CAR**



"COME ON, COME ON," the cop sez, "ye're holdin' up traffic. Get that jalopy off the road!" I step on the gas but nothing happens. The old bus acts like she's glued to the spot.

Read how this new kind of spark plug peps up lazy, spark-weary motors

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Using a sensitive stethoscope, Auto-Lite engineers test the performance of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs in actual operation.

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BY IGNITION ENGINEERS



"THIS BUS IS READY TO JUNK," I beef to the service station guy. "Take my tip. Put in Auto-Lite Spark Plugs," he says. "And she'll take your hat off when you give her the gas."



"HI, PAL!" I yells, next time I pass that cop. When the traffic light turns green I'm off at the toot of the whistle. I'm telling you his eyes nearly pop out when he sees the way the old car shoots ahead with those new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs on the job.

Change to AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

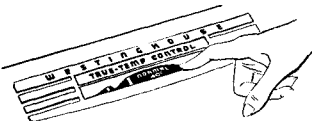
Every house needs
Westinghouse



**"O.K. Mom..
Steady's the word!"**

MOTHER: "Yes—steady's the word all right if you're going to keep that food from coming to grief. I wish I could be as sure of you as I am of that Westinghouse Refrigerator."

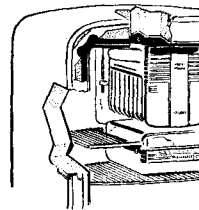
"M-m-m. It sure hits the spot! Mom must be right about the steady cold in that refrigerator making things taste better."



cause surer, steadier cold means better, safer refrigeration in each of the five food-keeping zones.

Tiny strands of pure glass, packed to form a thick, fleecy blanket, surround the food compartment within the all-steel cabinet. This moisture-proof insulation saves on operating cost by keeping cold in and heat out 10% better than previous insulation.

The 1940 Westinghouse Refrigerator is a beauty, inside and outside. See it at your nearest Westinghouse dealer's. You'll find his name in your classified telephone directory under "Refrigerators, Electric." Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Dept. 56, Mansfield, Ohio.



TRU-ZONE COLD

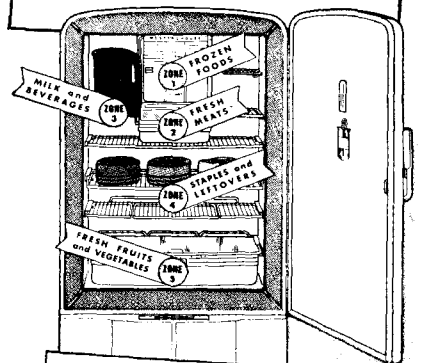
...for **SURER, STEADIER,**
food protection

WHAT IT IS... a definite temperature in each zone for each True-Temp control setting.

HOW IT WORKS... True-Temp Control lets you dial main food compartment temperature; holds temperatures true regardless of changes in kitchen temperature.

FIBERGLAS INSULATION improves cold-keeping efficiency 10%; keeps its original efficiency for life.

HUMIDITY for meat in the Meat-Keeper, for fruits and vegetables in the Humidrawer—keeps fresh foods fresh.



5 ZONES OF COLD are

Zone 1—below freezing, for storage of ice cubes, frosted foods, desserts; **Zone 2**—humidified, extra cold but not freezing; for meat; **Zone 3**—extra cold but not freezing; for milk and beverages; **Zone 4**—standard cold for staples and leftovers; **Zone 5**—crisp cold, with correct humidity, for fruits and vegetables.

SEE

Westinghouse Refrigerators

Tune in "Musical Americana," N.B.C. Blue Network, Thursdays, 8 p.m. E.S.T., 7 p.m. C.S.T., 9:30 p.m. M.S.T., 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

vantage of Rhoda Curring; it was her husband that he had been using—professionally, of course. Once or twice Fred wondered if Curring didn't suspect that he might be an unwitting tool of international intrigue, but always dismissed the thought immediately. James Curring was a lumbering, obtuse sort of person with only one tenth the awareness that Rhoda had.

Rhoda came out of her bedroom, a flutter of pale pink chiffon which was just the right shade to set off her halo of copper-colored hair. She was a small woman, rather thin—but not too thin. Otherwise she would not have dared, even on the excuse of the heat, to wear such a provocative dress, which struck an exact balance between concealment and revelation. From gallant habit, Fred arose and held out his hand. Rhoda held out two hands, with just the proper angle of invitation between them, and before he knew what he was doing, Fred had kissed her. He regretted it instantly. The light in her green eyes disturbed him.

"Fred, darling," she said, "we're in luck. Jim's been detained at one of the plantations. He won't be back before tomorrow."

"Unexpectedly, of course."

"But naturally, darling. Otherwise I wouldn't dare ask you for dinner. You know how people talk."

"Yes, I know." Fred wanted to say that something equally unexpected had come up that made it impossible for him to stay for dinner, but he didn't. He found himself, for once in his life, at a loss for words. He stared down into Rhoda Curring's keen, sensuous face; he realized that he had known her complete psychology the moment he first laid eyes on her. She was a romantic, who had dreamed of India with the aid of Rudyard Kipling, and who had married a gaunt, taciturn, rawboned, pains-taking man twenty years her senior, largely because he represented her chance to see the glamorous East.

She had thought she was coming to the India of durbars and levees and maharajas' garden parties, of gay uniforms and polo and gallant flirtations in fabulous cities sweet with incense and heavy with the mystery of the Arabian Nights. Instead she had found herself a prisoner in Shakkarpur—in an India of squalor and unbelievable smells, of people who lived in hovels plastered with cow dung and drank water from tanks green with scum, of damp, hot nights that strangled sleep and brought on the maddening rash of prickly heat; of, above all, the soul-suffocating boredom of the small outstation.

Fred Oaks supposed he should pity her, but he didn't. He felt nothing for Rhoda Curring but the most profound indifference.

WHEN the dinner turned out to be overdone mutton chops and curried brinjal, he began to lay plans for an early escape. He talked just enough to divert the conversation into channels other than the one he felt was inevitable. He was unable, however, to prevent Rhoda's sudden question:

"Freddie, darling, are you in love with that silly Hatton girl?"

Fred put down his fork with a ring of annoyance and turned on his most charming scowl.

"Virginia Hatton is not silly," he said, "but I am not in love with her. As a matter of fact, I have always made it a point of dishonor never to become emotionally involved with any woman I happen to make love to."

"What a pity!" Rhoda said. "Because you make love so extraordinarily well that some day your emotions are going to play you a rotten trick and get completely out of control. Or someone else's control."

Fred laughed. "Certainly not yours, Rhoda."

"Why not? If I were in love with you, I should definitely do drastic things to keep you."

"But you're not in love with me," said Fred jauntily, to cover a feeling of uneasiness.

Rhoda leaned across the table, suddenly very tense, and grasped his hand in her slim, hot fingers. "As a matter of fact, Fred darling, I am."

"Nonsense." Fred wondered if he could best break her mood by being insulting, or merely paternal. "It's just the heat," he said.

"It's not the heat."

"It's the heat," Fred repeated, "plus Shakkarpur, plus the rest of India, plus a virulent case of chronic ennui. Why don't you get Jim to send you to Ootacumund or some other hill station for the hot weather?"

"When are you leaving Shakkarpur, Fred?"

"Next week, probably."

Rhoda's hand still clasped Fred's. Her fingers tightened. "Take me with you, darling," she said.

"No."

"Please. I'm not asking you to marry me."

"Thanks." Fred grinned broadly. "I appreciate your disinterested offer and all that, but—" He tried unsuccessfully to disengage his hand.

"You are in love with that Hatton girl!"

"I'm not."

"If you were, I think I could kill her."

"You say that very glibly—with the glibness of someone who has never killed a human being."

"Have you ever killed anyone, Fred?"

Fred looked at her curiously as he deliberately wiped his lips with his napkin. A disquieting thought flashed through his mind. Was this an act—to trap him into some damning admission? She did seem sincere. . . .

"I wonder if I could have some more of that brinjal curry," he said. "It's very good."

Rhoda at last withdrew her hand. She stood up, her lips parted, as though ready for a peroration. Before she could say anything, the bearded khamamah came in and murmured something to her in Urdu. Without troubling to excuse herself, Rhoda went quickly to the side door.

Fred turned to watch her, but she held the door partly closed, so that he could not see who was outside. She talked for a moment in low tones. He heard the indistinct rumble of a man's voice answering her, but he did not recognize it. He was about to get up and satisfy his curiosity, when Rhoda banged the door shut and came back directly to Fred. She bent over him, grasped his shoulders. When he looked at her, he felt a jab of cold at the pit of his stomach.

THE change in Rhoda's face was startling. The pink spots of make-up on her cheeks seemed detached, unreal, like paint on the waxen cheeks of a doll. Her drawn lips were tight against her teeth. The avid restlessness, the thwarted hunger in her green eyes was gone. In its place there was a nameless fear, closely akin to horror. Her hands trembled violently as they gripped his shoulders. With great effort she managed to say:

"Darling . . . the Calcutta Express . . . in half an hour . . . we could take it. . . ."

"No, Rhoda."

"Is that . . . final . . . Freddie?"

"Final as the Day of Judgment."

"Then you take it, Freddie—alone."

"But I'm not leaving until next week, Rhoda."

"You're leaving now. You must."

"Now, wait a minute." Twenty minutes ago Fred would have been overjoyed at the prospect of escape from the Curring bungalow. Now that Rhoda wanted him to go, he resisted. It wasn't entirely the obstructionist in him, either. He had to know what caused the amaz-



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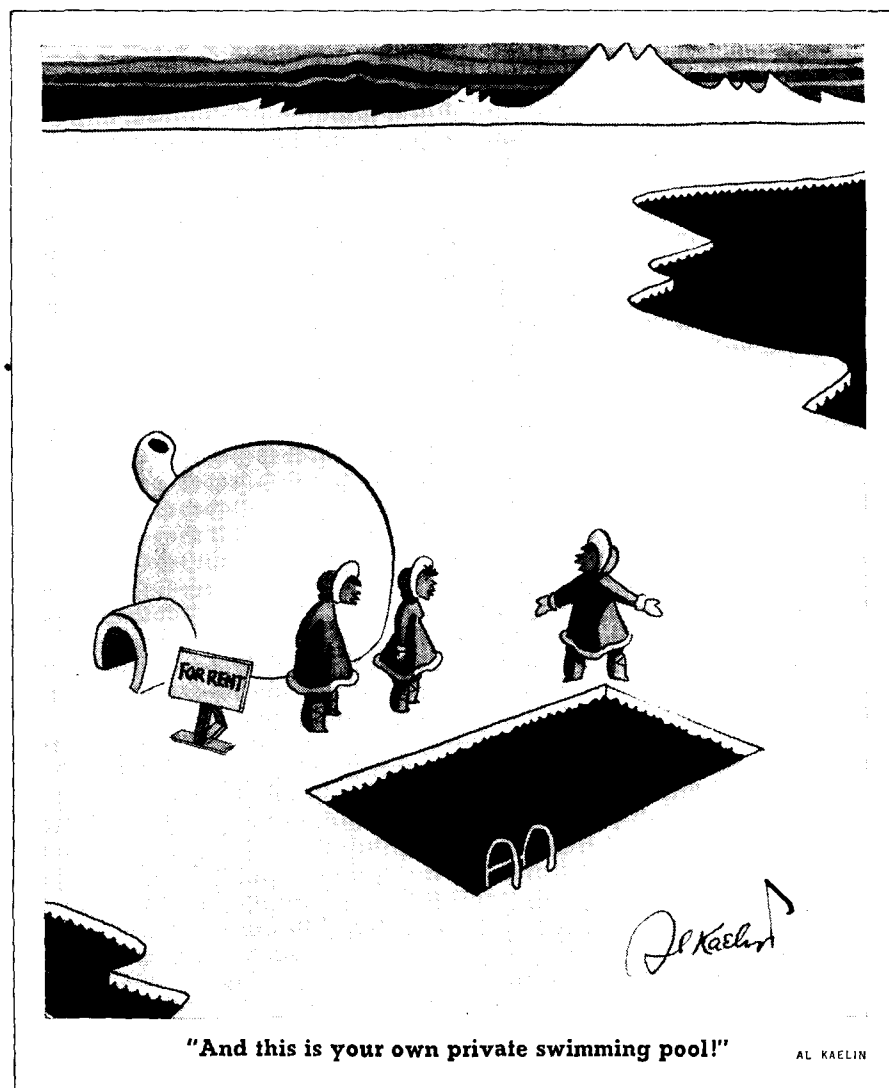
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No more skimpy breakfasts here! *Toastmaster* toast with jam or marmalade can't be resisted.



It's an eye-opener, the way the young folks rally round, for wholesome after-school spreads.



Out in the kitchen, everybody! They've got a new *Toast 'n' Jam Set* . . . and toast's a-poppin'!

ing change in Rhoda. He asked, "Was that your husband you were talking to just now? Did he come back unexpectedly?"

"Jim would have come into his own house. He wouldn't have talked to me through the screen door."

"Was it the durwaun, with advance word that Jim would be back tonight, after all?"

"This has nothing to do with Jim. It was no one you know, Fred. You must go! It's not safe for you to stay!"

"Safe?" Fred threw back his head and laughed loudly—but briefly. His teeth clicked shut. "Why isn't it safe?" he snapped.

"You know that better than I do, Fred. Too many people know. You must leave, Fred! Now!"

Fred Oaks leaned back in his chair and smiled. He meant it to be his usual disarming smile, but it wasn't. It was cryptic, with a hint of defiance at the corners of his mouth. Something of Rhoda's panic had communicated itself to him, yet he couldn't follow her command to flee. He had to find out what it was all about. He had to make her talk. And if he left now, he would learn nothing.

"I can't go yet," he said. "I haven't had my coffee and brandy."

"Please go, Fred!"

"Now, Rhoda! What kind of a hostess have you turned out to be? You wouldn't send a guest away without—"

"Fred!" Rhoda stared at him, her whole slim body frozen in a gesture of frantic despair. Her back was rigid, her elbows pressed closely against her sides. Only her fingers moved, twisting and untwisting a napkin she had picked up from the table. Then, without a word, she turned and walked swiftly into the next room. A door slammed.

FRED looked thoughtfully at the closed door for an instant. Then he got up. She would be back. She always came back. He got up and sauntered to the buffet in which he knew Jim Curring kept his cigars. He found a Trichinopoly cheroot, lighted it, sat down again. The khansamah came in to clear away the dishes.

"Coffee and brandy, khansamah," Fred ordered, loudly enough to be heard in the next room.

The red-turbaned servant set a cup and a glass of brandy in front of him. Fred drank half the brandy, poured the rest into his coffee. His eyes did not leave the door of Rhoda's room as he sat puffing nervously on his cheroot. When the tobacco had burned to within an inch of his lips he began to wonder about the strange silence in the house. He called the khansamah again.

"Tell the mem-sahib I am leaving," he said.

"The mem-sahib is not here, Sahib."

Fred dropped ashes down the front of his shirt. "Not here?"

"No, Sahib. She left by the back door ten minutes ago."

Fred sprang up, tamped out his cheroot in the bottom of his coffee cup. He brushed past the khansamah, strode through the drawing room, flung open Rhoda's door.

The bedroom was empty. There were traces of a hurried departure—a half-open dresser drawer, high-heeled slippers that had been kicked off and lay as they had fallen, clothes hangers on the floor, the pale pink chiffon dress thrown across a chair in careless haste. Fred was asking himself why, if she were in such an obvious hurry, Rhoda had taken time to change. Then the gleam of metal caught his eye. He stepped forward, intent on half a dozen lead-nosed brass cylinders scattered on the bed—as though an uncertain hand, trembling with nervous precipitation, had spilled them there while loading a revolver.

Fred picked up one of the little cylinders. It was a .32 caliber cartridge. He dropped it into his pocket, rushed from the room, leaped down the veranda steps three at a time.

REGINALD HATTON was much too important a man to be district officer of the zillah of Shakkarpur. He was convinced of it. Shakkarpur had, by easy stages, become perhaps the most insignificant port between Bengal and the Coromandel coast. The craftsmen who made its once-famous muslins and chintzes had been displaced, first by Manchester white goods and more recently by Japanese cotton. Its garrison had been moved away by Kitchener in 1906. Most of its sugar factories had closed in the late 1920's. Even the care-free Calcutta ladies who used to drink shandygaff on the white beach and run squealing into the surf under the tutelage of sleek black Tamil fishermen with miterlike bamboo hats, no longer came to Shakkarpur. Thus when Shakkarpur suddenly threatened to become important not only to India, but to the Empire, perhaps to the peace of the world, Reginald Hatton was delighted.

For the past ten days there had been several terse warnings from Delhi. Look out for trouble. . . . Look out for Hindu-Moslem riots. . . . Look out for subversive activities. . . . Send for troops at first sign of outbreak. . . . India must be kept in hand while the situation at home is rolling toward the climax. . . . Hatton gloried in ignoring the vice-regal warnings.

Hatton welcomed the rotation of Hindu and Mohammedan calendars which brought Muharram and Shivarat so close together, and he was glad that Shakkarpur had both a great temple of Shiva and a mosque sacred to the Shiah Mohammedans—because he could see how these facts might suit the ambitions of the new imperialists.

It was a sound technique the upstart empire builders were using against England: keep the British lion worried overseas so his claws can't be too sharp in Europe. The Germans were busy among the Boers in South Africa and would doubtless continue to be busy. British prestige was being sapped in Egypt. The Arabs had been goaded into bloody revolt in Palestine. It was normal that India should come next. Keep India in ferment and England won't dare withdraw her hundred thousand white troops when trouble explodes in Europe. Make India dissatisfied and the great source of man power will no longer be available to augment a British army fighting a European war. It was simple—and Shakkarpur offered an ideal starting point. But Shakkarpur would remain calm. Moreover, it would remain calm without a show of force. No matter what happened in Europe, Reginald Hatton wouldn't need troops. He merely called Hajji Ahmed and Ganeshi Lal to his bungalow late that afternoon and talked sense to them.

HAJJI AHMED was head of the Moslem community. He was portly, be-whiskered and rich. He made his money furnishing coolies to labor recruiters from the Malayan rubber estates, the tea gardens, the indigo plantations—anybody who needed contract labor. He also dabbled in foreign exchange and cotton futures. He kept a herd of cows, which he allowed to roam the Hindu bazaars by day, because the Hindus, regarding the cows as sacred, would feed them. At night the cows came home to be milked and Hajji Ahmed sold the milk to the Hindus.

Ganeshi Lal was not head of the Hindu community, but he was just as influential as though he were. He was not religious at all, which made him that much more dangerous. He had been to school

in America where he had picked up a lot of silly ideas about men being created free and equal. He was cynical. He was married to an avowed Communist. He was frankly hostile to the British raj, and he sneered at his father, a wise and pious Brahman, who said: "The very fact that you dare agitate against the British, my son, shows that you have confidence in them as civilized and humane administrators. Under the Great Moguls, you would have been impaled on an iron spike. Under the Italians you would be killed with castor oil. Under the Japanese you would be shot. Under the Germans you would be beheaded. . . ."

Hajji Ahmed was dangerous because he adhered to a militant, fanatical, fatalistic religion. Ganeshi Lal was dangerous because he believed in nothing except himself and the destiny of a self-ruled India. Hatton called them both together on his veranda and said:

"I have information that there may be trouble between the members of your two communities during the present religious festivals. You have probably been misled and urged on by a despicable person named Fred Oaks, whom I intend to arrest shortly. I have brought you here to tell you that there must be no violence of any kind. If there is any bloodshed, I warn you that I will send both of you to the Andamans for life. You need not reply. There is nothing for you to say. Good evening."

WHEREUPON the district officer went off to the Alvin Brinkers' for dinner and an evening of bridge. Brinker was the somewhat bombastic manager of the Bank of Shakkarpur who lived near Hatton with his two-hundred-pound wife and a dog that understood both Hindustani and Tamil. He had recently been promoted to an important post with a bank in Bombay and was leaving Shakkarpur as soon as his successor arrived. In Bombay he would probably be more pompous than ever. Hatton hoped that his successor in Shakkarpur would turn out to be a better bridge player. . . .

Brinker arrived at his bungalow at the same time Hatton did. He came down the path, swinging his cane by its curved handle, and was obviously excited.

"I've just had the most distressing conversation with Jim Curring," he announced, as they went up the veranda steps together. "Most distressing."

"What's his wife done now?" Hatton asked.

"It's not Rhoda this time. Somebody's stolen a ton of dynamite from Curring's estates."

"WHAT'S Curring doing with dynamite on an indigo plantation, anyhow?"

"It's all very complicated," Brinker said, mopping his brow. "As a matter of fact, I promised Curring I wouldn't say anything to you about it, but I do feel you should know, in view of the situation here. Curring thinks Hajji Ahmed's got hold of the dynamite, and he agrees with me that it might be used against us somehow. Says there's enough to blow us all to Madras, if Hajji Ahmed wanted to."

"Hajji Ahmed wouldn't dare," said Hatton. "I've just told him there's to be no violence."

"You're not asking for troops, Reggie?"

"No," said Hatton.

"Curring seems to think this Fred Oaks had something to do with the dynamite disappearing."

"I'm not surprised," said the district officer. "The time's come to take Oaks into custody anyhow. I can hold Oaks under the Defense of the Realm Act. Walk over to Seaside House with me after dinner, Brinker, while I arrest him."

"Righto," said Brinker.

The great bulk of Mrs. Brinker loomed in the doorway like a dreadnought moving into battle formation.

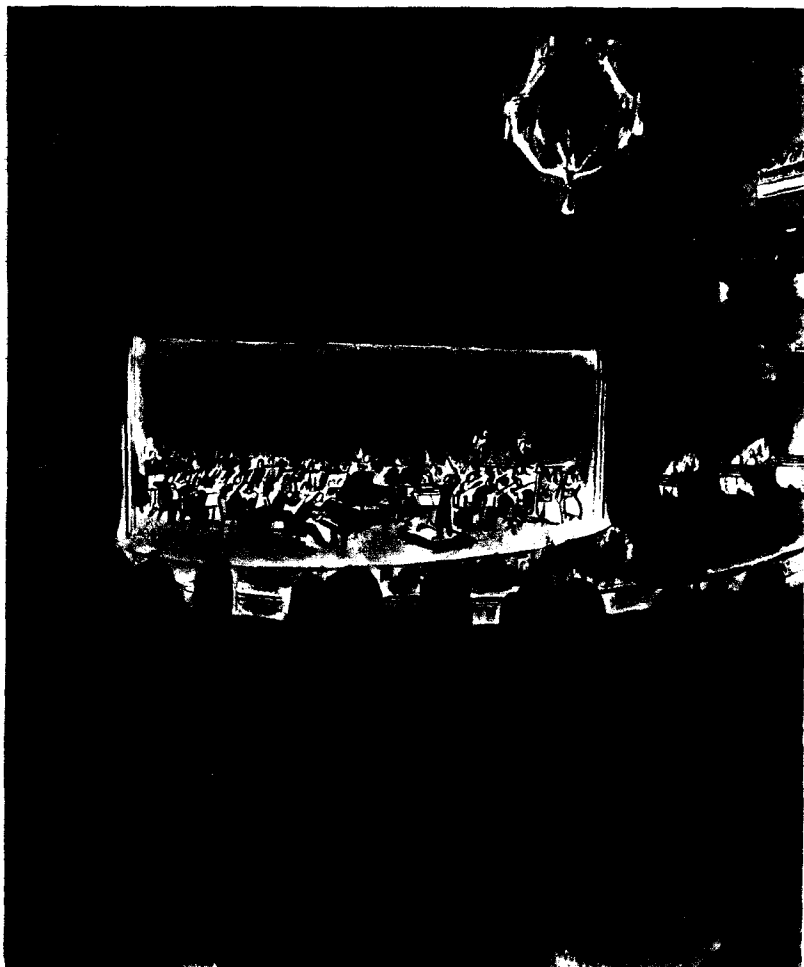
"Hurry and mix the drinks if you're going to give the D. O. one, Alvin," she said. "Dinner is ready."

(To be continued next week)

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By Edwin Muller

Early next month the experts will match skill on one of the world's most dangerous ski runs. To the elect, The Inferno means broken records—or possibly broken necks

SOME of the top-flight skiers of the country pass up this race. Especially if they have lively imaginations and can picture what it's like when diving over the lip of the Headwall and go plunging down between the jutting black crags and the avalanche tracks.

On an April morning last year forty-two entrants gathered for the start on the summit of Mt. Washington. Although it was spring in the New Hampshire valleys, up there on the summit the snow piled high and the mercury dipped under zero in a sixty-mile wind. But the sky was crystal clear. One danger therefore would be absent. Nobody would lose his way in mist and slip over the precipices below.

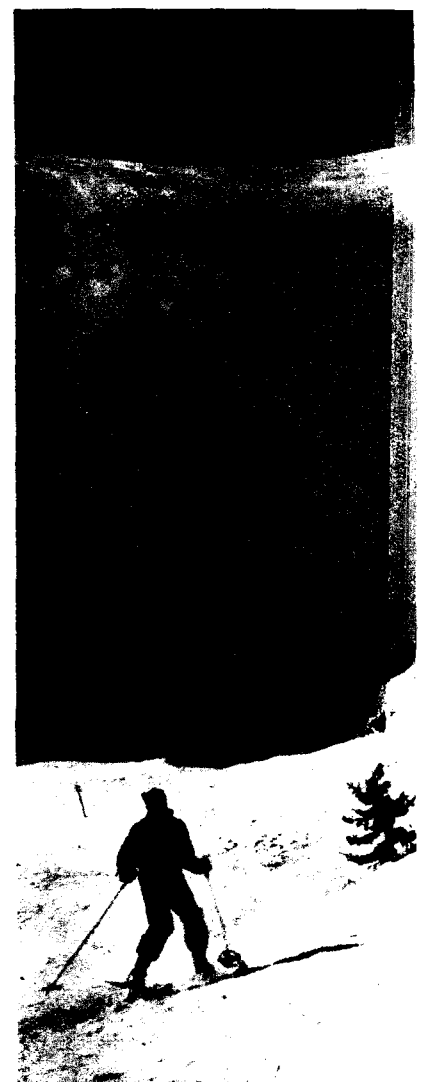
Toni Matt's turn was third. He's an Austrian, an instructor in the Eastern Slopes Ski School under the famous Hannes Schneider, who had to leave the Arlberg because he couldn't endure Hitler.

Outside the door the wind lunged at Toni. He crouched for a moment away from the flying pellets of ice. Then the starting gong and a powerful heave of shoulders and ski poles sent him on.

In a few seconds he was off the flat table top of the mountain, gathering momentum on the steep slope of the Cone. Here the hill tilts down at thirty-five degrees, about the steepest angle that experts care to run. Most of the racers that day took this section in a series of looping Christies to check the speed. Toni Matt ran it straight.

A third of a mile with a thousand feet of vertical drop. When he was halfway down he was doing fifty miles an hour. The snow surface was mostly smooth—wind-swept powder. But here and there it was broken by clumps of boulders as big as cottages. It was hard to steer clear of them in that wind.

There was a momentary relaxing of the strain when at last he was down the Cone and on the nearly level stretch of





WINSTON POTE



the Alpine Garden; the wind was less violent.

But now he was approaching the most dangerous part of the course. Ahead of him the flat plain ended abruptly, curled over into emptiness. Tuckerman Headwall.

The momentum of the drop from the summit took Toni Matt right up to the edge. There he checked slightly to see what lay below. He was poised on the upper rim of a great bowl, three quarters of a mile across, a thousand feet deep. The white floor at the bottom was covered with moving black dots, like flies in a pan of milk. They were the gallery. Three thousand of them had clambered up the steep miles into Tuckerman Ravine to watch the racers.

TONI MATT pointed his skis straight down and let himself go—as if diving over Niagara. But in this power dive he had to keep full control, steer a narrow course between bands of exposed rock and the tumbled blocks of ice that were the tracks of avalanches. The whole Ravine held its breath as he plummeted down. Then he was off the wall—on the easier lower slopes—shooting at a terrific pace across the flat floor.

The force of that dive shot him across the half mile of the floor, over the drop of the Little Headwall, into the woods at the entrance of the Ravine. The rest of the course was almost an anticlimax, down the winding Sherburne Trail to the finish at Pinkham Notch.

And yet there was one moment there on the lower course when he was even nearer disaster than he had been on the Headwall. He was going at top speed, shaving the corners, saving every second. At the S, a double turn with a steep gradient, he took a little too much of a chance. The handful of spectators there saw him plunging straight for a big tree, apparently with too little time to turn. He seemed to wrench himself away from it by sheer will power, missing it by inches.

He crossed the finish line in 6 minutes 29.2 seconds for the three and three-quarter miles, the record for the course.

IT SPEAKS well both for the expertness and for the luck of American skiers that none of them have been killed or even seriously injured in the running of The Inferno. Of course not many of the entrants choose to run the Cone or the Headwall straight as did Toni Matt.

There have been some bad spills, some very close escapes from death. One year, Bob Livermore got trapped on the Headwall between two slides of rough, impassable snow. Below was a wide area of avalanche ice blocks. He shot straight down—hit the avalanche fan at blinding speed—was thrown in the air and spun end over end for forty feet before he hit. By some odd chance he wasn't badly hurt—he got up after a while and finished the race.

Another close shave was in a race when thick clouds covered the Cone. A racer lost his direction, came near going over one of the sheer rock precipices that overhang Huntington Ravine.

This year the boys are looking forward as usual to The Inferno in early April as the climax of the Eastern skiing season. But a good many of them will get to thinking about the drop over Tuckerman Headwall and will decide to go fishing instead. ★★★

The Inferno course (top) runs left from Mt. Washington's summit, over the Ravine Headwall and down the ravine floor to Pinkham Notch. Below, spectators gather to watch tryouts

BEFORE MOTOR TROUBLE HITS—DIAL "Z"



Here's what you get when you call for this

BETTER PENN^ZYLVANIA OIL..



YOU GET TROUBLE'S "NUMBER" WITH PENNZOIL'S TOUGH FILM THAT LUBRICATES EVERY MOVING PART OF YOUR ENGINE SAFELY!



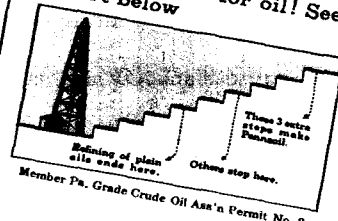
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Here's Just ONE Way PennZoil Helps Motors!

Know what sludge is? It's the sticky film that coats valves and piston rings, slows your motor. With PennZoil in your crankcase, sludge is practically out. Your motor runs smoother and easier... so sound your "Z" when you ask for oil! See chart below

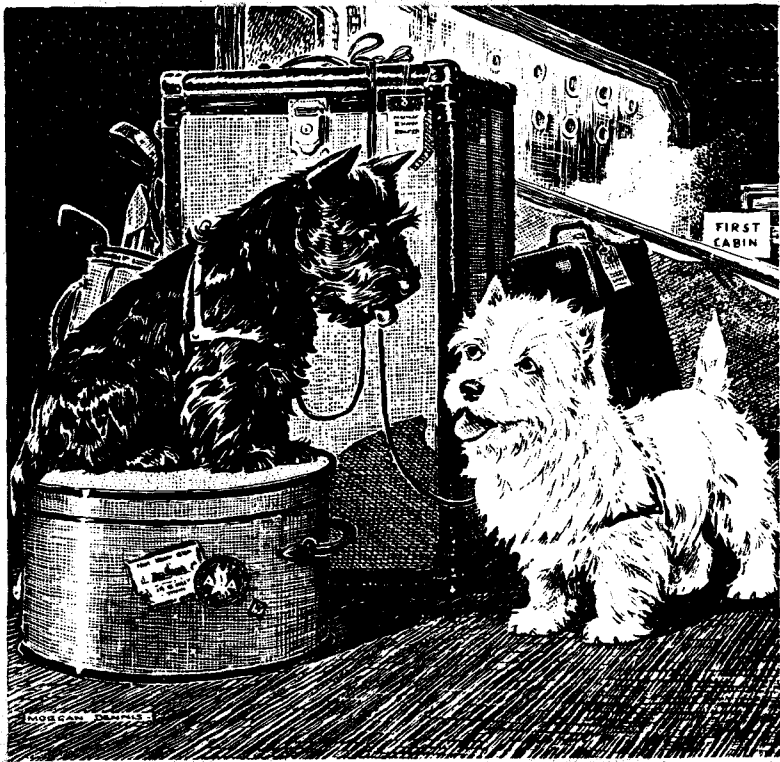


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EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

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The Scotch with Character

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A Special Glory

Continued from page 11

said: "His divorce decree was final yesterday, so we thought—as long as we're going to do it eventually, Arthur—that tonight would be a nice time."

Arthur turned around.

"We're going to Phoenix tomorrow?"

"Well, he's going, and it seemed to us that, instead of making two trips—"

"Look, Mom," he said earnestly, "if we're going away tomorrow, I think I'll stop in and see my father, maybe. I'll say goodbye."

He waited anxiously. But there was a metallic sound from the front porch.

"Oh, there's the mail," she said, and ran out.

HE DRESSED carefully, selecting the tan trousers and the sports coat his father had given him two years ago. He combed his hair twice, and ran Otto Jekle's electric razor over his smooth cheeks. Otto Jekle had been his last stepfather, the third one; he'd forgotten the electric razor when he left. He'd been no good, Otto Jekle—a camera-man. Desertion.

Gloria sat in the porch swing now and she looked up brightly. There were two fan letters today: one from Tokyo and another from a place in Alaska.

"See, Sweetie-pie!" she cried, waving them. "They still come pouring in!"

He kissed her.

"The Tokyo letter is cute," she said.

He started down the steps.

"I think I'll go now," he said.

"Goodbye, dear," said Gloria. "This other one is from a fisherman in Alaska. He's Swedish. Isn't that cute?"

Arthur wheeled his bicycle around.

"So long, Mom," he said.

He always felt a special excitement when he turned into Beverly Hills. And the first glimpse of the big house made him catch his breath.

He jumped off his bike when he saw the horse trailer in the driveway. He snapped the rack into place and ran down the path across the garden. Sure enough, his father's famous Palomino was in the trailer. Arthur clambered up on the wheel. The horse rolled his eyes and picked up his ears.

"Hi, Gold," Arthur said. "How'd ya boy!"

He touched the shining head with his fingers. There was a footstep on the gravel and he turned to see the driver standing beside him.

"That's my dad's horse," he explained. And then, because the man looked suspicious, he asked, casually: "Going on location?"

"Big Pine," the man said.

Someone slapped him on the back. It was Bert, his father's secretary. "Had that ride yet, Artie?" Bert asked.

"I haven't been over lately," Arthur said, jumping down.

THE maid remembered him, after looking twice. She said, "You've grown, sonny," and opened the door. He crossed the wide hall and followed the sound of voices. When he saw his father, he was standing at the bar in the playroom. He'd just come from work, because he still wore his riding breeches and boots, with a braided jacket and a silk bandanna about his neck. He was a slim, handsome man and just then he was laughing: white teeth in a dark face. There were other people in the room—Rita, his wife, and Mr. Hummert, his agent, and some others. They stopped talking when Arthur arrived in the doorway. Johnny Miller turned.

"Well, Artie!" he said. "Good Lord, look at that boy! You've grown a foot!"

Arthur rubbed his palm against his coat before they shook hands. Then he

sat in a red leather chair and talk that he didn't quite follow went on around him. Now and again Johnny's eyes discovered him, and he would smile as if he were going to speak, but someone would get his attention. It was always this way. Nobody could be busier.

Rita, his wife, sat briefly on the arm of Arthur's chair. She was very young and very beautiful; she was always pleasant.

"We haven't seen you for a long time, Arthur."

"I've been busy," he said.

"How's Gloria?"

He twirled his cap. "She's fine."

Rita's lips were near his ear.

"Need any money?"

He shook his head.

"Johnny'll be through soon," she said.

"Be patient, dear."

"Haven't got a thing to do," he said.

"I just came over."

She was going to Big Pine, too, she said.

"Was there anything special you wanted to see Johnny about—or could I take care of it?"

He shook his head.

"Just came to see him," he said.

"Then I'll pack," Rita decided, rising.

She smiled and waved from the door. She gave him a warm feeling, just her attitude toward him. It was as if she wanted to be a good friend of his, but there wasn't time.

THE phone rang.

"Look here, you fellows," said Johnny, as he picked up the phone. "I don't see this boy twice a year any more. Get the hell out of here."

He winked at Arthur as he talked on the phone. Arthur grinned. His cap spun off his finger to the middle of the room and he retrieved it, reaching between the feet of departing guests. Then Johnny hung up the receiver and said heartily: "Come along while I change, son."

Arthur walked at his father's side down the long hall. He could smell sage and horses and whisky.

They went up the stairs, side by side, two steps at a time. Johnny said, "Gee, I've never seen such long legs!" And he felt of Arthur's muscle and said: "You'll be bigger than I am—taller." They moved into his suite, Johnny undressing as they walked. He was rushed, he said.

His body was tanned and slim as a boy's. He was hard and his stomach was flat, not like Mr. Wooten's, and underneath his healthy skin the blood glowed red as he scrubbed with the towel. Arthur sat on the bed. But there wasn't much chance to talk because Bert came in with some papers. They were canceling a personal appearance in New York because the shooting date on The Rider of Lonely Pass had been moved up, by Mr. Seidler. And Johnny didn't like the photographs Mr. Seidler was using in the ads for The Buckaroo. Was that front office crazy? "There's a chin line I don't like," he said. Standing there before the mirror, he didn't look much more than twenty-four or twenty-five. He was forty-seven.

"Well, Artie! How's things with Gloria?"

"Pretty good," Arthur said.

He wished Bert would leave the room.

"Married again?"

There was a hard twinkle in Johnny's eyes, a brief, wry smile at the corner of his lips. Bert, too, looked up.

He kept his eyes on his cap, and said:

"No."

"Let's see—four times altogether, isn't it?"

"Four times," Arthur said, "including you."

"This is a crazy town," said Johnny. He turned suddenly from the mirror. "Say! Didn't you have a birthday a while ago?"

Arthur flushed proudly.

"I'm twelve."

"Get my check?"

He shook his head.

"What?"

Bert rose apprehensively.

"You didn't mention it to me, Mr. Miller."

"I wrote it!"

"But you didn't mention it!" said Bert.

"Must I mention everything?" Johnny asked. He snapped his fingers in exasperation and turned to the wardrobe. He began to throw suits out on the bed. Bert helped him. In the lapel pocket of a gray suit they found a check for fifty dollars. "I knew it!" said Johnny. "Here, son!" Then he snapped at Bert: "Damn it, Bert, I shouldn't have to tell you such things! That's dated two months ago—two months!" The anger left his face slowly. He said, "Sorry, Arthur."

Arthur shifted uncomfortably.

"I didn't come for a check, or anything like that," he said. "I just came over."

THERE was more to say but Bert, putting the suits back, paused as if he didn't want to miss anything. Johnny put on his coat. He was still upset.

"One of these days, Arthur," he said, "you will have to go out on location with me. Be fun for you, wouldn't it, boy?"

"Gosh, yes," Arthur said. "I should say so!"

"Ride the Palomino—eh? How'd that be?"

Bert grinned. And in the heavy silence it seemed that surely this time Johnny, too, would realize that this promise was never fulfilled—that it had been repeated a dozen times with the same heartiness and the same warm understanding, pal to pal. Only he never got around to it. It never was the right time. Arthur was the only one who could see how this would be. Gloria couldn't. And Bert couldn't. But he could. There was a special glory about this house and the man before the mirror; it was a dazzling room, a breath-taking experience to be sitting on Johnny Miller's bed, and to be his son. Always he thought, with pride, when he saw the name glittering on the marquee: "He is my father," or "I am his son." He'd known the special respect of other boys as long as he could remember, because of this. Whenever

he changed schools—as he always did when Gloria got married—the boys came to stand in groups around him, listening with grave respect to what he had to say because he was Johnny Miller's son. And they were more respectful in the public schools than in the private ones—they were awed in the public schools.

He frowned at Bert. He folded the check and put it carefully away in his pocket.

"I guess I'll buy a horse with this fifty dollars," he said. "There's a fellow offered to buy me a horse, over in Arizona, but I'd rather get one of my own, with this fifty dollars. Then I could say it was a birthday present. It would be, wouldn't it?"

Johnny was dressed now. He threw a tweed topcoat over his arm and put on a felt hat, with a feather in the band, and took a final look about the room. Bert said, "So long, Arthur," and went out. They were alone.

"Well, son, I'm afraid I'll have to go."

"Okay." Arthur stood up. He followed his father out into the hall and down the stairs. Rita met them on the landing. She was dressed for driving, also, looking very charming in a sweater and a plaid skirt. She greeted them gaily and they walked down the stairs, arm in arm. Arthur felt dizzy again.

A studio car stood in the driveway. The trailer was gone. Rita walked around and got in, and there was another moment when he could have said goodbye to Johnny. They were alone again.

"Well, son—was there anything else?"

Arthur put his cap on. He didn't look up as he adjusted the visor over his right eyebrow.

"No, sir. I just came over." He put out his hand. "I appreciate the horse you gave me for my birthday," he said. "Thank you very much."

Johnny gave him a playful poke in the ribs.

"One of these days," he said, "you'll have to go with me. I'll give you a ring."

"Drop you anywhere, Arthur?" Rita asked.

He shook his head. The tires crunched on the gravel. Johnny's hand waved out of the window of the moving car.

Arthur wheeled his bicycle down the driveway. He rode slowly homeward along the side streets, so that he could be alone with a dream. Those kids in the public school, over in Phoenix, would be pretty impressed, he guessed, when they saw him riding around on a horse that had been given to him for a birthday present by his father, Johnny Miller.

"I was merely explaining how much less oil he'd use if he installed Sealed Power Piston Rings."

Granny O'Seal



Seal the cylinders! Save oil!

"What will Sealed Power Rings do for my car?"

"But can't you use cheaper rings than Sealed Power?"

"What exclusive features? What engineering?"

Look for the Sealed Power Girl—the trade mark of quality in motor parts. And ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Any car dealer or repairman can supply them. Be sure he uses the Sealed Power Oil Economy Manual in checking your motor for piston, valve, bearing or other defects.

"They will restore pep and power to your motor and bring back new-car oil and gasoline economy, too."

"Sealed Power Rings cost no more than other good rings. You don't pay a dime extra for Sealed Power engineering, quality materials and exclusive features."

"Well, Gyrex Finish, that prevents ring twist. And Granoseal Surface, which reduces friction 60%, ends scuffing. As to engineering, Sealed Power makes rings for 12 out of the 22 makes of cars. These 12 manufacturers produce over 80% of America's automobiles."

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LAURENCE REYNOLDS



OLD DRUM BREAKING ALL RECORDS? THAT'S NO SURPRISE TO ME!



"IT'S TOPS IN QUALITY AT A PRICE THAT'S RIGHT"

"Some of the boys threw a birthday party for me a few months ago. One of them brought over a couple of bottles of Old Drum. And, mister, at my first taste I sure knew I had been missing something. If you like a whiskey really smooth and mellow, Old Drum sure is it. It's blended whiskey, of course—the only kind I'll drink.

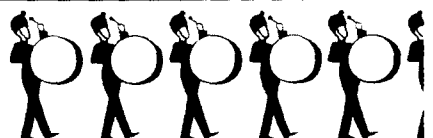
"But my real surprise was when I found out how little it cost. You couldn't ask for a better whiskey. So right then and there, I decided, 'It's Old Drum for me from now on!'"



"NO, SIR, IT DOESN'T surprise me a bit that Old Drum is breaking sales records right and left. Folks around here are certainly taking to Old Drum in a big way. Take a tip from me. It's tops in quality at a price that's right."



SALES POINTING TO NEW HIGH IN 1940!



THROUGHOUT THE NATION, Old Drum sales are going up and up and up! What finer testimony could America give to the smooth flavor and mellow quality of this fine whiskey—to the fairness of its price?

OLD DRUM BRAND

Blended Whiskey

Old Drum Brand BLENDED WHISKEY—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Man-Size Television

By Owen P. White

THE pictures on this page are color photographs of luminescent materials taken by their own light. They are the first pictures of their kind ever made.

A luminescent substance will shine in the dark when acted upon by a stream of electrons.

The "screen" upon which a television picture appears is the end of a vacuum tube coated with one of these substances. The picture itself is produced by an electron beam playing upon the luminescent material.

Willemite—zinc silicate—has been the substance most commonly used for this purpose. It serves fairly well for small pictures, but its soft, greenish light will not produce an image brilliant enough for projection upon a large movie screen. To a considerable degree, the future of television depends upon larger and brighter pictures. Hence the importance of the research work for the development of more perfect luminescent materials, of which these pictures are a product.

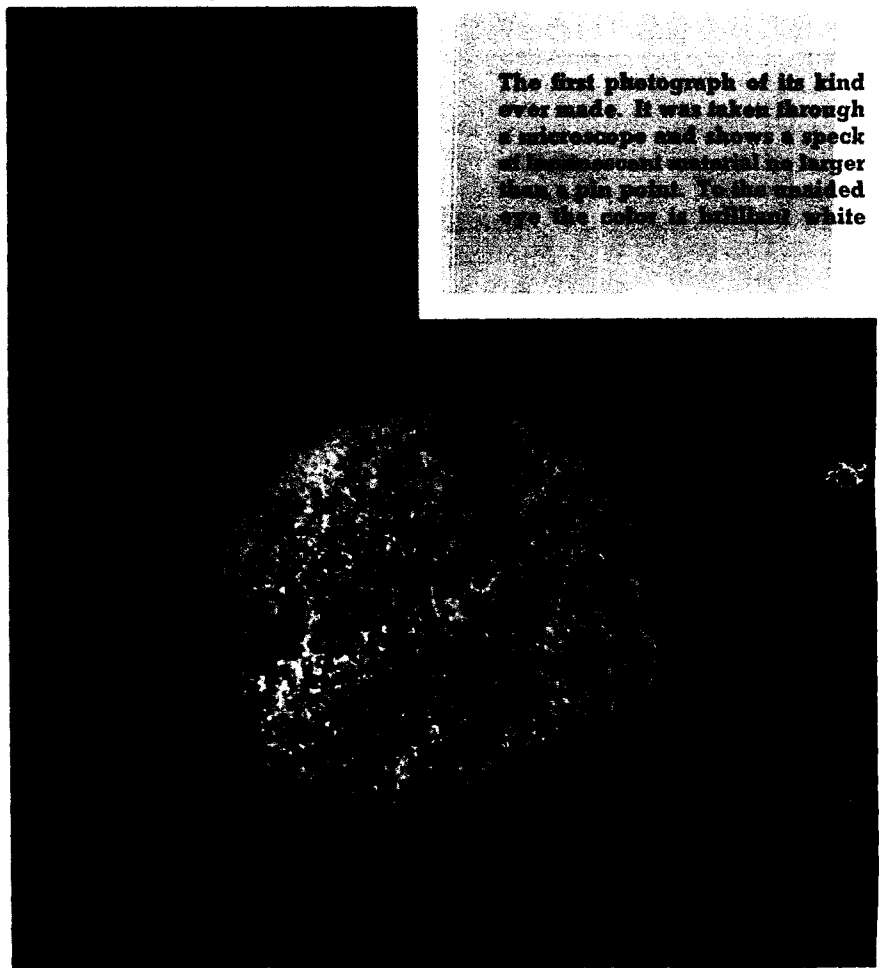
The essential fact about Willemite—and the sulphides of zinc, barium, calcium and strontium as well—is that the pure salts will not luminesce at all. They require the addition of some other metal, called an activator.

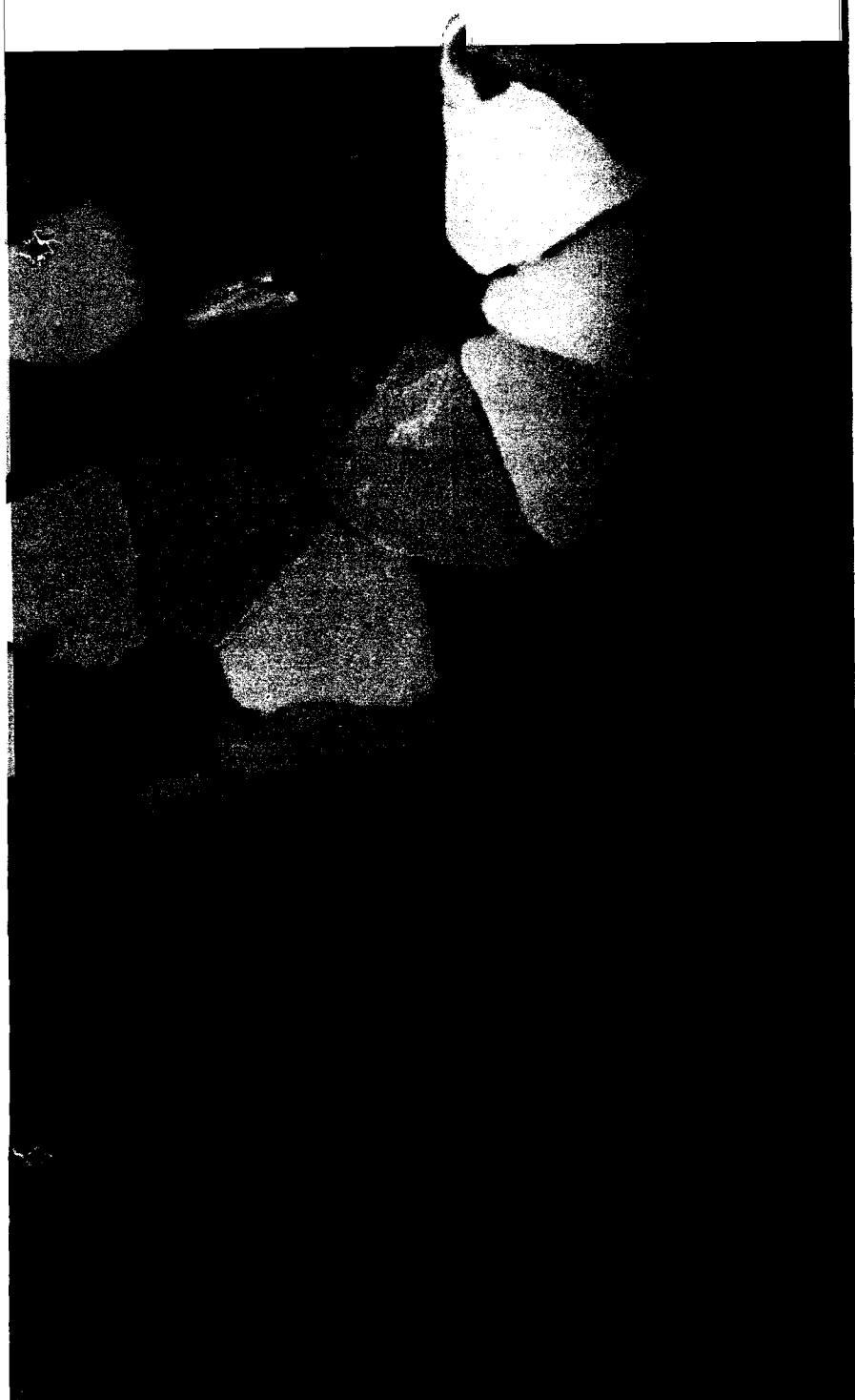
The amount of this activator must be small. For the best results it must be very small indeed.

The research workers in the RCA laboratory at Harrison, New Jersey, use concentrations of the activator as low as one part in ten million. Since equally minute concentrations of some other metallic salt, such as iron, cobalt, lead or nickel, will "poison" the material and ruin its luminescent properties, the experimenters realized that the purest chemicals known were not nearly

A variety of luminescent materials under bombardment by ultra-violet light. By changing the ingredients any shade of color can be produced. The exhibits shown are slightly magnified.

The first photograph of its kind ever made. It was taken through a microscope and shows a speck of luminescent material no larger than a pin point. To the unaided eye the color is brilliant white.





pure enough for the work in hand.

Water, for instance. The laboratory contains a row of glass cases enclosing a series of stills for purifying water. Distilled water is used to start with. It is redistilled three times in glass containers, then a fourth time in quartz (to get rid of any trace of sodium from the glass) and, finally, a fifth time in a platinum still (to remove any taint of silica from the quartz). After that it is considered usable.

The laboratory itself would put the finest surgical operating room to shame. It consists of four sections, one inside the other and separated by dust filters. The air pressure within is kept higher than outside, thus effectively excluding air-borne impurities. Consequently, there is no solid matter of any kind in suspension in the air. An ordinary gas flame in this laboratory burns invisibly.

With this equipment experimenters are able to measure and control ingredients to the ten-millionth part of a gram—a quantity far below the resolving power of any microscope.

Different materials luminesce in different colors with, of course, different wave lengths of light. These wave lengths are measured and the energy of the light is measured by an ingenious little machine which cost about \$50,000

to build. It contains a spectroscope, an electric eye and an electron multiplier. The multiplier increases the energy of the luminescent light three hundred thousand times and thus enables it to trace its own curve on a chart.

The old rules for color don't hold for luminescent light. Blue paint mixed with yellow paint produces green. In the lower picture you can see blue and yellow luminescent material as it appears under a microscope.

To the naked eye the result is a brilliant, cold, white light. It is, in fact, the answer to the requirements for a brilliant image to make projected television possible.

But that's not all this laboratory has produced. In the course of their experiments Dr. G. R. Shaw and Mr. H. W. Leverenz, who have been carrying on their research since 1930, have found out how to produce any hue or tint of any conceivable color. Before them lies a color range of unlimited extent. What are they going to do with it? Produce television in color? That's undoubtedly within the range of possibilities.

But that isn't all. These experimenters are learning to produce and control a new form of light. There's many a corner it may brighten before they're through. ★★★

Dear Diary:



I SAID "YES" TONIGHT



HARRY DANCED DIVINELY, but his slick, shiny hair made him look like a glamor boy. And besides, I simply couldn't bear the thought of that greasy goo he used coming off on our sofa and pillow. Many's the time I wanted to say, "good grief, use Kreml!"



DICK MADE MONEY hand over fist, but his bald head made him look so old and sugar-daddyish I was afraid people would think I was marrying him to feather my nest. It might have been different if he had used Kreml with massage when he did have his hair.



TOM WAS WITTY, a barrel of fun, but I kept saying "no." His hot-tentot hair simply got my goat. A little Kreml would have fixed it, but he insisted on using water as a dressing—water that washed away natural oils, leaving his hair dry and stiff and impossible to keep combed.



HEADS ALWAYS WIN, they say, when the coin is tossed for luck. Anyway, I said "yes" to George tonight, and that means goodbye to Tom, Dick and Harry. I hate messy hair. I hate loose dandruff and stray hairs on a man's coat. George wins. He uses Kreml.

Kreml is the famous tonic-dressing that removes dandruff scales, checks excessive falling hair and relieves itching scalp—and at the same time acts as a marvelous dressing without being sticky or greasy.

Women tell us that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80 per cent olive oil base, it cleans hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML



REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

The Sensible Way

Continued from page 16

Feb. 20.
Cynthia was one year
old today. I had just
poured her Dole Pineapple
Juice, turned away a
moment and she started
to help herself.



HELP YOURSELF...

When you come home all tired at night,
Or need a breakfast appetite,
Or guests or children have a thirst—
For refreshment, for enjoyment,
Dole Pineapple Juice is first!

**BECOME AN EXPERT
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Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 340-HA, Chicago. A Correspondence Institution

DON'T BE TIRED!

Fagged out night after night? Quick lifts only pick you up to let you down harder. The sure way to fight fatigue is to increase your *endurance*! Do it by this new method that works for most people...both men and women.

Just drink 4 envelopes Knox Gelatine daily for 2 weeks...then 2 a day for 2 weeks. After that, drink as required.

Drink it *regularly*. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Drink in the morning when you get up, again at night...and don't forget.

Cost? Less than a pack of cigarettes a day. Plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) is the only gelatine *proved* to increase endurance. Bacteriologically controlled to standards higher than certified milk. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the familiar 4-envelope package, or the new 32-envelope money-saving package. Ask your grocer or write Knox Gelatine. Also send for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Dept. 70.

HOW TO DRINK: Empty 1 env. (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in ¾ glass of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.

enjoying it. He was getting what he wanted, rest and sun and a little foreign atmosphere, and he had a pretty girl to talk to. Of course, the days weren't absolutely flawless. Every now and then there would be an incident.

One day they went shopping for huarachos. Maisie said as they started out, "Jeff, you'll have to bargain for me. I just can't do it."

And Jeff said, "I'm not very good at that."

He wasn't. He had no feeling for bargaining. When Maisie looked up at him appealingly and said the price of the pair she had chosen was much too high, Jeff immediately imagined they were being cheated and said so.

The huaracho maker was insulted. He said so. Jeff repeated that just because they were Americans was no reason they should be cheated. The huaracho maker began to shout. He was an honest man. It was he who was being cheated, out of a just reward for his labor.

A crowd began to gather. Out of nowhere, Maisie looked at them, and suddenly it came over her that they did not look quite so picturesque as they had a moment before.

"Pay him," she said. "Pay him what he wants and let's get out of here."

"But a minute ago..." Jeff began. Then he took out money and paid for the shoes, and they walked away.

But no one was happy. After they had gone a few steps the huaracho maker made a sign behind their backs. The crowd laughed. Jeff turned, but all he saw was the dark unsmiling face of the huaracho maker.

However, for almost an hour afterward Maisie could hardly get him to say a word.

But the incidents weren't frequent. Mostly they laughed and talked about the thousands of things there are to talk about. They swam every day, played tennis once, went fishing once. In the evenings they went to the theater or the movies.

ONE night at the movies there was a small incident. A Mexican who sat next to Maisie began to talk to her, and she, properly alarmed, asked Jeff to change seats with her. He did, of course, but the Mexican muttered curses at them through the entire picture. It wasn't until the lights went up at the end that Maisie recognized him as a clerk who had sold her some stuff in a dry-goods store the day before. But by then there was nothing she could do about it. The man was mad.

But that was nothing. By the next morning Jeff seemed to have forgotten all about it. In fact at lunch he asked Maisie to drive out to Pie de la Questa.

That was the eighth day. And it was the day Maisie decided she had made definite progress.

It was a pleasant drive. The road goes over the half-finished and abandoned roadbed of a railroad, through tunnels and over good grades, and gives you pretty glimpses of the sea and the mountains.

Pie de la Questa is a beach, the smoothest, straightest beach in the world perhaps, eighty miles long, up the coast. Where the road from Acapulco stops there is a little collection of huts, white-washed and thatched: actually this is a hotel, but you have to be told before you know.

Maisie and Jeff walked out and sat on the sand and watched the waves crash. You cannot swim at Pie de la Questa, there is no reef to break the force of the rollers there, they come in fifteen or

twenty feet high, quite close, so clear and undisturbed that you can see fish swimming in them; and their crash is so loud you can scarcely talk above it.

Jeff and Maisie watched them, fascinated for half an hour, pointing at the fish, talking almost not at all, smoking an occasional cigarette. Maisie was sitting with her arms around her knees, Jeff was propped up on his elbows, beside her. Once she leaned back to say something to him and found her head was on his shoulder, one of his enormous shoulders, she didn't know quite how it happened, but it was very comfortable, so she left it there.

And after a while she closed her eyes. This is wonderful, she thought, I am happy. I don't know why this is, but I feel better than I ever have in my life.

Jeff put his lips against her hair. "Happy?" he said.

"Very."

"I like it here," Jeff said.

Maisie nodded.

"I'd like to stay here for a long time. Here on this beach. Not see anybody."

"I know," Maisie said. Her heart was pounding. Do you suppose he can hear it? she thought.

"But," he said, "six days more. Then back to people who want ten-room apartments for seventy-five a month."

Maisie laughed. "Are you good at your business?"

"Fair. I'm getting ahead."

Maisie snuggled back against the shoulder. "Jeff..."

"Yes?"

But suddenly the biggest breaker of them all crashed up the beach. Maisie just had time to think. She checked her

first impulse to leap to her feet, instead she threw her arms around Jeff's neck and let him lift her safely, swiftly in his arms, just a second before the water came swirling around his ankles.

"That was a big one," he said and carried her up to dry sand.

Maisie smiled. She did not take her arms away from his neck.

Slowly Jeff put her down, and as her feet touched the ground he kissed her. "You're a beautiful gal," he said.

Maisie turned away from him. She could not have answered if she had wanted to. After a moment they walked back toward the car.

BUT there were no more kisses. Maisie couldn't understand why, but the time or place for kisses just never occurred again. Something was missing, she could feel it. What it was she couldn't even guess. The routine was going on, never failing. And sometimes she would see Jeff look at her tenderly, almost longingly, but when she looked back he would turn his eyes away. Hell, Maisie thought, what did that Philadelphia girl have that I haven't got?

And the time was getting short. Five days, four days, three days left. She and Aunt Florrie were sailing back to New York through the canal; Jeff was going to Mexico City to take a train. Of course, she would see him when they both got back to town, but she would never have this opportunity again of breakfast, luncheon, dinner, all day long.

Maisie got nervous and overplayed. Aunt Florrie said, "You don't seem to be getting on so well."

"I'm doing all right," Maisie said.



"Did you put the producer's cousin in the chorus like I told you to?"

RICHARD TAYLOR

"Has he said anything definite?"
 "Not exactly definite."
 "Well," Aunt Florrie said, "it's your funeral."
 "I know," Maisie said, "I know. . . ."
 And then she began to cry.
 "Baby, don't do that," Aunt Florrie said. "Don't cry. Some nice young fellow is sure to come along who'll love you just the way you are."
 "I don't want some nice young fellow," Maisie said. "I want Jeff. . . ."

AND then it was the last day. There was nothing to do about it, it was the last day. They had the last swim, the last lunch, the last walk through town. The last sun went down. And the whole business took no more than fifteen minutes. Never had a day passed so quickly, and never had a man said less about love and marriage.

But the last dinner was fine. They had drinks till eight and then went up to the dining room. They sat at a table by the open rail and looked out over the slow, darkening Pacific, listened to it slap and swish against the rocks. The dinner was long and hot with strange Mexican dishes. They drank champagne and began to feel very well. At nine an orchestra came and sat on the steps and played Mexican songs. It was a good evening, there were stars and a breeze and music and wine; even Maisie couldn't feel absolutely sad.

And then when it was over Jeff said, "Come on, let's go to the theater. For the last time."

Aunt Florrie said, "Oh, no. You go. I've got to pack."

But Maisie said, "I'd love it," so she and Jeff walked down to the beach and to the big tent.

And that was how the trouble began.

JEFF paid three pesos for tickets and they got seats in the front row. They were only a little late, the play was *The Merry Widow* and it was sung and danced in the same scenery that was used for all the other plays—tragedies, histories, comedies.

The theater was packed. The audience made only slightly less noise than the actors, and the actors came in second to the prompter whose excited head kept popping out of his box in the center of the footlights. Everyone was in a good humor. These citizens of Acapulco came to the theater for fun. They ate and drank and talked. Most of the town was present. And everyone enjoyed the play.

The handsome Jimenez, of course, was Prince Danilo, and even Maisie had to admit he made a handsome figure in his conglomerate uniform. He saw her and smiled—she had been a pretty constant patron for the last six weeks.

The show went on, there was more noise, more laughter, the tent grew almost too hot to stand. Women began to fan themselves with their petticoats. And then, suddenly, it was all over.

But no one left. Tonight there was to be a *Fino Fiesta*, a kind of vaudeville performed by members of the cast. After a wait of twenty minutes it began. A man sang a political song. Another drew fast pictures with chalk, the leading lady sang, her husband juggled and told jokes on the side. There were a couple of others, and a pair of dancers. And then came the last song, in which the whole company joined, kneeling down by the footlights: "Give Me a Kiss."

It was a cute little Mexican song; naturally the words didn't make much sense, but the refrain was constant. And while they sang the actors beckoned to members of the audience to come up and be kissed. Everybody loved it.

Jimenez's giggly little wife was kneeling just in front of Jeff. She smiled at him a couple of times and then beckoned to him. Jeff smiled and turned to Maisie.



"Emma! Emma! Look what I found in the electric meter!"

JAY IRVING

"Shall I go up?" he said.

Maisie made one last effort. "Please don't," she said. "Really, Jeff, you're supposed to be with me. . . ."

So Jeff sat still.

Jimenez saw all this and his face changed. His smile left. His wife had been insulted. She was not good enough for this American. So with his teeth set he pointed straight at Jeff and made the ugliest gesture in the Spanish world. The crowd howled. They all stared and pointed and craned their necks to see Jeff.

Then the curtain came down and it was all over.

Jeff and Maisie walked up through the warm heavy night to the square and sat at a table in front of the Hungarian woman's place. They each had a Scotch and soda.

Maisie talked. She chattered about everything she could think of, from carved rubies to Princeton house parties. She could not bear to have this night end. They had another drink. They laughed. They did not notice that three tables away a half dozen of the actors and actresses, Jimenez one of them, were sitting watching.

In fact, they were aware of nothing but themselves until the waiter came over and said that Señor Jimenez wanted to buy them a drink.

Jeff looked up, surprised. He turned and saw Jimenez, forced a smile, waved a hand, but shook his head.

JIMENEZ came over. "I want to buy the Americans a drink." The way he spoke was an insult, and he was already a little drunk himself.

"Thanks," Jeff said, "we're just leaving."

"You can have one drink."

"We're just going."

"Why do you refuse? Are you too good for me?"

"No. We're leaving."

Jimenez snapped his fingers. "You have no manners."

"That's a matter of opinion," Jeff said.

Jimenez laughed. He bent over and picked up Maisie's hand. "Maybe the lady will have a drink?"

Maisie looked helpless.

"Get away from here," Jeff said.

"You're drunk, get away."

Jimenez dropped Maisie's hand. He turned to Jeff, his face drained almost white, his jaws set. Then with his open palm he hit Jeff across the cheek with all

the force he had. You could hear the smack from one end of the square to the other.

Then everything happened at once. Jeff gave Jimenez a shove that sent him sprawling four tables away. Chairs crashed, a woman screamed.

And from nowhere there was a crowd. To Maisie it looked as if there were hundreds. And they were shouting, and some had sticks, some had ropes. She could see Jimenez getting up, she could see the fury on his face. She could see the other actors, yelling mad, Jimenez's wife, screaming at him. She could hear the threats, the curses, she could feel the Hungarian woman at her elbow, saying, "Come with me, they have knives, this crowd. You get killed. . . ."

AND suddenly as if she had been stabbed herself she remembered. . . . You can get a man killed for sixty-five dollars. . . . Maybe it was true, she had seen it written, maybe it was true.

And every split second they were getting nearer, running in at Jeff. There were stones in the air, and a noise in the air, that ugly low noise of the crowd.

Maisie's stomach went weak. There was no time, no time to think, no time for anything. Only time to know that Jeff, Jeff whom she loved, was going to get hurt, beaten, maybe. . . .

There was only one thing to do and Maisie did it. With one swift grab she picked up a chair and swung it over her head. Then she turned to Jeff and for the fraction of an instant she looked into his eyes. On his face she saw horror, then understanding, then something that looked almost like joy.

Maisie laughed, and with a crash she brought the chair down on Jeff's head.

He went down in a heap.

For a moment there was dead silence. Then the crowd cheered.

Maisie held up her hands. "It's nothing," she said.

Then they came crowding around her. What now, what should they do now?

"To the Mirador," Maisie said, and so, very tenderly, they carried his limp body to a taxi, rode with it up to the hotel, and laid him out on his bed. Then with their hats in their hands they said good night and went away.

THEY were all on the boat, sailing back to New York. Maisie, Aunt Florrie, Jeff. It was the day they were passing through the canal. Jeff now had only a small piece of adhesive plaster over one eye.

Aunt Florrie said, "I'll never understand it. No man should forgive a woman for hitting him over the head with a chair. Not in public."

"Nonsense," Jeff said. "I loved it."

"Of course," Maisie said. "It brought us together."

Jeff smiled at her fondly. "If it hadn't been for that chair, I might have gone away thinking Maisie was just a stupid little half-wit, and not my wonderful, brilliant, beautiful sweetheart."

"How you go on!" Maisie said.

Aunt Florrie laughed. "It's a good thing I had those smelling salts." Then she frowned. "I wonder why I carry them. I've never fainted in my life."

Maisie took a swallow of a very strong Martini she was drinking. Then she leaned back in her chair and put her feet up on the one beside her. "This is wonderful," she said. "No strain, no worry. I've got a man and I can relax."

Her glance happened to fall on her feet, stretched out before her. And she saw that the lace of one of her shoes had come untied.

"Look," Maisie said, and pointed.

"Look, Jeff."

Jeff looked. He looked long and carefully. Then slowly, slowly he shook his head.

"The hell with it," he said.

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Continued from page 13

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all contestants post one hundred dollars as a guarantee of their sanity—otherwise called good faith. Quite a number of wild men got in anyway. Prizes of \$20,000 and \$15,000 were offered for what the Navy considered the best designs and presently the Navy announced that it was about to let contracts for what it hoped would turn out to be the most efficient suicide scooters in the world. They'd have, perhaps, a cruising range of two thousand miles and their value as nuisances to any enemy would, they hoped, be enormous. And they'd have to do better than forty knots while discharging their deadly duty.

Just where we were to get power plants for these sea-skipping terrors was more of a problem than any early advocate had bargained for. Three or four engine builders were interviewed but even the White House agreed that such important parts of these new boats were not to be turned over to companies that could not guarantee to turn engines out in quantity, at short notice, backed by experience and ample financial substance. Thus the matter of building adequate engines presently narrowed down to Vimalert and Packard—the other important engine builders being assured that they'd be considered later if the experiment in speedboats warranted their spending the money to build such engines.

They Wanted Speedboats—Now!

And that, the Navy hoped, was that. Contracts were signed with private ship-building companies to build eight wave-hoppers and the Navy decided to show what it could do by building two eighty-one-footers itself, one with an aluminum body, in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. They were to vary in size, not that we'd eventually build them of different length, but to discover if possible which length would be more suitable—fifty-nine-footers, or eighty-one.

But one day last summer, Mr. Edison, having had a long conference at the White House, called in the Navy's construction bosses and asked them when the President might expect to see a few samples. He was told that they'd be ready for trial sometime in the spring and that tests would consume all of the summer and perhaps much of the early fall. At best they told him we could not hope to have a flotilla of them until, say, the summer or fall of 1941.

Mr. Edison was not pleased. Neither was the Navy when it heard what had happened. Several businessmen who were not accustomed to squander time had been talking to Mr. Roosevelt. Just what they said to him and what he replied is not on record. But here, eliminating a great deal of detail, is what had happened.

In England Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, of the British Power Boat Company, Ltd., a speedboat driver of wide renown, had built a seventy-foot skimmer reputedly capable of fifty miles an hour over nine-foot seas. It was equipped with Rolls-Royce engines, carried four torpedo tubes and two machine guns in tiny turrets. He had negotiated with the British Admiralty, which after some true British hemming and hawing decided to build its own. Obviously Mr. Scott-Paine was not cheered by this news. Nor was he overjoyed when the British government, scenting war, announced that Rolls-Royce engines might not hereafter be available to anyone not using them in conjunction with British defense plans.

Therefore, Mr. Scott-Paine looked about for other customers. He sold twenty or thirty of his boats to Holland. And his company had representatives working on Sweden, Portugal, Egypt and other governments. Apparently Finland, having something of an idea of what she was later to be in for, was in the market too. But Finland was avoiding the appearance of war preparation by letting Sweden do her dickering.

At any rate Mr. Scott-Paine's boat had won the approval of experts who were saying that if any nation wanted a suicide fleet of this sort, they could do no better at the moment than go to Mr. Scott-Paine. So here, said Mr. Edison to the doubtful Navy men, was a boat that would give the President something to demonstrate his opinions with. Why putter and dally? Why ask the President to wait until 1941 for his speedboat fleet? Why not buy Mr. Scott-Paine's sea-hopper, fetch it hither, pay Mr. Scott-Paine a royalty on each craft and build these boats in an American yard? Indeed, added Mr. Edison, it had been decided to do just that. Several of the more outspoken Navy men let Mr. Edison understand that they didn't care much for the idea of going to England or an Englishman for designs and models. But Mr. Edison is a bit stubborn. Without choosing his words for their softness, he repeated that he and Mr. Roosevelt would like a few of Scott-Paine's torpedo-skimmers.

The Navy men retired, cursing themselves for having been caught flat-footed. Some weeks before, Mr. Henry R. Sutphen, vice-president of the Electric Boat Company of Groton, Connecticut, had talked to Mr. Roosevelt. Almost

immediately thereafter, Mr. Sutphen had gone to England, interviewed Mr. Scott-Paine, bought his boat and the American rights for something like \$300,000 and fetched him and the boat, stowed away in the hull of a liner, back to America. Mr. Scott-Paine being an exceedingly intelligent gentleman and not being in the boat business for the mere thrill of it, signed an agreement whereby he would receive a royalty from the Electric Boat Company on each boat of his design turned out by Mr. Sutphen's firm. They arrived, boat and all, last September.

Good, but Not That Good

Mr. Scott-Paine tuned up his boat at Block Island, off Rhode Island. With a couple of Navy trial-board officers aboard, he took the wheel and took them for what they described in their report was a quite satisfactory but bruising ride. The wind was blowing thirty-five knots and the sea was co-operating with a mean chop. No bones were broken but everybody knew that they'd been pounding down the sea in a craft that had not been built to cure a nervous breakdown. Subsequently a number of fanciful stories got loose—that here was a torpedo speedboat that could do fifty miles an hour over nine-foot seas, in the meantime blasting targets with torpedoes and picking off enemies with machine guns. Mr. Scott-Paine's boat will not do that. Nor, says the Navy, with evidence to back them up, will any other designer's speedboat. At least it won't do fifty miles through nine-foot seas twice. It will die miserably the first time. Moreover, no rider could stand it.



"Now, you follow this road—"

LEONARD DOVE

Anyway, it was a good boat, and, the Navy men agreed, if we had to have such a skimmer immediately here it was.

Shortly thereafter, the Messrs. Scott-Paine and Sutphen having had a talk with the President and Mr. Edison, American boatbuilders were hurled into a red frenzy. Mr. Edison announced that Mr. Sutphen's company had been chosen to build twenty-three Scott-Paine scooters for approximately \$218,000 apiece. There was, of course, no competition. Only the Electric Boat Company was licensed to build the British boats that Mr. Roosevelt and the secretary wanted.

A number of our best Navy men are still deaf as a result of the din. In vain did Mr. Edison assure all who would listen that the boats would be built by American labor with American materials, including the engines. It solaced none of the chagrined Americans that Mr. Edison was of the opinion that the Scott-Paine model lent itself to mass production, which, if the type was manufactured in large lots, would mean employment for many American workers. And where else, demanded Mr. Edison, could we get boats so good or so quickly? The howling hasn't stopped yet.

The Navy was quietly sympathetic, agreeing discreetly with the American builders. But the Navy made no formal protest until it learned that the Packard people had been approached by a gentleman who had taken part in the Scott-Paine negotiations. This gentleman, who was claiming with some right that he had been Packard's advocate when the company's power plants were chosen, wanted a commission or, as he called it, an "override" on each Packard motor installed in the Scott-Paine boats built for the United States Navy. Packard flatly refused the request. The Navy Department, although agreeing that they couldn't shoot a fellow for trying, told Packard that if this gentleman was to get his override, Packard motors would not be used. The gentleman is not getting his override on any motor installed in any speedboat built for the government of the United States.

The Poor Man's Battleship

Delivery of the Scott-Paine boats will begin almost any day now—and they had better be good. The Navy trial board is prepared to make them do everything short of singing Rule Britannia. They will cost, as we've told you, about \$218,000 or a little more than \$5,000,000 for the twenty-three. The Navy contends that it can build the same size scooters for less. The Navy says, too, that had the whole experiment been left in their hands, the fifteen million dollars might have been sufficient to demonstrate to the President the efficiency or lack of efficiency of a suicide fleet. But with five million going to the Electric Boat Company, the original appropriation will not be enough to conclude the Navy's own experiments as originally planned. Therefore Congress is going to be asked for \$10,000,000 more, and the Navy is not at all sure that they'll get it. Anyway, if and when they ask for it, a jury of infuriated patriots will be present to say what they think of British speedboats—particularly those that were always being licked by Gar Wood.

Even the Scott-Paine boats are experimental as far as our Navy is concerned. After the first deliveries are made and trials run, it may be that the Navy will recommend that we build no more, that they will not be of sufficient service to warrant a large flotilla of them. Whether the Navy's decision will be final is one of the interesting questions the Navy is pondering.

Why twenty-three of the Scott-Paine boats were ordered when four or six of

them would serve to make the experiment is a far easier question to answer. To get any of them it was necessary to place an order large enough to give the Electric Boat Company and Mr. Scott-Paine a profit they considered worth while. Moreover, the President and Mr. Edison wanted enough of them to experiment with on both coasts under different conditions. But the Electric Boat Company has no idea that these twenty-three Scott-Paines will be the end of their wooden warrior building. The company has erected a \$750,000 speedboat plant at Bayonne, New Jersey. And it did not spend all that money merely to build twenty-three suicide boats for the United States Navy. What other orders it may have or is dickering for is none of our particular business; but if the United States orders no more, perhaps other governments will—in South America, for example.

Navy men were quick to call these new swifties Cinderellas. As that dazed maiden had her brief night of glory, so will suicide sleds fail to survive the day. So say the Navy skeptics. They're called, too, the Poor Man's Navy. They might serve as coast defenders for little nations with water fronts but no money. The Philippine government bought a few from Germany after discovering that what she wanted—a destroyer or two—cost eight million dollars apiece.

Ten Years Too Late

But the term Suicide Boat (disliked by the Navy and indignantly repudiated by the President's advisers) is far from inapt.

Let's say that an enemy battleship, or a whole fleet of men of war aiming at our destruction, hovers off our shores blasting us with high explosive. Our fleet has been sunk. Having bombarded us for a time to shatter our morale, that fleet will move in to land invaders.

Groups of suicide boats—fifty, eighty, a hundred of them perhaps—will make our last defiant gesture. Each carries four torpedoes. By fives, tens and twenties they set forth for the huge warships ten, twenty miles offshore. They can make it in twenty minutes, half an hour. And their mission is plain. They'll speed forth, leaping from wave top to wave top at forty miles an hour. They can't count on stealth. They roar as only speedboats can roar. The enemy will hear them long before they're visible. If they were a trifle quieter they might get away with their heroic assignment with less peril. Some of them might even return to know the adulation of a hysterically grateful people.

But noise or no noise, they'll be expected to speed to the very steel sides of the enemy fleet, shatter it with their torpedoes and die like men. They'll be expected to get so close that the huge enemy cannot bring a gun to bear upon them. Of course the enemy's destroyers may get them before they close in. If not, they'll murder them afterward. And it isn't impossible that so commonplace a thing as a floating log or spar might ruin them before they get halfway out. They're pretty tender, easily pierced. Everything is sacrificed to speed. Even a ten-foot sea can hurl them into the trough hard enough to break their backs if they're traveling with throttles wide open.

But maybe all this won't be necessary. They may be assigned to guard the mouths of the Panama Canal. They may find jobs lurking around Guam, Hawaii, Puerto Rico. Or it may be that presently they'll be turned over to the Coast Guard. We were talking to a Coast Guard officer about that.

"Okay," he said, "but we should have had them ten years ago—during prohibition. The rumrunners had 'em—everything except the torpedo tubes."

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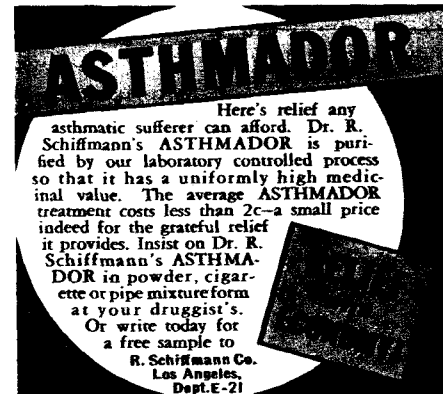
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tonnage off the shoulder and rolling again, into the lather of the rain.

He started to hum While a Cigarette Was Burning, in a meaty baritone, as he mechanically eased up on the pedal in face of blinding headlights around a curve ahead; some wise guy who was so good he didn't need to dim for anybody.

Shag's humming never reached the end of the first bar. It wasn't the wise guy ahead; it was the fool who'd been coming up to settle on the truck's tail and all of a sudden didn't settle but whipped out to try to pass now, under the very guns of meeting.

Shag's hands and feet knew it first. By the time his brain had grasped the idiot act his brakes were hollering for more than he dared give them and his right-hand tires were out on the shoulder trying to get a bite of gravel mush. . . . And it was all over; the wise guy going by and away rearward with a rise and fall of scared horn; the fool miraculously nipped through by the grace of Shag's pull-out and the skin of his fenders. Shag's throat opened up again, and in the hollow of his cab he began to yell blasphemies, and then lightning came.

Lightning veiled and made twice luminous now, all over white. In it, pressed to the rear window of the fool car ahead, Shag saw a face; saw it as no more than a blanched triangular spot with a black mouth ajar. But in that wink Shag got the feeling: "It's either a kid or a dame." And he saw that the car was an old sedan—tan-colored.

He had never quite stopped rolling. Now, taking care of his weight, he was back again on the asphalt. It couldn't have been more than a couple of miles farther on, five or six minutes. How so many cars and so many police could have swarmed together in so short a time was a marvel; it always is. But on such a night! Water, water, everywhere, slanting across headlights, bouncing on asphalt, running off into the ditch and around the old tan sedan there, lying on its side, looking up into the rain with its right-hand windows.

Some man with a tarpaulin was just covering from sight a form laid out on the road's edge, all but the feet; Shag saw that the shoes had high heels. Other feet stuck out of the muddy water under the car in the ditch. The shoes on them were male. Evidently there was nothing to be done.

JUST as Shag came to a stop there was a rattle of shots off there; a state officer, Shag's late friend, appeared at a run, called to another, "Joe got him," and then immediately fell to making pushing motions at people.

"Move on, all of you—get going—step on it. . . . On your way, Big Boy. I mean you."

But then the cop recognized him. "Oh, it's you, Codfish." He stepped on the running board at Shag's elbow, still making pushing motions at the opposite file.

Shag said: "They passed me all right. After you, though. What happened?" "Tried to shoot it out with Joe Matten, the fool young toughy. . . . That is if there were only the three in her, two guys and the skirt. . . ."

But the policeman had dropped off to hop a laggard the other way.

So that was over, and that was that, and it was a long night yet to Hoboken. He roared the gas a little as he slid into third. It was this that covered the click of the opening of the door on the dark side, the side hidden from the traffic.

Shag knew by the sudden wind and

wet on his cheek. Before he could do anything, speak, or catch more than a shadowy glimpse of the figure that twisted in off the running board, he got the bad news.

"Keep going! I gotta gun." Click, the door was closed, the air in the cab was dead again.

"You hear? I gotta gun." "Sure—okay—I'm keepin' goin', ain't I?"

"You're not, you're going slower." "Yeh, but look, gee—" Shag kept his eyes out on the clear lane ahead, through the half-moon cleaned by the wiper. Then too, somewhere coming was the rat-a-tat of a motorcycle. It was worth a try. "Yeh, but look, gee, you don't want me to bump into this tanker right ahead, do you?"

"Where? I—I don't see any—" It was a nice piece of animal co-ordination. Foot bang on brake, left hand tight on wheel, more a grab than a blow. It was only half lucky, a glancing, slithering business, but it was enough. While the truck still slid, Shag took a quick look at the "gun" snagged in his fingers. A limp, cheap, silver-mesh purse. His jaw hung. Dropping the thing, he reached over and got his hand in a wet tangle of half-long hair, turned up out of the heap that cowered in the corner a dim-gray three-cornered face with a frightened black hole of a mouth in it. His tongue clucked. Astonishment, wonder, fast-working worry and a dumb kind of tickled delight; another might have found an emotion so many-sided hard to handle in one lump. Not this truck driver, Shag.

"Hy, babe, howdy!" "Mister—oh, please!"

Shag had the gear in and going and his head out of the window by the time

the motorcycle cop ranged up. Smooth, bright grin of the companions of the road. "You're right, Officer, I'm a dumb cluck. I go into a stall. Now, see, I'm rollin'."

He had been rolling for a mile and was in the clear and dark of the highway before he spoke to the girl: "How come you got clear? Threwed?"

"I don't know," she replied sulkily. "No? . . . And where you think you're goin' now here with me?"

"I don't know." "How old are you? Runnin' round pullin' this moll stuff?"

"I don't know. I—I mean—seven—I'm seventeen."

"What's your name?" "De-Deanne de-de Harcourt."

"Yeah? I s'pose her, back there, she was Greta de Garbo."

"Was? Why—why do you say—"

FOR the first time Shag had a good look at the face, jerked forward into the little light from the dash dials. The hair was a sodden mess; two streaks across the brow showed where Shag's fingers had dragged oil grime when he grabbed; from the mouth, ugly with strain, red pigment had run down on the soft-fleshed, slightly pointed chin. But Shag knew a thing or two, and the eyes, he noted, were wide-set, brown and big.

"You'd make a pretty thing for some guy."

"Mister, tell me, please! Myrtle? She laid on the road. I saw by the car lights. They put something over her."

"Come to, kid. Your friend Myrtle is through. And she's got nothin' on the boy friends."

"Them too?" "Why, was one of 'em your particular?"



"What's this I hear about young Van Gilder making a pass at you? Honest?"

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"What?"
 "Boy friend."
 "How could they be when I—I didn't even know 'em?"
 "Now listen, babe! Not with me."
 "But I didn't, I tell you, honest, honest! Even Myrtle, she didn't hardly know 'em—just they were Fred and Finney from Bridgeport or somewhere—and I—I kept telling Myrtle, no I couldn't go with her tonight, I was scared my folks or my brother would find out—honest I kept telling that, this afternoon, after school, I could show you right where, on Bank Street."
 "Bank Street? So? New London, eh?"
 "I did. And Myrtle, she kept saying, aw come on, be a sport; you'll like 'em when you meet 'em, they're swell fellows—because Myrtle, they wanted her to get some girl friend like me so we could all go to the pictures and then maybe dine and dance a little somewhere—and how would anybody know—because Myrtle said they didn't know her name even, and she could be Alycia and I could be Deanna—Deanna—"
 "De Harcourt." Shag enjoyed sarcasm, when he could do it.
 "And so—then—after the picture—"

"SO YOU never suspect they're stick-ups. That your story?"
 "Honest—Oh, honest! When they came running out of that hamburger place with guns—"

"Came running! You didn't go in—you stayed in the car all innocent. That your story, Toots?"

"Honest I—I didn't go in any place—I—I was getting so scared somebody might see me that knew me—and—neither did Myrtle go in, n-n-not there." Suddenly the girl's hand was on his wrist on the wheel, clawing it for belief, cold as ice. "It's the truth—the G-God's tr-tr-tr—" No use. Her teeth had gone to chattering too hard.

Shag put her hand off, ran his own up over the sleeve of the thin sweater she wore, over the sodden shoulders and body. Reaching behind him into the cuddly shelf above the seat he brought a grease-black sheep coat tumbling down.

"Take it off, baby."
 "Take—wh-what?"
 "That sweater."
 "Oh, but I—but I can't—I—I've got nothing—"

"Don't be sil. Come on. Over your head, sweetheart. Strip 'er!"
 She was cowering back in her corner again. After a moment: "Okay," said Shag.

He let an approaching car go by, then hauled out onto the shoulder of the road.

"Wh-what you stopping for? . . . Oh, I—yes, I see—I can get out here—I'll be all right on my own here—so thank you. . . ."

"Cut the comedy!" Reaching across her, Shag banged shut the door she had already half open to the rain. "Okay, kiddo!" Roughly, with both hands, he peeled the sweater up and off, wrong side out. He shoved the sheep coat at her. "Get into that and don't be sil."

UNDER way once more, Shag stared out along his headlights. He sucked at his cheeks; some private marvelment had made his mouth go dry.

Presently: "Yeah? Seventeen? If you're fifteen I'll eat a hat."

Sobbing: "I am too—fifteen—or—I am nearly, anyway."

"What's your name?"

"Do I have to—"

Sudden anger. Shag took a fist off the wheel. "Do you want a good crack?"

"It's Irma."

"Yeah, come on, come on!"

"Czabek."

"Spell it."

"C-z-a-b-e-k."

Shag shook. "That sounds better, a helluva sight." He turned a queerly quick eye into the corner. "Well, well, well! Dear, dear!" In one of those quick tempers of his he jerked out and pulled aside the upturned sheep collar with which the girl had hidden all her face but the dark dilated eyes. "Come on, kiddo, relax! I'm treatin' you right, ain't I? You were in a jam and I got you out. Not a soul but me is wise to where you been, or who with, or where you're at now. Are they?"

The last two words were in a sudden new tone, more to himself. Back centered over the wheel again, Shag turned an eye out the other way, on the rear-view mirror stilted above the fender. Irma was quick to see.

"What you looking behind for?"
 "I'm doin' this. . . . Not a soul, eh? Not a soul but me."
 "What you going so slow for?"
 "You let me do this. I'm doin' this."

After another minute: "Look, Irma, I gotta get this straight. I'm takin' an awful chance, you know. Now look. You say your folks don't know you went out with this Myrtle?"

"They don't even know I'm out, maybe, unless they looked in my room when they came in. They were out."

"Check! So then, around the movies, do you think there was anybody that knew you that might've—"

"Unh-unh, I don't think."

"Check! So then, the places you went after the show—"

"Unh-unh, I wouldn't go in, I told you."

"Where'd you get the whisky then?"
 "Wh-what whisky?"
 "On your breath."

"I never had—except—I didn't know what it was—out of a pop bottle—like just a spoonful, that was all."

"That's too bad. Wet the way you are. Maybe I can find you some."

"I—I don't want—Now what? You start faster, then you slow up. What do you keep watching behind for?"

"I'm doin' this. . . . So look, dearie, listen. There shouldn't be one chance in a hundred they can tie you in with that crack-up back there." Here, creeping, he let the car that had been coming up go by. "And not one chance in a thousand a soul on earth can put you in this cab here, eh? Check and double check!"

"Wh-why?"

"Why! Don't make me laugh."

With the words his hands were hauling at the wheel; the truck swung to the right into a country side road that had betrayed its entrance there by a fan of gravel on the asphalt.

The girl's voice came sharp: "Where you taking me?"

Something in it seemed to tickle Shag. "For a ride." Then it was his voice that went sharp: "Hold everything!"

THE lane, straight for a hundred yards, appeared to have reached a dead end, right bang ahead. But it wasn't an end; it was a quick blind turn. Halfway around it, Shag's hand shot out and jerked the clutch into second; the truck was mounting. Steeper. Laboring. Into low gear. Of a sudden the blaze of the headlights seemed compressed in a tipped-up green funnel, the hole ahead too tight a squeeze to make. There could be no stopping. Another moment and branches whipped at the windshield; overhead a greater bough barred the truck's high body, gave, cracked, bumped rearward. Then quiet, and the wheels were on a level, stopped.

It was astonishing here. Left an eighth of a mile behind, the Post Road might as well have been eighty. The branches closing about the narrow squeeze on the hill might have been a door closing on another room of the world.

Shag heard the click of a door handle. He grabbed across.

"What's-a-matter? Hey!"

With all her strength the girl still pushed to open it. "Thank you very much—I—I don't need to bother you any more—I'll be okay here."

"Be yourself!"

It came out in a scared high wail: "I want to go home!"

This wouldn't do. Even slow-brained Shag knew it wouldn't do.

"That's where I'm takin' you," he said, as he drew the door shut, despite her.

"You're not! Not this way. You're not either. You're not."

"Not your home. Back over that road? Unh-unh! Home with me, dearie."

"Oh, yeah?"

"You didn't know I live up this way, did you? I meant to tell you."

"Le' me outa here!"

"In this rain? And the cops? Just



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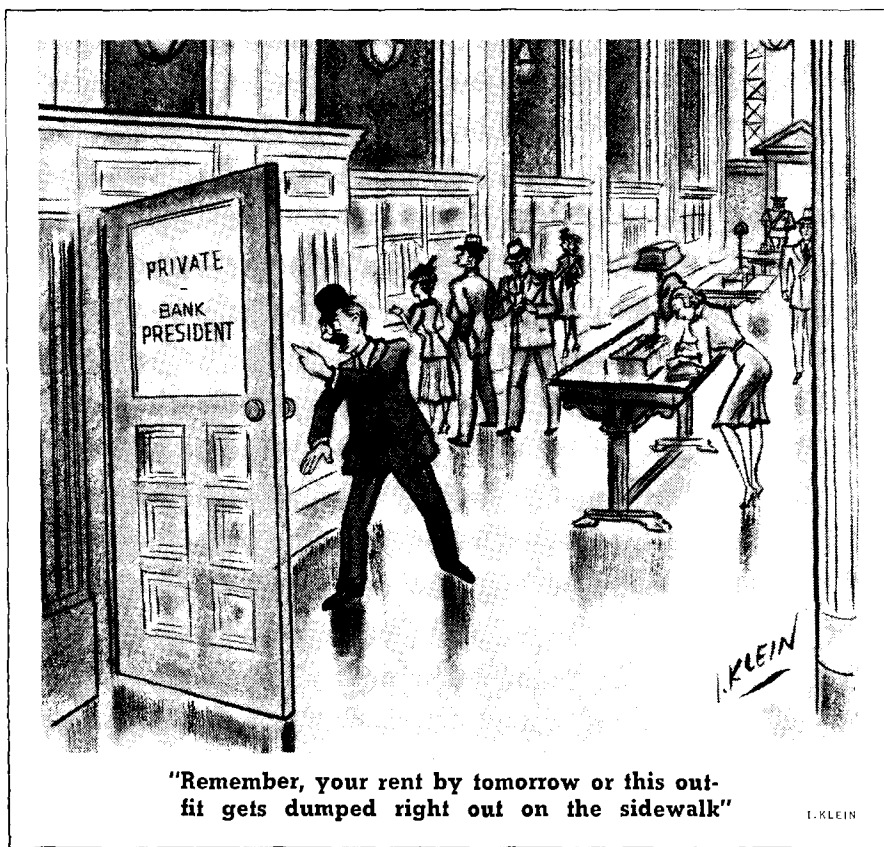
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think of the cops and the jam you're in."

"I don't care—I wanta—"

That sudden wrath again, hand up-
raised. "You wanta get crowned?"

But this wouldn't do. "Look how
you gone and got your teeth to chatter-
in' now. What you want is a nice comfy
dry place where the cops don't know—
or nobody—and a shot o' rye to warm
you, maybe—just a wee little shot—and
a nice warm white little bed, hunh?
Ain't that right, sweetheart? Sure that's
right. That's a good kid, you be good
now."

The thing had been to get the truck
going. Working craftily with pedal and
lever Shag had done it, while his talk
ran on.

THE road that led on into streaming
darkness had narrowed to a single
twisty track. There was a vague field on
one side for a little way, then woods
closed in again. Again it was the engine
that had to tell of mounting ground.

Second gear. Finally into first. A
continuous roaring, undertoned by the
gravelly wrestling of eight treads. Occa-
sionally a branch struck and scraped
away to the rear. He broke out:

"What's-a-matter with you? Why
don't you talk—say something?"

The girl's voice was a wizened thing:
"Well—uh—do you like the pictures? I
like the pictures. I saw one last week
I liked so much. You know Victor Mc-
Laglen—he was in it. My! He fought
I don't know how many fellows thought
they were pretty tough, and, oh my, but
didn't he beat 'em up—he reminded me
of my brother Johnnie—Johnnie's so big
—bigger than you are I guess and, my,
the way he can use his fists; all the guys
are scared of Johnnie Czabek—he's my
big brother and—and—"

"Sure, I know him. Johnnie Czabek?
Sure, I know him well."

"You don't either."

"Johnnie Czabek? You don't think
I'd lie—"

But here came sharp, high fright
again: "And he's got a gun too—he
drives a bus and he's got a license and
a gun and he shoots."

"Sure, drives a bus, Johnnie Czabek—
old friend o' mine. Why, look, dearie,
that's my idea all along—the minute
we can, you be good, and we'll get in
touch with Johnnie—that was my whole
idea from—"

Of a sudden Shag leaned, clicked a
switch, and there was black dark as the
brakes went on.

"Wh-what? Oh, no, Mister!"

"Hush up!" Shag didn't stir. He
just stared. Another moment and the
lesser glow of his parking lights came
on, the engine labored, the wheels rolled.
Still Shag stared, but now it was along
the wall of foliage at the side. He
clucked for luck, swung the truck into a
break where a woods track opened off
to the right, jammed in a few yards,
stopped, and again clicked the lights
off.

And now there was a faint but grow-
ing illumination in the woods. A car
was coming down the road out there.
As the swing of the lights told it was
nearly to pass, air sucked into the girl's
chest. But fingers touched her throat;
a fist of rage hung in the dimness above
her.

"Yeah? Holler, would you! Wreck
everything. Are you cuckoo?"

The car was by, and gone.

To get the truck in there had been one
thing; to get it out was another story.
It wanted driving. Shag had to do it
from the running board, leaning as far
out as he could to get his sight past the
corner of the big body. Branches
whipped him, sweat covered him. He
did it, though.

"There's a trick to write home about,"
he exulted, as he eased back in and
slammed the door—and looked then and
saw the other door open and the girl
gone.

INSTINCT put his flashlight in his hand
before he hit the ground, running.

Fifty yards, and what was the use?
He came to a stop, shooting the light
around in futility. It wasn't only that
he was angry; he was scared. The oaths,
the names he called that girl! Shouting
them at random, careless of the racket.

It wouldn't do. He'd have to use his
head. The kid was cuckoo; no telling
what she might do, and wreck every-
thing.

"Look, Irma!" He made his voice as
soft as he could. "You ain't scared of
me, any funny business? A kid your
age?"

Nothing stirring.

"Look, dearie, don't I keep tellin' you,
I'm takin' you home to a nice place, nice
mamma and papa and everything?"

It was by sheerest accident, as he
plodded back to the truck, that a sweep
of the flash picked out the hiding place,
under a young spruce twenty feet off the
road. The girl made neither struggle
nor sound as Shag hauled her out, her



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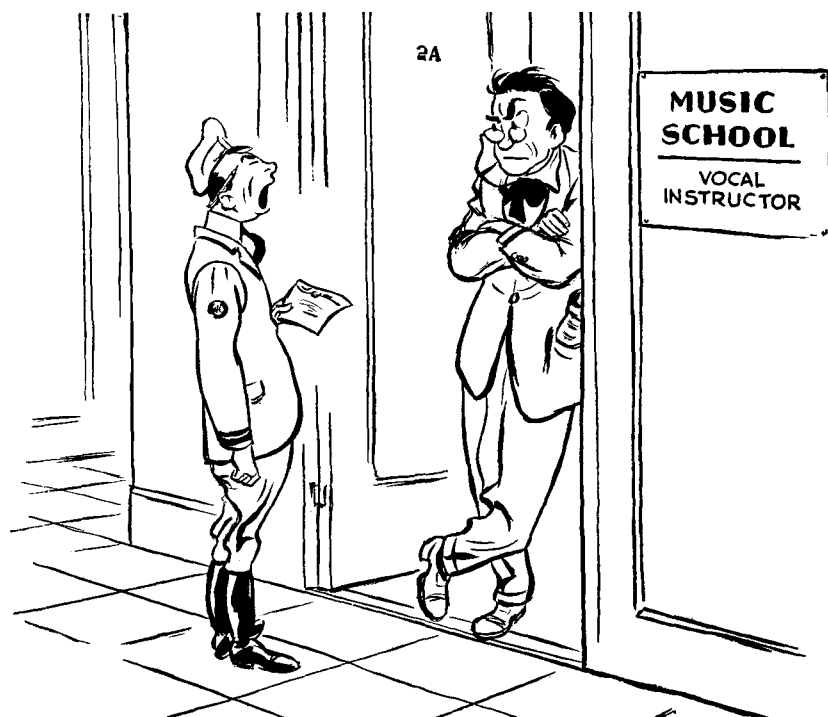
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mouth tight shut and her eyes wide open on him. As he lifted her in his arms, it was the mouth that went open, and the eyes shut.

"No you don't, baby, you don't fool me."

Shag was driving again, sweating again. He reached over and shook the heap in the corner. "You hear me? You ain't passed out, you're just pretendin'. You don't fool me, kiddo, not one bit."

The hill was at an end, the truck rolling on the level.

"Okay—go on if you want—you don't get me to bite."

Shag peered out, pace uncertain. At a widening of the way he pulled out, doused the lights, got down, walked around and opened the other door.

"If you think you're foolin' me, sweetness, you're cuckoo. Come on."

He pulled her out into his arms. "There, didn't I tell you?" The eyes were open again, in fact. "That's better. Now if you'll shut your mouth up you'll look a whole lot prettier."

That was a good one he'd got off. He chortled. Anger, impatience, nervousness, all these seemed to have fallen away. He was like another man as he turned and carried the still girl off into the dark.

IN THE blackness there loomed the deeper blackness of a structure of some sort. There was for a moment, penetrating the rain, a scent of dryness, hay and cattle. It passed. There was a sound of a hand feeling along boards. A halt. A door was opened. It closed again and shut the weather out. In the deepest blackness of all, the girl felt herself laid down on something that might have been a sofa.

For a moment she could hear Shag, standing a little away, blowing his breath. She'd been something to carry. After that it seemed he went still farther away; when she heard his voice it was as if it were in some other room:

"Hy, sweetheart! Shag. Get me Saunders' garage in Lyme, will you, and look, toots, step on it!"

Now there began to be light. It grew in the shape of a rectangle, somewhere over there. There was a sound of slippers on stairs. A lamp appeared, in a hallway, held high by a comfortable elderly figure in nightgown and friz papers, peering out the other way.

"Shag? That you? Heaven sakes, what you here for? Why, son, you look all in."

"Yeah, you try bringin' a six-ton baby up that back road once in the rain—yeah, and that ain't half what's run me ragged. Take a peek in the sittin' room, Mamma. . . . Yes, hello, that Saunders? Shag Peters. Look, has Johnnie Czabek been through there yet? . . . Good! Do this—will you?—flag him down and tell him get in touch with his folks and tell 'em—"

"Well, my land!" The woman had turned the light in there. "Shag, who's this you got here? . . . Why, you poor child, you're all wet."

"You're tellin' me she's all wet?" Shag, finished with his phoning, was in the doorway. "Cuckoo. I pick her up on the road, half drowned. Look, Mom, where's Papa. Asleep? Wake him, will you? She oughta have a finger of rye to warm her up, with some lemon maybe—just one finger—don't give her no more—she's cuckoo enough already. And get them things off her and pop her into bed, will you? . . . Well. . . ." Shag had crossed and had his hand on the outside door latch. "I'll be seein' you."

Irma half sat up of a sudden, propping herself, her eyes more than ever enormous on him.

"Wh-where you going?"

"You see, Mamma, what a dumb cluck? . . . Where would I be goin', sweetness? . . . Hoboken."



reasure from the Spanish Main beyond the dreams of buccaneers

Blackbeard, Morgan and many another swashbuckling pirate tramped the shores of Trinidad Island in the heart of the Caribbean Sea. But they passed up, at their very feet, a treasure far more valuable than all the pirate gold in history! For Trinidad Island contains one of the great natural wonders of the world—a natural lake of asphalt. Science today recognizes this asphalt as one of the toughest, most durable weatherproofers known to man.



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After the BRAWL

IT FELL to the lot of ex-President Herbert Hoover to point out the true, the sensible, the constructive course, as we see it, for the United States to take with regard to the European war.

Here are Mr. Hoover's views, summarized from his utterances in connection with the magnificent Finland relief campaign which he started and has been carrying on with so much success:

Europe at war is a madhouse, with a lot of poor, blinded people running around looking for chances to kill one another.

We can't stop the proceedings, though from our lucky point of vantage 3,000 miles away we can see what foolish proceedings they are.

We'd be worse than foolish to get into the fight. That would mean another gigantic war

effort on our part, with the probable loss of hundreds of thousands of our best men, and with our liberties checked at Mr. Mars' door for the duration. It might be the deathblow to our economic system.

The thing for us to do, as Mr. Hoover works it out, is to keep clear of the brawl at almost any cost, and meanwhile to get ready to do a big job of rehabilitation after the brawl is over.

He does not mean, as we understand him, that we ought to plan to muscle in on the peace conference and throw our weight around in favor of this or that rearrangement of boundaries, or somebody's reparation scheme or any insurance policy for minorities.

What he refers to is a less spectacular but more necessary kind of repair work . . . the kind his organization is already doing in Finland.

That job includes getting food to the hungry, lumber and nails and cement and window glass to those whose homes have been shot to pieces, serum and antiseptics to the victims of disease.

We take it that Mr. Hoover, in line with his Quaker beliefs, feels that we should prepare to do all these things without scolding the survivors for having got into a crazy fight, without trying to convert them to any political or religious creed, without feeling any self-righteousness. Just help out where we can—and don't worry too much about getting paid for it.

It all sounds like Grade-A common sense and the essence of human decency to us. We can imagine no nobler, saner policy for the United States to pursue through these mad times. It may mean the difference between the end and the survival of modern civilization.

Next Job for Liberals

THE United States Supreme Court has okayed a New York sales tax and a Kentucky bank tax in a couple of decisions that appear to open the door a generous crack to a lot of interstate trade barriers thrown up by penny-ante local politicians.

The New York State Tax Commission, without asking the legislature's or anybody else's leave, has dubbed into state income-tax returns a new and prying question: Did the Federal Internal Revenue Bureau find additional taxes due on your federal return for either 1937 or 1938? This question is accompanied by the flat ukase: "This information must be given."

From these and plenty of similar developments, we think we discern the next job that

the liberals of the United States had better undertake.

Time was when American businessmen, by and large, were about as high and mighty a race as existed. Liberal pressure and action corrected that.

Now, the politicians, by and large, appear to be mounting the high horse and taking to riding roughshod over ordinary citizens. The politicians have been given much power in the last few years, and it's only human for them to try to grab more and more power.

So we think the liberals around the country—the oh-yeah, who-says-so contingent—had better go to work to bring the politicians and the bureaucrats down to earth. The idea would be

to restore the proper balance of power in our democracy, which rests largely on the proposition that no one group can safely be permitted to get too much power.

If they take this tack, the liberals will be cursed as traitors, Tories, etc., etc., by the politicians and their satellites. But that ought not to bother the liberals. They've been called all those names before; and the real liberals have gone right on taking up with unpopular but healthy causes, seeing them through to victory, slapping them down when they got rotten with too much power, then taking up with new unpopular but healthy causes and so on *ad infinitum*. That's what it means to be a real liberal.

Wisdom from Wilhelm

IF ANY man now alive knows how terrible war really can be, that man should be Wilhelm II, ex-Kaiser of Imperial Germany and for more than 21 years now first citizen of Doorn, Holland. This man was going to conquer the world, or a large part of it. He had to leave Germany because revolution was snapping at his heels.

We don't kid ourselves that it will do any good for us to repeat the ex-Kaiser's sentiments concerning the latest European war. People never learn from others' experiences.

We simply record that the ex-Kaiser, in a recent letter to his old American friend, Poultney Bigelow, stated the opinion that if the Western European nations had any sense they

would patch up a peace of some kind and band together to resist the westward march of Bolshevism from Russia.

We record, too, our conviction that the ex-Kaiser, for once in a long and none too brilliant life, made a profoundly wise remark when he made this one; and that history will prove him to have been right.

Limericks on a new low price—



1— Said an old man of local renown,
"So the price of Paul Jones has come down!
It used to be dear—
But now, so I hear,
It's the best whiskey bargain in town!"



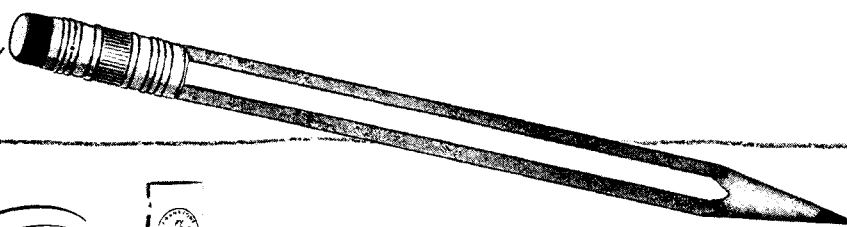
2— Said a whiskey expert named Rice,
"Let me give you a piece of advice:
Paul Jones is still DRY...
Still an ALL-whiskey buy...
In fact, nothing's changed but the price!"



3— A business man, incomprehensive
Said, "Paul Jones tastes very expensive—
Yet its price is quite low
...How it's done I don't know;
But no wonder your sales are extensive!"



4— A gay blade named R. Edwin Lee
Clicked his heels in a great burst of glee,
And said, "With its dryness
And new-low-priced 'buy-ness'
Paul Jones is the whiskey for me!"



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